THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 14, 1910 5c. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

Automobile Buyers are of Two Kinds:

Those who want the best car for the least money.

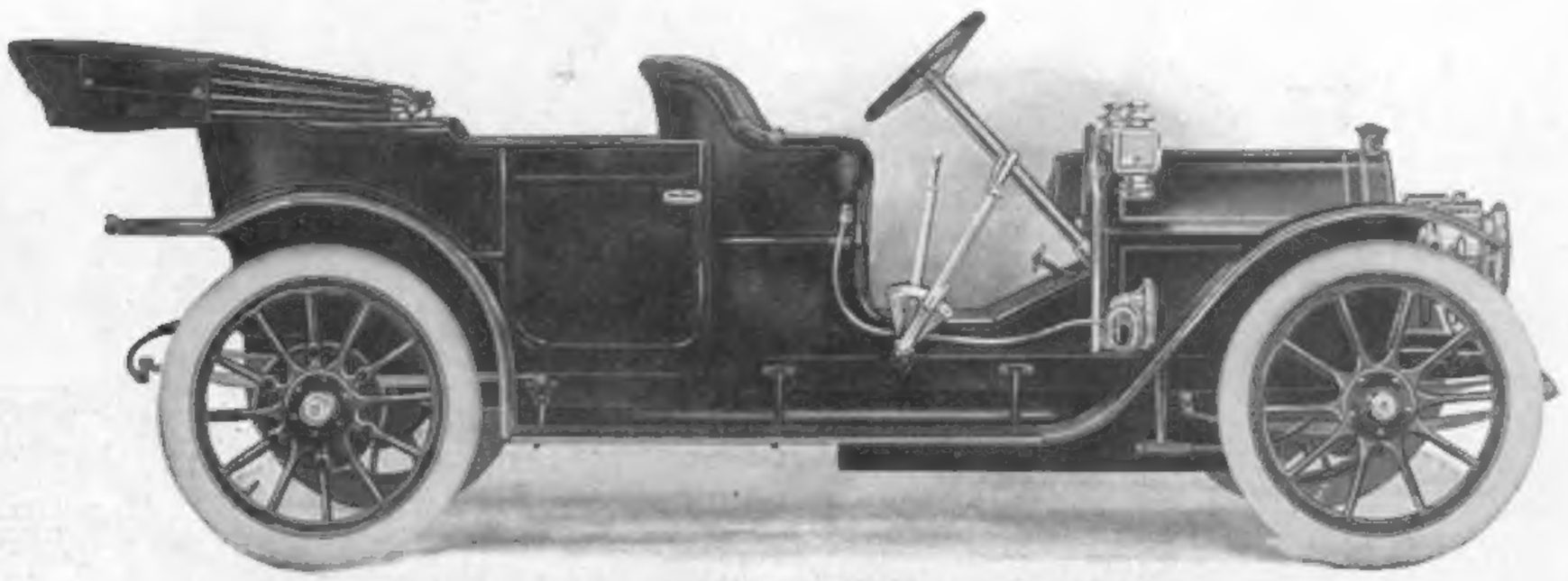
Those who want the best car regardless of price.

THE Chalmers Car is the one car that appeals to both classes of buyers. That accounts for its wonderful popularity.

It is easy to show the man who wants a "cheap" car how much more value he can get in the Chalmers by paying a little more.

It is easy to prove to the man who wants automobile satisfaction regardless of price that Chalmers cars compare favorably at every point with the highest priced cars.

If you want real motor-value—if you want a car that "makes good" then the car for you is a Chalmers.



Chalmers
MOTOR CARS

"30"— $1500 **"Forty"— $2750**

There are Chalmers dealers in all parts of the United States. If you do not know the nearest one we will send you his name.

Catalogue "E" on Request.

Chalmers Motor Company

Licensed under Selden Patent
DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.

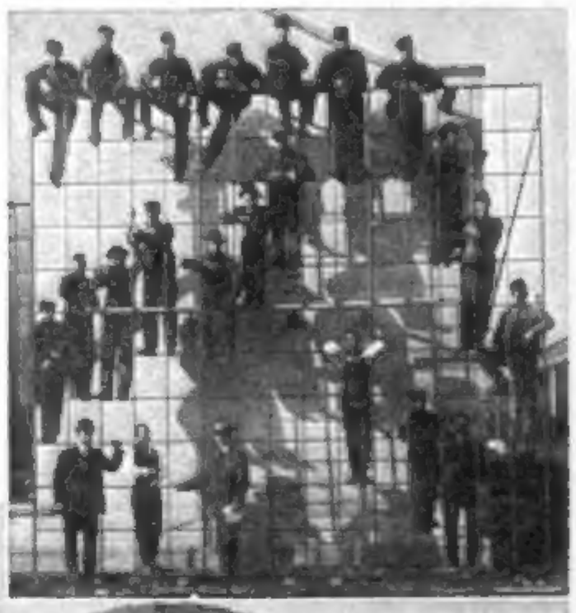
Detroit-Fenestra

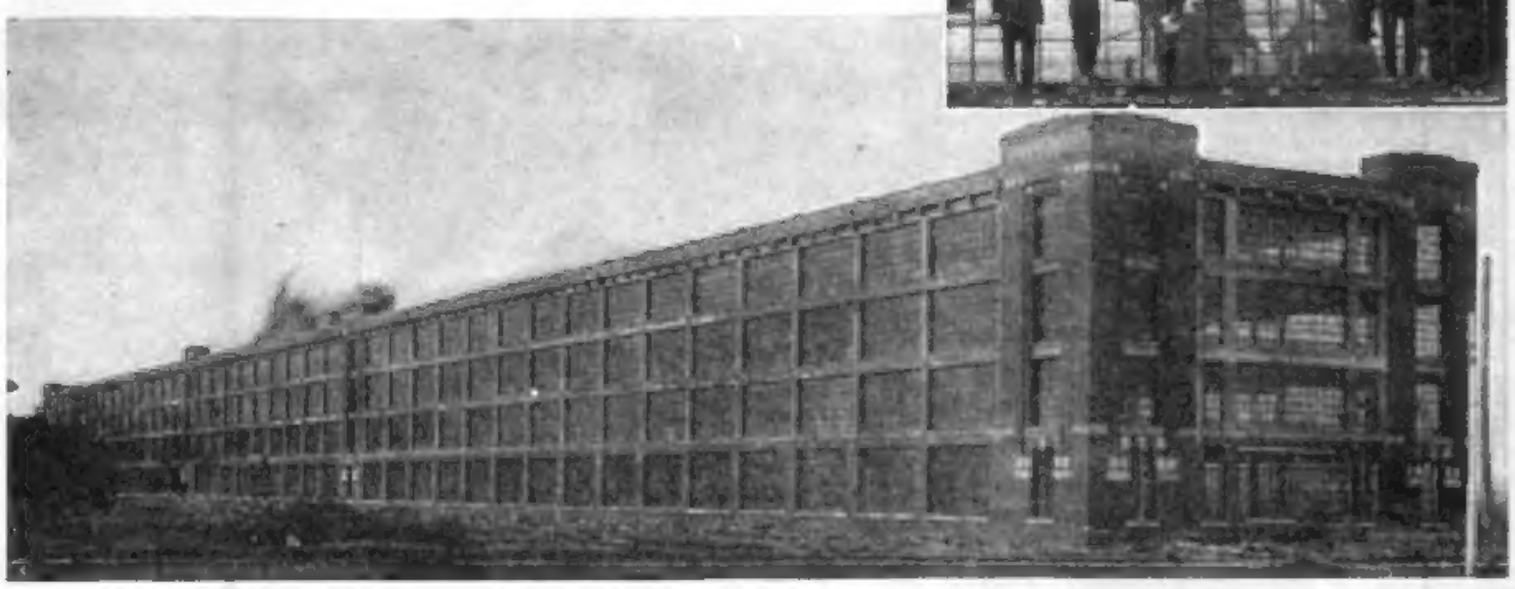
PATENTED

Solid Steel Window Sash

Daylight and Ventilation

for
Factories,
Power Houses,
Garages and
Other Industrial
Construction.





Above, the strength of Detroit-Fenestra is illustrated. The sash depicted—about 18 ft. square—is shown supporting 20 men. Below is the exterior of a modern factory, showing that Detroit-Fenestra delivers maximum daylight.

STANDARD SIZES OF SASH

Shipped promptly from stock on receipt of orders.

The following prominent concerns now using DETROIT-FENESTRA recognize the truth of these arguments:

U. S. Navy Department at Boston, Portsmouth and Charleston Navy Yards
American Radiator Company, Kansas City, Mo.
Pennsylvania Railroad Company
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Shops, West Albany
Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Co., Portland, Ore.
Duluth, Missabe & No. R. R. Shops, Proctor, Minn.
Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Terminal, Chicago, Ill.
U. S. Steel Corporation, Gary, Ind.
Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.
American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.
Ireland & Matthews Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.
General Electric Co., Pittsfield, Mass.
Peninsular Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.
Dodge Mfg. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.
Solvay Process Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
American Car & Foundry Co., St. Charles, Mo.
Fiat Automobile Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Carnegie Steel Company, Bellaire, O.
Erie Railroad Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mt. Vernon Bridge Co., Mt. Vernon, O.
Edison Illuminating Co., Detroit, Mich.

Do You Believe

That *Daylight* and *Ventilation* are factors in your production?

That they tend to swell the volume of it?

That they help to improve the quality of it?

That they promote a higher average attendance in your shops?

That they thus affect your costs?

That this is the Age of Steel Windows?

Interior of a modern Daylight Factory—Fenestra Fitted

Fenestra Sash

Delivers unlimited *Daylight* and *Ventilation*.

It reduces manufacturing costs.

It is inexpensive.

It lowers insurance rates.

Indirectly it is a producer.

Write for descriptive "CATALOG Y." It contains dimensions of standards and details, to use in planning your building.

A Reminder

To write the Detroit Steel Products Co., Dept. 51, Detroit, U. S. A., for their Pamphlet Y, and details of **Detroit-Fenestra**

Detroit Steel Products Company

Manufacturers

Dept. 51, Detroit, U. S. A.

Tonight, when you dress for dinner, look at the soap you use.

Is the lather white? Is it bright? Is it full of tiny bubbles? Does it rinse easily? It should. IT WILL, *if it is Ivory Soap.*

Right there is the difference between Ivory and the majority of toilet soaps.

Ivory Soap yields a lather of almost snowy whiteness, a lather that is light, bright, bubbly, clean, sweet-smelling; a lather that rinses easily, leaving behind it nothing but a sense of perfect cleanliness.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1910, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14, 1910 — Number 46

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

By Melville Davisson Post

FACT AND FICTION

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

There is in almost every kind of crime a swelling of the upper soil, which shows the subterranean road which the criminal traveled. It would seem as if it were a germinal element of guilt that it cannot work without such memorials.—WHARTON.

NO MAN can perpetrate a crime without leaving some clew behind him. As in Nature we cannot create a vacuum, so in human affairs we cannot create a mystery. As there will always be traces of air entering the completest vacuum that human ingenuity can construct, so there will be traces of human knowledge entering the completest mystery. Human ingenuity can do much, but it cannot accomplish the impossible.

Every event that transpires is intimately connected with innumerable events that precede and follow. It is like a single figure in the great design of a tapestry. To endeavor, then, to isolate any event from all the avenues of human knowledge is to attempt to cut a single figure out of this tapestry so that no severed thread-end will remain.

Vicious men continue to attempt this impossible thing, as foolish ones continue to attempt to cheat gravity by devices. The inventor will tell you, but for some little thing, he would have solved his problem; the criminal will tell you, but for some little thing, he would have preserved his secret.

But always there is this "little thing."

The great writers on evidence understood this—Starkie, Best, Greenleaf, Wharton. Nevertheless, men do not commonly believe it. They continue to be of the opinion that the concealing of a crime is merely a question of intelligent precaution. They believe that if the mystery thrown about actual crimes were as puzzling as that constructed about fictitious ones, by such writers as Poe, Gaboriau or Doyle, there would remain no telltale clew. This is a cherished delusion.

Not only do actual cases, coming into our law courts, often present mysteries as profound as any constructed by the ingenuity of these writers, but so common are they that a casual examination of the reports of any state will disclose them. Take, for instance, the following cases from Pennsylvania:

On the fifteenth day of September, late in the evening, a buggy turned into Main Street, in the town of W——. It was already dark. There was nothing about the buggy to draw any one's attention particularly to it. When between two or three hundred yards from Landmesser's Hall, in the town of W——, and still in the built-up part of Main Street, a witness on the sidewalk heard two shots in rather quick succession, saw two flashes proceeding from the buggy, and heard a voice saying, "I am shot." Immediately a man's body slipped from the seat, and his legs hung out at the left side, dangling against the wheel, and continued thus for a short time, until the buggy approached Hazel Street. The vehicle was now going at a considerable speed.

No Evidence of Any Money or Bonds; No Diamond Earrings, Studs, Watch or Other Jewelry

Immediately an Examination Was Made of the Burned Barn

Before the firing no voices were heard, nor any other sounds whatever, from the buggy. The buggy slowed up, crossed the railroad track and continued. At the Newton bridge, a considerable distance from the town of W——, two teams were about crossing, and the front driver called out to the one behind, "Hurry up; there's a rig comin' pretty fast to cross the bridge." The hindmost driver whipped his horses, but was not quite across when the buggy struck the barouche, the front wheel of the buggy locking into the hind wheel of the barouche. The buggy was found to have contained two men, both shot. The one on the left was dead. But the extraordinary thing was that both men had been shot in exactly the same direction.

Here is a profound mystery, with all the interests of the most ingeniously constructed puzzle. It would seem to be only an imitation of the old-fashioned, absorbing detective story. It needs only to be fitted with a set of English names in order to take its place in a volume of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. If the story were one of the city of London—if it ran, "At dusk, as a thick yellow fog descended on the city, a hansom cab turned out of the Strand, passed rapidly along the Embankment, and began to cross Westminster Bridge"—the reader would never detect it as an intruder among examples of this class of fiction.

Nevertheless, the incident is in every detail exactly true. It occurred on the fifteenth day of September, in the year 1874, and is taken almost verbatim from the case of Lanahan vs. Commonwealth. (84 Pa. St. 80.)

The most famous predecessor of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the development of the mystery story, was Emile Gaboriau. The structure of his stories, his plan of treatment, and his method of elaboration are, perhaps, more difficult to imitate than that of any subsequent writers of the mystery story. And yet, if one should take down from the bookcase, where the volumes of his works stand in their red covers, a similar volume, and begin a narrative like the following, would we not say that it was a plain imitation of The Widow Lerouge?

"On Thursday, two days after Shrove Tuesday, several persons living near the village of L—— presented themselves before the Department of Police. They said that for two days past no one had seen Madame Z——, one of their neighbors, who lived by herself in an isolated cottage. The house was shut up; several persons had knocked without receiving any answer; the door was closed; no smoke had appeared from the chimney. Fearing that some accident might have happened to Madame Z——, they had finally entered the house. They had found the house in perfect order, but nowhere any evidences of Madame Z——. Inquiry failed to produce any trace of her in the neighborhood. Nothing in the house was disturbed. It was as though she had closed the door and vanished into the air."

Is not such a narrative of the family of The Widow Lerouge a sort of imitation of Gaboriau—the kind of a thing a weak disciple might endeavor to sell on the reputation of his master? Nevertheless, this narrative is also true. It did not occur at the village

of Jonchery, in the department of the Seine. It is merely a statement of a case which one of our law courts found itself called upon to solve.

The great predecessor of Gaboriau, and the inventor of the detective story, was Edgar Allan Poe. For weird tales of crime Poe has never had an equal. For elements of sheer terror, for that awful fascination which compels the criminal agent to remain near the body of his victim, for mad efforts to guard his secret, for the horror which, day after day, night after night, he is compelled to endure in order to prevent that secret from being known, and in the end, after years of this intolerable hell, for the creeping out of the secret in spite of him—for these elements in the mystery story, Poe is supreme. Indeed, modern criticism of him is that these things are not true, that they are exaggerated, that Poe in his vivisection of the morbid conscience has passed into metaphysical refinements.

The Man Remained on Guard Over His Terrible Secret

And yet the case of the Commonwealth vs. Cutaiar (5 Pa. District Rep. 408) contains these elements and goes on all fours with any story that Poe has ever written.

In the year 1879 John Logue, his stepson, Cutaiar, and his wife, Johanna Logue, resided in a house on North Eleventh Street, in the city of Philadelphia. Logue was an unattached devotee of fortune; his methods were not always those upon which the police looked with favor. Now and then he had considerable sums of money, and from time to time he visited the neighboring cities. Cutaiar maintained a barber shop in the house in which the three of them lived. In February, 1879, Logue and his wife went to New York. Having occasion to go to Boston and other towns in the North and East he gave his wife one hundred dollars in cash and four one-thousand-dollar Government bonds, and left for Boston. On Saturday, the twenty-second of February, she returned to Philadelphia. She visited her sister and other friends, to whom she said that she had come from New York and that Logue was in Boston. On this evening she was dressed in an outdoor costume, carried a caba and wore a blue and old-gold handkerchief about her neck, knotted in two little loops or knots; she also wore a plain gold ring, a diamond ring and a cameo, a pair of diamond earrings, and a gold watch and chain; she also wore a veil. The total value of the jewelry was about three or four hundred dollars.

That night, alone in the house with Cutaiar, he killed her and buried her body under the kitchen floor. He stripped the woman of all the jewelry, also of the bonds and the money. After having committed this brutal murder Cutaiar was seized with terror. Pursued by this terror he left the house in the night and went to the Delaware River. He threw the bonds, money and jewelry into the river. Thus within an hour, under the influence of this terror, he lost everything that he had expected to gain by the crime. It sank or floated away from him in the darkness. And, for nothing, he remained weighted down with the burden of this horrible murder.

Having gone thus far under the influence of this terror, it is likely that he intended to escape from the country. But now a new horror possessed him. The crime which he had committed must be kept hidden. If he fled the house would be searched and the body discovered, and at once he would be connected with the disappearance of the woman. He must return and guard the body from discovery. Moved by this terror, he did return.

On the following Wednesday John Logue, who had got back to New York, discovered that his wife had not returned. He telegraphed Cutaiar and inquired if she were at home; but receiving no answer, the next morning he took the first train to Philadelphia. Cutaiar told him that the woman had taken the twelve o'clock train for New York, and said he did not answer the telegram because it was too late—that as it was snowing he had wanted her to stay until he had completed some work. Logue returned to New York, instituted a search for his wife, advertised in the newspapers, and employed detectives without avail.

Cutaiar remained in the house in North Eleventh Street; he was afraid to leave it; he continued to reside there alone. Months passed, and the man remained on guard over his terrible secret. The horror, the anxiety, the agonizing fear in which this man lived, day and night, is past belief. It was as though he were invisibly chained to the body of this murdered woman. He did not dare to leave the house.

As time passed the tremendous strain on this man became intolerable. He could no longer live in this house alone; at the same time he dare not have a companion, unless it were some person whom he could trust and control. After long reflection he determined that the only person whom he would dare bring into the house would be a wife.

No man ever started out to secure a wife with a more sinister motive! The conscience of this man was now something more horrible than any one of Poe's ingenious figures. Imagine Poe handling the details of such a loathsome wooing!

He married, and brought his bride to live in this house that he dare not abandon. They continued to live thus, the man a sentinel on guard, day and night, over his hideous secret. Finally the ingenuity, the persistence, the unending terror which this man underwent seemed to have its reward. Fifteen years passed! He felt now that he could leave the house; that the thing was ended; that he had served out this horrible penal sentence; that he might start life again.

But, as Poe would have constructed it, Destiny was only waiting for him with a sort of fatal patience. It intended that he should be immediately robbed of the fruits of his crime; that he should suffer every horror that a morbid conscience could invent; and in the end that he should not escape.

In October, 1893, fourteen years later, the house in North Eleventh Street was being repaired for a purchaser. In taking up some boards in the kitchen floor a gold ring marked "J. L. to J. L." was found, together with a decayed caba and some bones of a woman. In the caba a dotted veil in a good state of preservation, similar to the one worn by Mrs. Logue on the day she disappeared, was found—also a decayed handkerchief, similar to that worn by Mrs. John Logue the day she disappeared; but no evidence of any money or bonds, no diamond earrings, studs, watch or other jewelry were found. Cutaiar was indicted for the murder, tried and convicted.

If in The Black Cat, The Telltale Heart, and the like, Poe is held by the critics shamelessly to have exaggerated the morbid workings of a crime-laden conscience; if his stories are said to be artificial, in that they represent some Authority set on justice as a relentless, patient, vindictive, tireless, pursuing Nemesis; what have these critics to say of such cases as this, of the Commonwealth vs. Cutaiar?

These cases are not curious examples standing alone. The reports of any state will be found easily to produce their equals. It must also be remembered that we are now dealing with narratives from no doubtful sources. The judicial system is an elaborate machine for the purpose of arriving at the truth. A series of events passing through this machine comes out weeded of all exaggerations, of all improbabilities and of all embellishments. The law has provided elaborate tests for the truth. Its system of cross examination, and its rules covering the introduction of testimony, would alone insure the exclusion of every doubtful element in a narrative. These example cases, then, come from the only source that we know to be accurately reliable.

Strangely enough, the solutions of these three cases curiously follow what one would expect if the mystery of them had been presented to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Emile Gaboriau or Edgar Allan Poe.

The mystery of the two men in the buggy was exceedingly simple, as Sherlock Holmes would have said, when one came to consider it. The analysis of this case by Chief Justice Agnew reminds one at once of the methods of Sherlock Holmes, until one remembers that when Chief Justice Agnew worked out his solution of the case, Sherlock Holmes had not yet come into existence.

The case really presented but three possible theories, as follows: (Continued on Page 66)

Before the Firing No Voices Were Heard

LIFE ORDERS—SEALED

Lying Low on His Horse's Neck, and Shootin' Back as the Chase Roared Past Me

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"WHEN I grow up to be a man," says Andy to me, all during our schooldays, "I'll meet the world face to face; and in case of obstacles I'll go at 'em head first—which is the only way to get through."

And like any little trustin' heart who takes her algebra to and from school only that one boy may carry it and never meaning to study a figure, I took it all in.

"You want to be careful your head don't get broke," I would urge, tremblin' for his safety. "Maybe you'd best sneak around the obstacles."

He never liked me to talk this way. "You must want me to go at 'em head first," he would say, with that pleadin' look I didn't know how to resist in those days. "All right," I would agree; "but you must do it careful." This seemed to satisfy him a little.

We went through such schoolin' as our little Southwestern town afforded and soon got over it. Then, suddenly, Andy was a young man and I was a young lady. Now he was face to face with life, which seemed to consist principally of obstacles, for his folks were not rich and he had to help himself.

I still wanted him to save his head, in a neighborly way, but I remember a feeling o' disappointment that he took advice so seriously and fell into the way of tryin' to outflank the world instead o' pitchin' into it.

"Perhaps you won't find any holes in that line," I told him once, rather out of patience that he'd listen to me. He was much crestfallen and I didn't have any better sense than to feel sorry for him; because, you understand, in those days o' '59 he was straight and agile, with a fine, intelligent eye and the blithest manner! I wasn't in love with him, o' course, and don't know exactly how Andy felt about me and my looks. Thirty-odd years makes changes—still, I've had beaus in my time.

That is, I didn't know exactly how he felt in '59; by '60 I was sure, however, and, come '61, he says: "You don't think you could marry me, do you, Josephine?" I answered, "No, I didn't think so," and he seemed greatly disappointed. "Well, I must take it like a man," he said.

"Don't look so appealin'," I told him crossly. "Ain't there other obstacles than me which you can tackle first?"

He explained that he'd looked on me as a helpmeet instead of an obstacle. Still, he retreated before me, as he had before all the other ones.

"With his fine intellect, to be content as clerk in an office," I thought. "His timid manner is fetching enough, but if he'd struggle and brawl and fight like other men he'd land somewhere."

The thought of Andy in a brawl made me laugh. "He'd be scared to death," I concluded. "He's afraid even to brush against other men and compete with them. He dreads opportunity; responsibility strikes him with panic—Andy, who was going at the world head first. What a trustin', foolish heart I had!"

Three days after this he came back.

"Sumter's fired on," he told me; "the slave states are goin' out and President Lincoln has called for patriotic men to put down the rebellion."

I was excited at the news, for we lived in a state that was half slave; but I was more interested in Andy. His face was white and his brown eyes big and pleadin'.

"Panicky at the very rumor o' war," I thought in bitter contempt.

"I'm goin' to enlist," says Andy, and started out.

"Hold on a minute," I cried, clutchin' his arm; "what are you dreamin' of? You ain't a soldier; you'll disgrace us all and run away."

"Like as not," he agreed, dragging me along as I hung to him; "but it's got to be done. I'd better run away in the cause o' my country than to tarry here in my own."

Well, I watched him downstreet, and didn't see Andy Marston again for two years. For war broke out in every nook and corner o' this state, with soldiers startin' up by all our firesides. When I hark back now I can hear the din and see the raiders gallopin' and the smoke and the fightin'. I would glance out o' my window some of those mornings and see the hills and forts all white with tents; then I'd sing like a bird. For we'd got used to livin' among armies, and I knew there'd be a brilliant evening with dashing officers before they went into battle.

Then Andy came back.

It was the dead o' winter; the hills and forts were swept bare of tents; the woods were burned and the trampled roads cut up with cannon. The town was given over to old men and little children and women. We daren't express our opinions aloud and so were sick of war.

Late one afternoon in this '63 we heard the beat of hoofs on the frozen ground, and into the still, half-deserted town rode a cavalry officer, who drew bridle at our own gate. Never had I seen such a figure of a man—stained with mud he was, and his big, wild horse steamed with furious ridin'. But this fellow, driven as on the wind from the dusky prairie and woods where great armies lay beating the cover for each other—gaunt and tawny-maned and panther-like—this fellow threw back his head and laughed with a show o' white teeth. Why, he was like an errand-boy of war, come to throw revolver and saber into our door; and this he did, too, laying them aside with a tremendous clatter and swingin' me up in his arms to kiss as he rushed within.

"A bite to eat and a hot drink if you will," he laughed to my mother, and while these were coming he said: "The army will be in the forts tomorrow; next day will be a racket. Wrap up your china; we have a new battery of ——"

"Steady, steady! What is coming, and how many?" urged my father, who always felt a sympathy for the most musketa. "Tell us ——"

"Will you hurry the hot drink?" I asked. "Andy must be nearly frozen."

He followed Mother, and then Andy stopped speakin' and laughin', and breathin', too. He just looked at me.

"Well, go on," I commanded.

How his eyes did plead. His hands were wistful; his whole form sagged in the old, indecisive way.. All his courage had been used up in that kiss.

"Why," he explained, as though I ought to have this information before any other. "You see, I know the country, and took a little scout to see if I couldn't stir up something."

With this he scratched his head thoughtfully, and, as if it had been a signal for something to stir up, a cannonade of hoofs broke from downtown, and graspin' his weapons he sprang to the door.

He flung it wide. A screaming band of guerrillas, coming at breakneck speed, flashed into the street.

I was all but mad. I know I'd never loved him before, but in one minute, what with his gallopin' that wild horse out of the dusk o' war, his tremendous entrance into our house, and not another man in town, I felt that I'd die on the spot if he didn't ask me to marry him.

He looked out the door and stood stock-still. "You don't think, Josephine ——" he began earnestly.

"Yes, yes, I do think. Go!" I shrieked, with a kiss and a push.

The next moment he was lying low on his horse's neck, and shootin' back as the chase roared past me.

From that moment I never lost the vision of this splendid warrior, and thanked Heaven for my lucky reënforcement of guerrillas which had driven him to bay with his declaration. He was desperate and expectin' to be shot down immediately after, or his heart would have failed him then.

The armies swept back and forth over our county till the end of the war. Andy was in the field under my very eye, and not once did he betray my old schoolgirl confidence and idolatry. He would scurry by on his way to a skirmish, sometimes by the side of General Phil Carey—for he was now a staff officer—waving his hand or dismountin' for a kiss before he went in. He thought nothing of outridin' guerrillas or breakin' picket-lines to get to me. There never was a girl o' gentle disposition so proud of a blithesome, fightin' sweetheart. So, with a fame in the army for dash and strategy, he came to the end of the war.

For the last time the hills were dotted with tents; the soldiers went about slapping the cannon on the shoulder in comradely farewell and shaking their heads doubtingly over this very peace they'd been seekin'. The troops were being mustered out, and I was there with Andy when General Phil himself called from his tent and we went inside together.

The General had a smooth cheek and a haggard brow; he was young himself, but had so long dominated the wills of thousands that he looked on us as children.

"You have conquered my best soldier," he said to me with a gentle smile. He had been a cruel disciplinarian who shot deserters without mercy, and I could only murmur an answer, being afraid of his very smile.

"Captain Marston," he went on, "never we'll ride down another line o' battle. There won't be as much glare and shoutin', yet we'll take up the still, toilin' campaigns o' peace with a soldier's heart."

I was hangin' to Andy's arm, and at this it felt as though the tense, iron sinews had melted into a flabby mass. His shoulders drooped and he looked from one to the other of us in a bewildered way.

General Phil's eyes opened on him in a great flash, and I felt that cold clutch of despair which has dragged at me a lifetime. The two men had been very intimate, and the commander was proud of his fiery, chargin' soldier.

"In a few moments there will be no rank between us; my words will be those of citizen to citizen—Phil Carey to Andy Marston," resumed the General slowly. "But you won't need commander or bugle-call or flag to stir you to achievements that will benefit your country ——"

He paused abruptly, and Andy replied as if wishing to please him: "I'll try."

"Of course," nodded the General quietly.

"He knows his man," I thought, more troubled than before. The General paced a moment thoughtfully, then

seated himself at his desk. "Captain!" he cried sharply. Andy stiffened into iron at the tone.

"Captain Marston, here are your discharge papers; but before you sign for the last time let me state—I do not wish to sever our military relations." Andy nodded his head assentingly, eagerly.

"In another moment I'll have no right to command you; but now, while I have the power, I give you an order. Out of the line of battle, down into the ranks of peace, I send you with this. When defeated, whipped out o' the last ditch, you will obey it."

His commander's hard, scowlin' glance upon him, Andy replied as if graspin' at the last hope of his life: "I'll obey it." He did not seem to think this an unusual procedure.

"It's not a request, but a military order," cried the General, and he wrote several lines on a sheet of paper.

"Yes! Yes!" declared Andy. "I understand—a military order. And no obstacle shall——"

"Sealed," interrupted the General, and passed him an envelope on which was written: "When driven out of the last ditch."

Andy placed it in his pocket and presently we departed, General Phil, at the door of his tent, wishin' us good speed through life, and that was the last I saw of him.

"Haven't you bound yourself?" I asked after a moment, for I had begun to guard jealously that future which belonged to me.

"Of course, we don't understand the significance of those orders," he answered confidentially; "perhaps they mean reënforcement to us in time of need. Anyway, he's commander. A soldier never is really discharged from duty, though he may not draw pay. It's a point of honor to carry out these orders now."

"Already lookin' for holes in the line," I thought to myself.

When your day of life is dull the clock ticks off hours like years. The two of us trailed along after everybody else for fifteen years or so, without anything to distract our attention from the road just ahead.

"Haven't we come to four corners in this rut yet?" I asked several times from 1866 to 1881, and he answered that it was almost in sight.

"You see, when I entered politics I expected to wait and take my turn," he explained one evenin' as we sat before the fireplace.

"It's a pity you entered 'em such a little way," I told him plainly. "As for farmin'—why, you need a rock-crusher to harvest your crop."

"Well, Mother, a man has to be a farmer in this county, or he wouldn't have any influence," he said.

He made me laugh. "Influence!" I repeated. "Here you've been a clerk to Bailey Cinch, that slant-eyed county treasurer, for fifteen years. Yes, I know you're a stand-by to all the county in the matter o' records—an old, yellow, courthouse almanac—but where's your influence?"

"There's Simmy Bower and McNew——"

"McNuisance!" I interrupted. "Two or three old fireside rangers who 'talk the way they shot.' Well, when the war broke out they shot for Canada. If you have any influence it's with General Phil Carey, who's been in Congress from this district makin' his patriotism draw interest for fifteen years."

"Oh, Mother, Mother," exclaimed Andy, "the General has been of great service to his constituency and his country, too! Why, he's the leader of that fight in Congress to protect our lands and mineral resources——"

"Then, why don't you go to see your great man?"

"I do see him nearly every year, with the other comrades."

"Bosh! that doesn't do you any good. Why don't you hang on to his trail like a bloodhound, drag him down and tear some of the spoils o' war away from him? Haven't you used your 'influence' for him, and talked yourself hoarse to McNuisance every campaign? No? Then, Captain Andy Marston, perhaps you'll obey your General: Open those orders——"

In a moment he was on his feet. "Never," he declared, "until we're in the last ditch."

"What's this?" I cried, lookin' about the room. "Shabbiness, poverty! What can I make o' home, with three-legged chairs and a sofa with a mane like a horse? I don't mind my own clothes, but our boys look like little guerrillas——"

Durin' all those years I'd suffered in more or less silence, as a woman must, but right here I'd seceded and fired on Sumter.

"Little guerrillas," he repeated as if horror-struck.

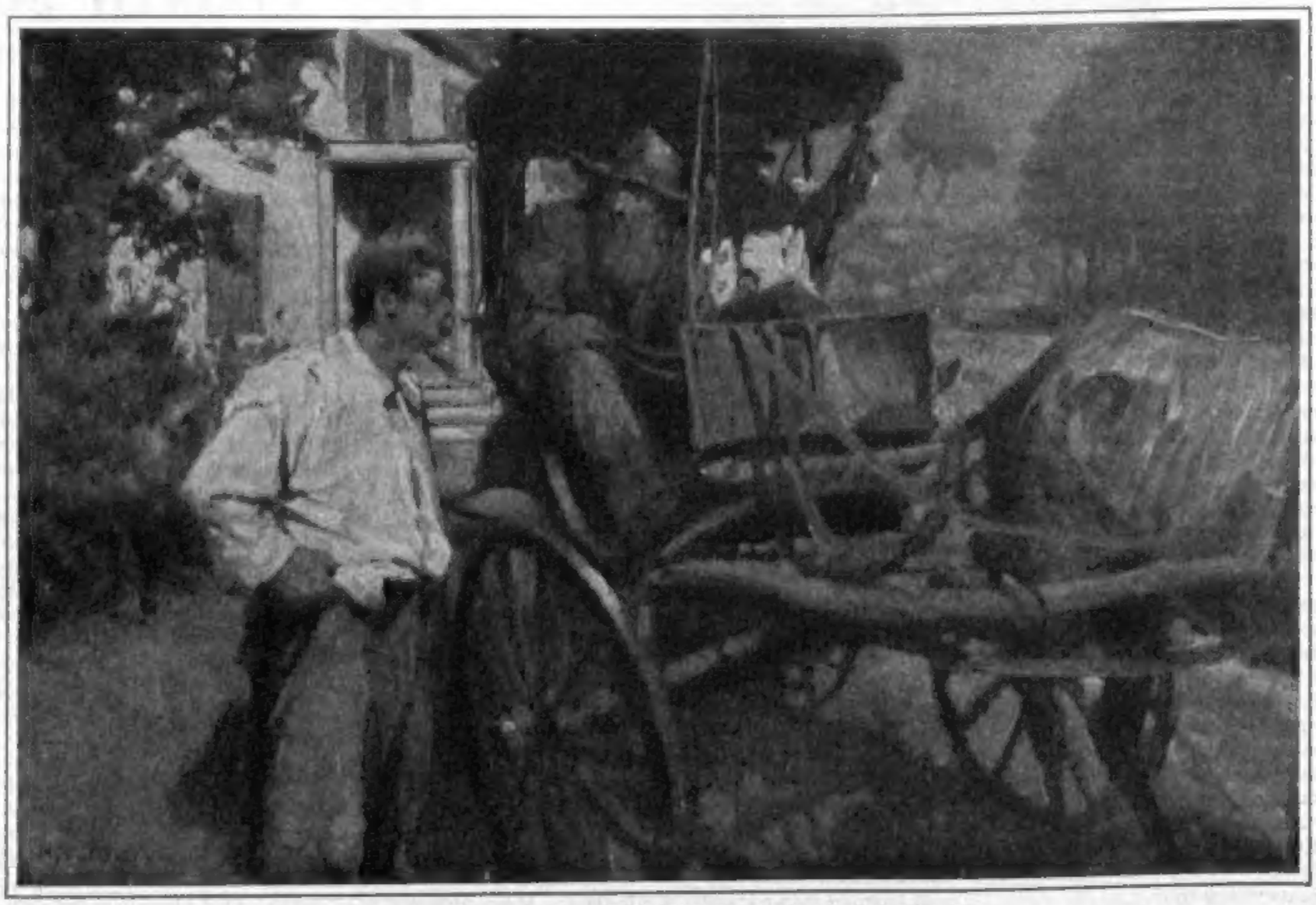
"Yes; I suppose we'll despise the boys ourselves pretty soon," I said desperately.

Andy stood with his hand to his head, as if at his wit's end in puttin' down the rebellion. "Hush, hush, Mother," he whispered suddenly.

"The further you enter politics the poorer we get," I went on—then I saw Grimshaw, our littlest boy, in a corner o' the room.

He must, in his sleep, have heard Andy disputin' with me, and had crept downstairs in his nightgown.

"Who-e-e," says Grim, holdin' up his finger for attention. "That's not me or the wind; it's wolves on the stairs. I thought, maybe, you heard me chasin' 'em down."



"I'll Do for You, Andy, What I Wouldn't Do for the General Himself"

Oh, he was a mighty hunter on the back stairs and under the parlor sofa. He had solemn brown eyes and a sweet trill to his voice which I used to like in Andy's till I learned it didn't become a man.

"You know," went on Grim, his head on one side in a confidential way—"You know, I can tell when folks talk about 'lections; they speak up high."

We hadn't answered him a word, and Grim came patterin' toward me with his little bare feet. "I heard you, Mother——"

There was the tenderest, most birdlike note to his voice as he said "Mother." I've listened and listened many a time, but never since that night have I heard it spoken so. For little Grim stopped suddenly in his tracks; the shrewd, confident air of the old wolf-hunter left him. His eyes brightened and widened, and I stared back with that red, angry look still on my face. I tried to change and seemed tearin' at it like a mask, but my features were set—so I held out my hands to him.

"Come, sit on my lap, little body," I said; but it was said harshly in spite of my effort, and warned him away. Slowly he backed to his father's knee.

"See, you are scatterin' us all away from one another," I told my husband in bitterness; for till that moment our little flock had huddled down the rough way of poverty together. Now I felt there was nothing to keep us so and that we were driftin' at the mercy of winter weather. Andy seemed to feel this, too, for he nodded slowly at me.

"Perhaps," he said with quick cheerfulness, "perhaps."

Then the door flew open and Grant, our older boy, stormed into the room. Here was a soldier boy, sure enough, with his bold, black eyes and free and easy manners. He had to tell about a fight he'd been in durin' the torchlight procession downtown. In fact, his fists were still doubled and he had a bruised eye. "You ought to have been there," he told his father.

If only Andy had some o' that boy's spirit and grit! Of course, I might have reproved him; but at that instant I felt proud of his black eye and laid my hand on his sturdy little shoulder.

"You didn't whip anybody, did you, Grant?" I asked quickly.

He answered with a grin: "I gave him a bloody face, and then he agreed that Bailey Cinch would be 'lected agin."

I looked over at the other two. Here was a strong example—a fellow who wasn't afraid of the brawl which, after all, is only life. But Andy looked on without a word to commend him and Grim's eyes were not friendly.

"A bloody face," he half whispered, and shrank deep into his father's arms.

"You don't want me to hold my own," complained Grant rather defiantly, from my side.

"Father," he asked then curiously, "would you turn on a man if he struck you with his fist?"

Andy didn't answer this, but as I regarded him curiously, too, he let his eyes drop to the little boy's own.

"Would I, Grim?" he asked.

Grim looked at him in wonder, and then at the rusty saber above the chimneypiece.

"You know it," he said proudly.

Then we all looked around to see a man standin' in the doorway.

"When Grant blows hot, Andy, you shouldn't blow cold, Andy," he said with a rebukin' shake o' the head. "Mrs. Marston, you should be proud of a boy who ain't afraid to stand up for his friends."

Bailey Cinch came up to me sideways to shake hands. He was a sideways man, this Mr. Cinch, with dead, colorless hair, a slantin' eye and a crooked smile.

Grant shook hands with the great politician in a manly way, but Grim slipped to the door and stepped back. Though dead tired Grant was fun to the last ditch, and, winkin' at us, he gave a whoop and started after his brother.

"Bloody face," he growled, and stamped laughin' up the stairs behind the frightened patter of his brother's little bare feet.

"Boys will be boys," smiled Mr. Cinch, "and I only wish men would be men, Mrs. Marston. But they won't; they need coaxin', as you know how, Andy.

"Here's a little something for cigars and a jug," he continued, "and a bit for your services——"

"Never mind that," answered my husband; "you've kept me in office and that's enough. Besides, the campaignin' I do is for the interests of the county."

"I try to make 'em a good officer," admitted Mr. Cinch modestly, "though it's an ungrateful task, Mrs. Marston. They all have to be tobaccoed and jugged till we feel like bootleggers instead o' men who deserve well o' the voters."

"That's a fact," agreed Andy.

"But you can handle 'em all right?" inquired Cinch anxiously, as he had done in every campaign for fifteen years.

"I can deliver 'em," Andy told him with new impressiveness. "A little nip and a smoke ain't a bribe—only makes 'em sociable and open to conviction."

Mr. Cinch showed four yellow teeth in a hissing kind of laugh. He nodded then in a thoroughly-satisfied way and sidled out politely.

Andy tilted a cigar the statesman had given him. "Perhaps I'd better organize a little political club," he mused.

"Perhaps," I assented dryly. "I wish you'd organize your club right here instead of at the tavern down the road. Go there and supply yourself with the accessories before the fact, so the members will be open to conviction, then let me hear your arguments. They must be powerful ones to convince the same stubborn men of the same stubborn facts, year after year."

"I'll do it, Mother," he replied, "and you'll see that this political influence isn't as easy to gain as you think."

"There's no use in sayin' anything mean and sensible to you," I thought wearily; "you can't understand it."

I knew those old cormorants would soon light at the tavern, for Bailey Cinch always set out this feast of reasons the third night before election. I sat with my head bowed over the fire until the door opened and the members of the club filed in.

"I declare, men," I said, looking up, "it's just like being at the resurrection to see you all. Not dead yet, Uncle Simmy! Yet I'm not sure; you look cadaverous, and wouldn't wait for the trump to rise at election time."

Uncle Simmy laughed, but he didn't seem as comfortable as he would have been at the tavern.

"I'm good for many a long campaign with old comrade Andy," he answered, but his fat handshake was like a touch o' palsy.

"If here ain't McNuisance, too," I went on cheerfully, "just as black-browed and warlike as on the day he got back from Canada in '65 ——"

McNew gave me a sour look, and another member of the club laughed outright. This member had been a famous marauder, a guerrilla chief; now he tottered and stooped weakly, and his hair was as white as the driven snow.

"I've often wondered," I told him, "whether you hadn't run out of ammunition when you joined this party."

"Whist," he whispered in my ear, with a grip of his withered hand and a quick glare of the old gray eyes. "When they began beatin' up my covert that was time to claim the protection of the game laws."

"So you joined the hunters."

"Well—the brush is thicker in politics."

I liked this man, though he was a great scamp. As for the other two members of Andy's "club," they were old friends who were not worth an incivility. I know that my husband was rather surprised by my raillery. I was in rebellion, but he didn't realize it, and likely thought I was only embarrassed and tactless.

The men looked askance at me while they resolved themselves into a club, but I was just an interested spectator after that, and nodded when the glasses were filled from a jug they'd brought along.

Then cigars were lighted, and Andy proposed: "Success to Bailey Cinch!"

They all raised their glasses, then hesitated, and Uncle Simmy slowly replaced his own on the table.

"Afore I pledge myself to that," he said firmly, "I ought to be convinced o' several points for the good o' the county. Then bein' convinced as I ought to be, I pledge myself for the good o' the county," so he came on out of the same hole he went in at.

The others lowered their glasses in solemn approval. All but the old guerrilla, who observed: "I am already convinced o' that first point." Then he nodded to me with a silent chuckle and took his drink. "A Bailey Cinch enthusiast," he added, tappin' his chest.

He knew I believed him a liar, but defied me to make any capital out of suspicion.

It didn't take long for Uncle Simmy to be convinced by Andy sufficiently to take a drink. Then they argued the next point with the old guerrilla, keeping one conviction in the lead. I studied their faces.

"Hypocrites and liars and dead-beats, every man-jack of 'em," I concluded; "and Andy is credulous enough to think he influences 'em. If they vote for Cinch at all it's not his doings."

I'd seen enough and, sayin' good-night, went away; then rose a question that I asked myself many times durin' the next six or seven years: "Why does Bailey Cinch keep Andy in his office and give him money to entertain these fellows, whom nothing but threats or plunder could make turn a hand to save the country?"

And the answer came only after misery and death.

. . . .

Well, well; poverty drags at the wheels o' time when your ambition is wakened, but two more years got by somehow.

There's no use being a rebel against your fate, and I was worn down to a sort of guerrilla warfare since that night of the club meetin'.

"Comrade Phil is havin' a little fight to get back to Congress this time," says Andy. That was a Sunday afternoon, and he'd borrowed the spring wagon of the groceryman to take me drivin'.

"Comrade Phil! He's been a true comrade to you," I remarked; for I always seemed to renew military activities about election time. "Drive down that lane, where we won't meet the townsfolk in their carriages." He did as I asked, and pretty soon we came on our boys gatherin' nuts in the woods. We got out o' the wagon and sat on a log by the brook as they came runnin' up. It was an Indian-summer day, with tawny skies, and so still we could hear the faint boom of hickorynuts as they struck the ground.

"This is a fine day for a little family excursion," said Andy, beamin' on us—he could beam at anything.

I heard the swift hoof-beats of trotters and the light roll of a carriage goin' by on the road. In all that splendid world I felt like a castaway. I knew, or had once known, the women in that carriage, soft and rustlin' in their furs and silks; and, glancin' from my old gingham to the groceryman's wagon, I laughed.

Andy smiled at me. "What is it, Mother?"

"Let's live a minute or two," I said. "That old rattletrap is a landau; that nag a spankin' team. You're in broadcloth; I'm in silk; the children haven't a patch ——"

"That's not me," interrupted Grant, who wore out his clothes as a boy should.

"It's a game," Grim told him. "Now," he ran on, lookin' gleefully into my face, "I'm another boy with a new cap and ridin' a pony ——"

"You'll have to be another boy to get 'em; won't he, Mother?" shouted Grant.

I pointed to Andy over my shoulder, which was the only answer needed.

Grim sidled away from me, as he'd done at times ever since that unlucky night, and began tuggin' at his father's coat.

"Let's bivouac," he said loudly. "We don't need fine things to do that. Soldiers can look like tramps."

Absently, Andy began pushin' the leaves together in a heap. "Right behind this log is the camp," he told Grim in a low tone; "that row o' trees is a kind o' shelter in case the enemy's pickets blaze away at us."

Swingin' Me Up in His Arms to Kiss as He Rushed Within

Grim's eyes and mouth were wide open as he dogged his father's footsteps.

"I'll spy on 'em," he declared fiercely; "and if I see a gun-barrel ——"

"You'll chase 'em as you used to chase the wolves," grinned his brother.

"Oh!" complained Grim, stampin' on the ground. "Oh! somebody always puts in when I want Father to tell about battles."

Andy looked at me sheepishly. "I wouldn't put notions of your bloodthirstiness into the boy's head," I advised.

"Did you chop 'em with that old saber?" whispered Grim.

"He's a great fighter, Grim, if that'll satisfy you," I said. "Just ask Mr. Cinch and Uncle Simmy and McNuisance—they all cower before him."

Grant laughed at my joke, but the little boy turned with a terrible look o' disappointment.

"Father chopped and hacked 'em; he was a swoopin' cavalryman," he told me. "You'll never let him tell; now I'm goin' home to see if that saber ain't full of nicks."

"I'll stop him," cried Grant, as his brother darted into the brush; but Andy spoke up in so strange a manner that we both climbed into the wagon and were driven home without another word.

We found Grim with the saber between his knees. "It has blood on it," he cried triumphantly to Grant. Sure enough it had, though I believe he'd cut his finger on purpose to stain the blade and save his father's reputation.

Andy quietly hung the weapon across the chimney, where it had remained unhandled ever since the war, and no more was said about this affair.

But there was a strip of no-man's land between us now, where neither could set foot. And soon I felt that Andy and little Grim were conspirin' against my peace o' mind. I saw 'em whisperin', and the boy took to watchin' me even while he played.

"Why do you watch me all the time?" I asked him one day. The weather was too cold for him to go to school in his thin clothes, and we were alone in the house.

"'Cause I'm so sorry for you," he explained.

I wished to know why, but he wouldn't give a reason, and when I scolded a bit he shook his head from the corner and said woefully:

"I know all that's the matter. Poor old Mother."

That day, it happened, there was a rally in town, and Andy met his General. Grant saw them chattin' together. "And I heard Father tell him how well we got along," the boy told me when he came home.

What was the use of my hopin' for anything when my husband was too much of a weaklin' to accept counsel at home or seek help abroad? My wrath blazed up steadily and I waited. Pretty soon I heard the boys quarrelin'. I was surprised, for Grant usually trampled rough shod over all his playmates. And I wouldn't have it otherwise. He was my soldier boy: the one to fight the last part of our losin' battle. I dressed him really better than we could afford, so he could hold up his head among other boys; and I wouldn't have his spirit broken by constant advice and correction. He should be a winnin' man, and we'd better sacrifice a little now, to benefit by his achievements after a while.

"Father wasn't afraid o' nothin'," Grim was sayin'.

I Clung to Him as in the Far-Off Schooldays

"Well, he doesn't show it now," replied his brother. "He never quarrels with anybody; he's as meek as the preacher."

I quieted Grant, but for the only time in his life little Grim took the bit in his teeth. "I'll show you how my father was a soldier in wartime," he hissed, and marched on his brother so ferociously with an imaginary firearm that Grant gave back a step. Then he stormed around the kitchen, shoutin' commands, till I put him out.

Grant snatched a bite o' supper and went back to town. I let him go when and where he pleased; the sooner he learned to use his elbows in the crowd the better it would be for us. After a time Andy came in, and for the minute I couldn't trust myself to speak. Then the word burst out in spite o' myself:

"You traitor!"

That customary senseless, cheerful look flitted from my husband's face.

"Yes," I repeated as soon as I could control my temper, "when the time came at last for you to prove yourself and stand by your family you turned traitor to us. Now I understand why the General has never helped," and I repeated what Grant had told me.

He tried to excuse his conduct. "Perhaps we manage things badly," he said lamely; "I can't risk makin' a change with so much responsibility. I might fail entirely in a strange position."

"But General Phil!"

"He has nothing to give me."

"Those sealed orders: there is something, surely," I cried.

"Will never be opened till I'm beaten, body and soul! Confess such a thing to the old commander ——"

"Who goes there? A soldier?" broke in the sweet, girlish voice of Grim, whom I'd forgotten since shutting him out of the kitchen. "What have you brought—plunder?" He whispered to his father and ran out-of-doors, but I was too angry to heed. In a moment he returned with a package which he unwound before me.

"It's only plunder," he said; "a black silk dress."

"I stole the pattern you used for your calico and turned the whole business over to the dressmaker," he said.

The two looked at me in a plaintive sort of way; I knew they'd gotten the idea from my speakin' of the carriage women who went ridin' in silks and furs.

"Ain't you goin' to put it on?" asked Grim. "'Tain't much, but just put it on."

I went into the next room and did so, reflectin': "A silk dress, with this old house tumblin' about our ears." I felt as if being bribed not to do my duty by 'em, but all I said when I came back and sat down before the fire was:

"Because we've fallen on evil days you believe things can't be mended. But they might be if you'd try."

"Pretty," said Grim. He brushed the skirt where I'd dragged it across the ashen hearth. "You're soft and plushy in this; ain't you-all comfortable at last? Your cheek's dimpled," touchin' it with his fingertip. "I bet," he whispered, "Mother was a girl once, and looked just this way when you first saw her."

Andy beamed on him, and the boy asked: "Did you fight for her?"

"You bet," answered Andy.

"Now, then," went on Grim in a hesitatin' way, "we'll hold a bivouac. Hear the old wind snore in the chimney like bugle-taps, and the firelight flashes like guns. Now tell us—how—you fought—for—Mother."

I remember that his ashy little hands were pressed close to his breast; I thought afterward that he trembled slightly, but that may have been the shiverin', drafty light.

I felt Andy's eyes entreatin' me, for he knew how sick I'd been all these years of hearin' men gossip in peace of what they'd done in war.

"Tell how you fought for her," said Grim, and, rememberin' Andy with his danglin' saber and his revolver spittin' fire from the flyin' horse, I nodded a little for him to go ahead with his yarn. Perhaps he waited for my word; or likely he didn't see me nod at him, for there was a long silence.

Grim crept back and leaned against his father's knee, with his chin in his hands.

"Never mind," he said at last, staring into the coals; "we'll play we've marched too far and are tired. I feel just like I saw it, anyway."

They seemed to forget about their supper and, after a time when they started upstairs, I said: "Thank you for the dress."

"'Tain't much," answered Grim; "only loot."

The next day was only a smoulderin' glow between two dark nights, with its glooming sun. The sleet sang through the dead leaves; the roofs smoked with its reboundin' showers, and Grim held to his father's hand as the latter started for his office in the early mornin'.

"Don't go," he begged once; "it's a funeral day."

"It's not so bad," grinned Andy, foldin' his coat close around his body.

"Oh, I know you've been through worse than this. Say, can we mend and change things, like Mother said?"

"Yes; and we must," replied Andy.

"We ought to begin on your overcoat," began Grim, but his father laughed and was gone.

Grim walked around with a wise air. "I ought to have brushed that overcoat," he told me; "why, I'd always supposed things were meant to stay as they are. Did this chair ever have a good leg?"

"Four of 'em," I answered.

"Well, I'll begin to mend and change," he declared, and with a little piece o' twine and some tacks set to work to repair the furniture and house and the broken fortunes of nearly twenty years.

"Father'll soon see how it's done," he said persuasively to me.

(Continued on Page 54)

The New England Oligarchy

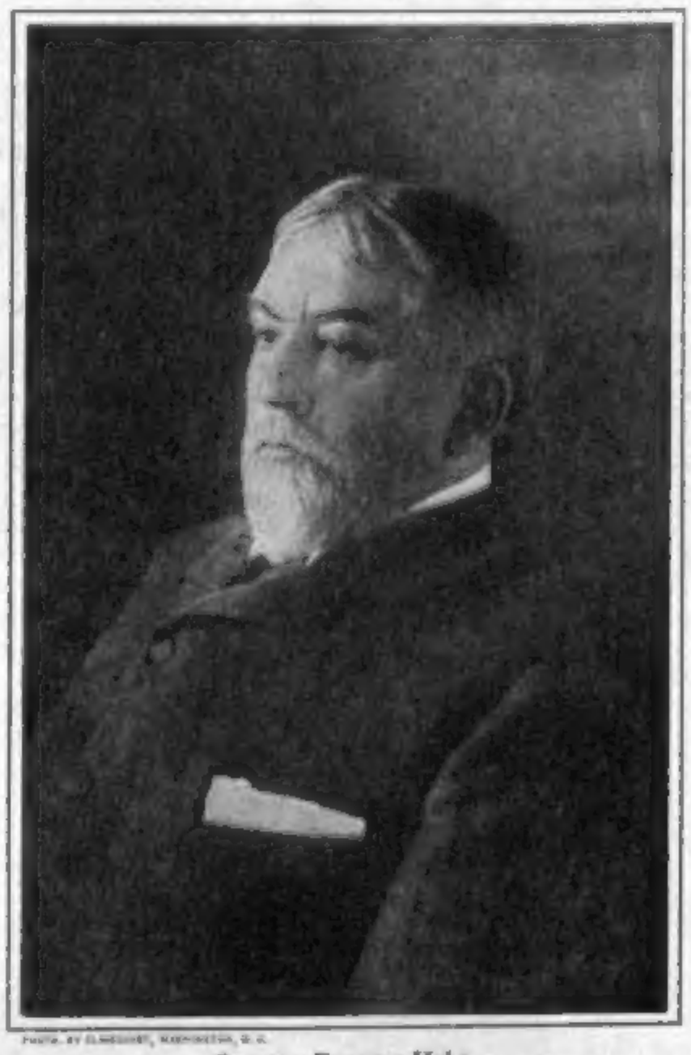
By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THERE is no doubt that the Honorable Eugene Hale, United States Senator from Maine for nearly thirty years, is excessively annoyed and considerably surprised because of the protest that has arisen in his native state over his candidacy for return to the Senate at the expiration of his present term, and the candidacy of his son, Colonel Fred Hale, for Congress in the First Maine District. Indeed, he is so annoyed that he has decided to deprive the state of Maine of his services as Senator.

Senator Hale was admitted to the bar in 1857 and since that time has, for the most part, held office. He served in various capacities in the state and was in the National House of Representatives for ten years. His larger career began in 1881, when he succeeded Hannibal Hamlin in the United States Senate. He has been there ever since and desired to return at the conclusion of his present term, on March 3, 1911. He had his brother, Clarence Hale, appointed a United States District Judge for Maine in 1902, and his son, Chandler Hale, made Third Assistant Secretary of State a year or so ago. Colonel Fred Hale, another son, is an active candidate for the nomination for Representative in Congress from the Portland District, formerly represented by Thomas B. Reed. There may be other relatives in office, but they are not conspicuous enough to attract attention. Many of the Republicans of Maine seem to think the three already in place, and the one who is willing, form a sufficient basis for the protest.

When Senator Hale was in the House of Representatives he was the lieutenant of James G. Blaine and was known as "Bub" Hale. There probably was a reason for the "Bub" designation, but to those who did not know him then, and who watch him now, it is as difficult to understand as it would be if somebody called Chief Justice Fuller "Chappie." Hale is the absolute type of the Bourbon in our public life. He is aristocratic, autocratic. He believes in the distinction between the classes and the masses, in the predominance of the vested interests. He is reactionary, conservative, arbitrary and resentful of any opinion that is not his own. Age has not mellowed him. With his increasing years of service he has grown more imperious and haughty to the people who have kept him in place and more supercilious toward his colleagues in the Senate, barring a very few of those with whom he works.

Hale is a curious man and an interesting one. He has great ability as a legislator. He understands the methods of the Senate perfectly. He can turn in with Aldrich and Lodge and a few of the others, and does, to carry out any plan that may have been formulated. He will take orders, if necessary, but his general attitude is that of the man who knows it all and cannot understand why every other man does not agree to what he says and go where he directs.



Senator Eugene Hale

Moreover, he is the Apostle of Gloom. He radiates depression. He trembles for the ultimate fate of the Republic. He is never so happy as when he is pointing out—standing with his eyeglasses in his right hand and emphasizing his fears by tapping with his eyeglasses on the fingers of his left—the reefs that are before us and the rapids that are below us.

When he rises the cloud on the horizon may be no bigger than a wheatcake, but under his nourishing depression it grows and grows until it envelops everything and all is lost, ruined, wrecked, destroyed. It is all one with him. He can see possibilities of dank misfortune if a naval program, for example, that he does not favor is adopted, and even direr results for the Union if a naval program he does approve is not adopted. The most discouraging tendency of the signs of the time is always the particular tendency he is dwelling upon. He hasn't pointed with pride for thirty years, and he has viewed with alarm ten times in every twenty-four hours in that period. We are lost—lost—trembling on the brink of the precipice and dashing head-on toward a rocky and inhospitable coast.

"Whither are we drifting?" is his constant and querulous query. He can see no ray of light ahead and, I suppose, when they began a campaign against him in Maine it was blacker than it used to be from pole to pole. Moreover, he, with Gallinger, is the censor and critic of the Senate. He rises in his place from time to time and points out how the other members of that body, not being in accord with him, are clearly without the purview of the Fathers, to say nothing of being unworthy of their seats in the august body on which he reflects such credit. It seems to him there can be no rational or responsible legislation unless it is favored by Hale. He deprecates these young men who have only been in the Senate for ten or twelve or fifteen years, and who seek occasionally to intrude an idea or a view into a discussion. Everything is in the past tense with Hale. There are not, and never will be, days like the old days.

Still, Hale is a politician. He hasn't allowed his assumption of statesmanship to make him forget the necessity of doing things in connection and in common with other people, if there is a political advantage for himself to accrue. If he wants anything he knows how to get it. He is vigilant to preserve his own fences. He can unbend and be as genial as a country storekeeper—if it is necessary. And he always is regular. Whenever Senator Aldrich has a proposition he wishes to put through you will find Senator Hale among the faithful. He has come to be one of the ruling group, through his long experience and his ability, and when the ruling group makes a rule Hale is there to support it, no matter what the public idea of it may be.

Maine held a commanding place in Congress for a great many years because of the wisdom of the people in sending back, term after term, the same men to Congress. There was a time, for example, when Reed was Speaker of the House, Dingley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Boutelle chairman of Naval Affairs, Milliken chairman of Public Buildings and Grounds in the House, and Frye chairman of Commerce and President pro tem., and Hale chairman of Naval Affairs in the Senate. With that layout any person who wanted anything had to go to Maine for it. Hale, undoubtedly, in those powerful days arrived at the attitude which he still preserves. His state was great Congressionally. He was a great man.

When Senator Allison died Senator Hale was advanced to the position of chairman of the Appropriations Committee, on which he had served for many years. The chairman of the Finance Committee, Aldrich, and the chairman of the Appropriations Committee are the dictators of what shall and what shall not happen in the Senate, and usually have the votes to back them. When Hale took on his added power as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, although he had been a member of the ruling group for a long time, his aloofness increased in the Senate, albeit he was beginning to soften a little toward the people in Maine because of the rapid approach of the time when he would demand a reelection.

He made that demand, and found himself in a position in his own state he had never before been obliged to occupy. His reëlection to the Senate would not have come to him as a testimonial to his long and distinguished public career, as a crowning tribute to his ability and his service. It would have come only after a grueling contest during which it would have been necessary to canvass the state and to bring into active work all his friends and all those whom he has helped to office, whom he has given positions, whom he has in any way aided in politics or otherwise.

The truth of it is that Maine is insurgent, not the way the Western states are insurgent, nor for the same reason, except the basic one that it is time to change some of the old-time leaders and get new ones more in harmony with the political ideas that prevail today. That is to say, Cannonism is merely a reflex in Maine. The farmers are not concerned with the personality or practices of the Speaker, except in so far as they type the faults in the Republican party which they seek to correct. There is a protest against the tariff not particularly because of the tariff, *per se*, but because a good many Maine Republicans do not think party pledges were carried out in making that tariff. And there is the same kind of a protest against Aldrichism that there is against Cannonism.

The Line-Up for the Fight

THE real issue was Hale, his own candidacy, his son's candidacy, and the widespread opinion that it was time to make a change. No person disputes the ability of Hale. He is a man of intellect, force and tremendously valuable experience. The protest was based on Hale's attitude toward the people who have elected him so often to the Senate. The people who are opposed to Hale say that he may be an influential member of the United States Senate, but that he does not represent the state of Maine in that body. They say he is not in touch with the people, that he has no knowledge and will make no inquiries as to their needs. They say he holds himself aloof from his constituents and that they do not and cannot feel toward him that loyalty they should feel and hold toward their Senator. This was the situation before he made his announcement.

The opposition to Hale crystallized in the candidacy of Judge Frederick A. Powers against him. Powers was a Supreme Court judge, but resigned two years, or such a matter, ago and has been at work on his canvass ever since. He has made an organization and has traveled through the state. He has powerful newspaper support and some of the big men behind him, notably E. P. Ricker, of Poland Springs, who is supporting him earnestly and who has taken an active, personal interest in his campaign.

Hale had control of the old organization. His local manager was Representative Burleigh, of Augusta, who captains the machine, an alert and experienced politician, and he drafted for active service every federal officeholder in the state who owes his appointment to Hale.

Hale's greatest strength was in the cities. It was the farmers, and particularly the young farmers, who were protesting against him and aligning themselves with Powers. They were concerned about his association with Aldrich and they wanted a man of more progressive views than Hale to represent them. They say Hale did not represent them on the tariff, although he did make a valiant fight for the wood-pulp manufacturers and had the support of those men and their employees. Powers and his managers skillfully played on this feeling. They have powerful newspaper support, especially in the Lewiston Journal, which was formerly owned by the late Nelson Dingley, and which is now edited by Frank Dingley, his brother. The strong Portland Press was also against Hale. However, the bulk of the newspapers in the state were with Hale, but in spite of their constant reiteration of the virtues and valuable services of the Senator the movement against Hale did not decrease.

Before Mr. Hale decided to retire, early in April, it was the opinion of the most experienced politicians in the state that the contest then was about an even break. That is, Powers and Hale had apparently about an even number of supporters, with Powers in the lead, if anything. Indeed, it was held that Powers would have won if the election had been held in April.

Hale's advantage came in his control of the machine The Republican organization in Maine is an able institution. It is made up of men who have been fighting battles all their lives and who know how to get at the voters, get them out, and who understand best what influences will prevail in every locality. Now that this fight was on, the old machine was straining every nerve. The word had gone out that Hale must be reëlected and that everything else must be subordinated to that end. Meantime, Powers had built up a good, compact, working organization, and he was forcing the fighting.

The Rock That Wrecks Senators

PUTTING everything else aside, discounting the insurgency in the state, which does exist and for the same reasons it exists in Massachusetts and Rhode Island and elsewhere in New England, as elsewhere in the country, the real opposition to Hale was based on his failure to keep in touch with his people; and that opposition probably helped along his decision to quit—if he does quit. That is a common fault in the man who remains a long time in official life in Washington. He grows away from his constituents. He comes to regard his office as a tribute to his personal worth and merits, instead of to the politics of the politicians who put him there and the votes of the people who allowed themselves to be directed by those politicians. Many a statesman has been wrecked on just that rock. Many a man who has served two or three terms as Senator or five or six terms as Representative has allowed himself to get into the frame of mind that ascribes to himself instead of to the people whom he represents all the power and glory of his job. The people at home are jealous. They want to be considered. They generally wake up and demand consideration, too. Sometimes they wait a long time, as in the case of Hale, but they always do wake up eventually.

It chagrined Hale to find this situation in the state he has imagined he could control as long as he wished. I doubt whether, until within a year or so, he ever seriously considered a revolt that would threaten his continued service as a Senator. Thus, when there came a revolt, when an adroit man like Powers voiced that revolt, he was astounded

If Hale had thought his continuance in office was in the least threatened it is likely he would not have allowed his son to become a candidate for Congress in the First Maine District. That only added fuel to the fire. It gave his opponents a strong argument. When you take one family and point out that one brother is a Senator, one brother is a United States Judge, a life job, one son a Third Assistant Secretary of State, and another son wants to go to Congress from a state so sparsely settled that it has but four Representatives, you have a dynastical argument that works very rapidly and very effectively against the promoters of the dynasty.

Furthermore, it happens that several—three to be exact—other men in the First Portland District feel they have a right to go to Congress and are not inhibited by the Hale family in any degree. So Asher Hinds, the parliamentarian of the House of Representatives, is a candidate against Colonel Fred Hale, as are also Edward C. Reynolds and Richard Webb. These men are making active canvasses, although word has gone out from the Maine machine that Colonel Hale must be supported and all the Senator Hale men are for him, which, of course, includes all the federal officeholders.

Portland is the largest city in Maine. It is entirely within the First District, as is the county of Cumberland and the county of York. Colonel Hale's chief strength, or his supposed strength, seems to be in the city, but there is much opposition. The present Representative from the First District is Amos Allen, who was the secretary to Thomas B. Reed and who succeeded Mr. Reed when that great man resigned from Congress. Allen is not a candidate and says he does not want to go back, but a situation may easily develop that will deadlock the Congressional convention and send him back, willy-nilly.

The Republican party is not in any too good shape in Maine. The present Governor was elected by less than ten thousand and that in a Presidential year. The Maine Legislature is controlled by the country votes, and it is in the country that Senator Hale met his most persistent opposition. Although there are but two counties in the First Maine District, where Colonel Fred Hale is a candidate, the idea of his candidacy has not favorably impressed the farmers in the other counties, and it was being used with effect by the Powers men against the Senator. It seems to be a widespread impression that there is too much Hale.

The state, even at this early date, is in a ferment of political excitement added to greatly by the report of Senator Hale's determination to retire. The newspapers are printing interviews with citizens in every county and both the Powers men and the Burleigh men are working continuously.

The temper of the Powers people is well illustrated in a statement made by one of his leaders, who said: "We want in the Senate a man of progress, with an appreciation of the modern idea of politics, which is, if I comprehend it, a close sympathy with the people and a knowledge of their needs. We want a man who is willing to place himself on the same plane with his constituents and will not accept as final the dictates of a few self-constituted leaders. Senator Hale is not in touch with the people of Maine.

"He is autocratic, aristocratic and has always held himself aloof from the great mass of his constituents. We do not feel that loyalty to him that we should have toward a man occupying so prominent a position. As election time approaches we may receive a few documents from him through his private secretary, or may be recognized as a factor in his election and, consequently, be treated, for the time being, with consideration; but I feel we need a man who will not only recognize the wishes of his constituents once every six years, but who will consider them every minute he holds the office they have given him. The young Republicans of the state do not want Eugene Hale reëlected and the people feel the time has come to make a change."

Therefore, Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, thirty years in the United States Senate, chairman of the great Appropriations Committee, and for fifty years in public life, faced a revolt more serious and more determined than any he had ever experienced. He wanted to go back to the Senate. He was obliged to fight every step of the way. He had the tremendous advantage, of course, of having a powerful organization back of him, fostered and enlarged by almost every federal officeholder in the state; but he did not fancy the toughest battle of his political life and that, too, at the time when he considered himself entitled to the grateful suffrages of his people.

The old order is changing. Senator Hale has not realized that this is the situation until lately, but he knows it now—he knows it now.

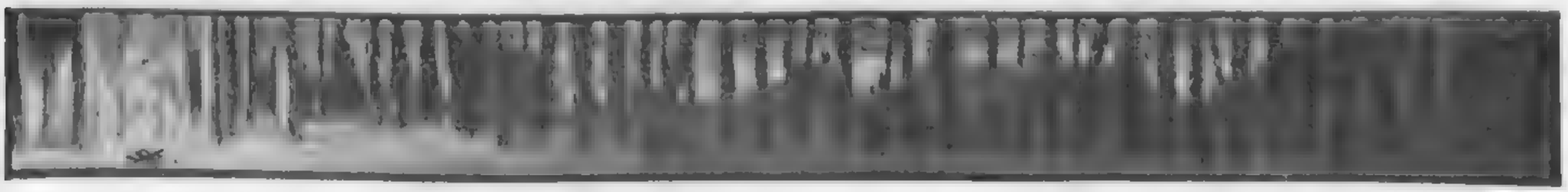
The Near and Far Sides

IN SOME cities the street cars stop on the near side of the crossings; in some they stop on the far side. So far as we are able to recollect no city takes any means of warning the stranger as to the habits or eccentricities of its street cars in this respect. If he has been staying in a near-side town, and goes to a far-side one, he is expected to find out the difference by experience. The experience of standing in the rain, for example, and watching the car that you expected to take whiz by, or of scampering wildly from the near side to the far side or from the far side to the near side when you have stationed yourself on one side and observe that the car is stopping on the other, is somewhat unpleasant.

Not so much because it wastes time and energy as because of the humiliation involved. Nobody sympathizes with you. Everybody regards you with derision. The fact that you were on the wrong side of the street is proof that you are not habituated to the customs of that city, and it is rather natural for the local citizen to conclude that you are not accustomed to any really first-class community.

Recently, indeed, in a promising village of about sixty thousand inhabitants, we heard the conductor describe a citizen of Gotham as a farmer, because he was on the wrong side of the street.

We urge near-side communities to be more sympathetic with the far-side man, and vice versa. Not only with regard to street cars but otherwise. The fact that he is standing on the other side may signify that he lives in a greater place.



THE BUSINESS OF FARMING

By FORREST CRISSEY

"THE fat of the land" becomes something more than a figure of speech as the eye sweeps the rich acres surrounding Odebolt, Iowa. And "the business of farming" takes on a new definition as the visitor drives out five miles from this lively little prairie town to Brookmont, one of the most famous farms in the whole Middle West.

One of the first sights to lay strong and visual emphasis on the word business, as one approaches the rather impressive group of buildings known as "the home farm plant," is a snug one-story structure with large hay and cattle scales in front, bearing the legend: "Office." Entering that building you will find yourself facing an iron grating beyond which are standing desks, flat desks, a typewriter or two, and the various furnishings suggesting the atmosphere of a country bank. Back of the large room, in which two or three clerks are busy with ledgers, blueprints and office files, is a smaller room—the private office of Albert E. Cook, the owner of Brookmont. Everywhere there is an atmosphere which says: This is a business, an industry, conducted in the same orderly and systematic manner as any other up-to-date industry—not a loose-jointed calling run on the rule-of-thumb, hit-or-miss fashion. But the thing which spoke most loudly to me the message, "Farming is a Business," was a set of maps or plates, in colors, arranged in the shape of a huge calendar and hanging on the wall of the private office.

"Those are our crop rotation maps," explained Mr. Cook, as he noticed that this decoration had caught my eye. "They are the same thing to my superintendent and foremen and bosses as the architect's working-plans are to the contractor, his superintendent, foremen and workmen."

And so I found them. Brookmont is subdivided into twenty-two farms—the home farm and twenty-one auxiliary farms. Each farm is mapped—one plat for each year. On these maps every field is outlined and its crop is instantly indicated by color used. What will be the crop scheme for farm number 14 in 1911? One glance at the 1911 map of that farm reveals the whole layout, field by field. And in the files of maps for that farm is the complete history of the crops which each of its fields has produced. Even the orchard of the home place shows the kinds and varieties of the trees with which it is planted. Here is order, system, plan. And this is the keynote of everything on Brookmont—for the master of this 7630-acre farm "doesn't do a lick of work from one year's end to another"—to quote a less methodical neighbor who carries his account mainly in his hat and prides himself that he puts in as many hours in the field as his best hand.

The Recipe for Good Farming

BUT to play the thinking part for a chain of farms embracing 7630 acres and have the work move forward with almost automatic smoothness is a job which may well absorb the energies of an active man—even if he doesn't "work." And especially is this true if the balance on the big ledger never fails to be on the right side and of satisfactory size. Only a moderate gift of imagination is required to see Brookmont in the light of an Old-World barony, and its owner as an overlord of a domain—for Brookmont wholly maintains four school districts and

The Man Who "Farms With His Head" and Lets the Others "Do the Work"

mainly supports two more. Expressed in American farm terms Brookmont contains forty-six quarter sections; to drive completely around it would involve a journey of fourteen miles; but the fence-repair man has to keep up about one hundred miles of road fence. It is stoutly asserted that there are not five acres in the whole property which cannot be immediately and successfully cropped without drainage. Mr. Cook does not believe that a farmer should put all his eggs in one basket unless he is absolutely obliged to resort to the one-crop basis. Therefore, Brookmont may be broadly classed as a diversified farm—although the foundation of its operations is corn. The main sources of revenue on this farm are: steers and hogs for the livestock market; corn for the grain market; thoroughbred cattle and hogs for the breeding market and seed-corn and seed-grains for other farmers

In the opinion of this man who farms with his head, wears good clothes and takes occasional trips to Europe, good farming is compounded of equal portions of economical production and of successful selling. Unless these two elements are well matched in the farmer, his results are bound to be lopsided and to fall short of their full normal stature.

"Take the matter of economical production on a place like this," said Mr. Cook. "First of all, it means having your big ground-plan of crop schemes and of general management, sound, progressive and framed for big, solid results which will at once get the most out of the land and the most out of the labor, without depleting the land or oppressing the laborer. Here is where what you might call the heavy end of the farming game comes in; your big, broad ground-plan of operations must be right and practical and on lines for big results. Then comes the matter of corner-clipping, of reducing waste and preventing losses in every possible direction. Personally, I give more time to corner-clipping and waste-saving than to the big ground-plan work. Why? Not because it is more important than the other—because it isn't—but because when once a general policy is outlined it is done for all time, excepting for occasional changes to meet special emergencies. This leaves me free to attack the problem of corner-clipping, of detailed economies, of short cuts and of stopping leaks. These problems are always with the farmer, and especially with the larger farmer, whose work must be done by others. There is hardly a day when some problem of this class does not come up for settlement."

The Hereford Road Squad

TO ILLUSTRATE this phase of his administration work Mr. Cook told the story of his road herd. In Iowa the country roads are wide—wider than those of any other state, perhaps—and there is a common creed in the stand-pat state that any farmer who will not keep his roads clean and free from weeds is too narrow between the eyes to command the respect of his neighbors. One day Mr. Cook saw a gang of his workmen cutting the grass along the highway. He went at once to his office and asked his secretary for the figures on how much it cost Brookmont to live up to the Iowa religion of clean roads.

"Not less than four hundred dollars a year," was the answer.

Then he called in his stock superintendent and said:

"Pick out about two hundred of our quietest young Herefords and put them in charge of the best boy on the place; have them herded on the roads and herded close so that they will make a neat, clean job of grass-cutting. And while the lad is doing that he may as well act as fence inspector."

Perhaps this plan would not have been practical with any breed of cattle less quiet than the Herefords, which are almost as tractable as sheep; but as Mr. Cook has several hundred of these thoroughbreds he had no difficulty in organizing a road squad which keeps his highways clean and at the same time puts on flesh which, at the regular market price, figured fifteen hundred dollars in road income as against four hundred dollars in direct outlay. And the herdsman, at the same time, filled the position of fence inspector.

Disease among hogs and cattle is one of the heaviest and steadiest drains on the net income of any large livestock farm. Whatever will serve materially to reduce the ravages of this persistent form of waste is a cardinal economy on any livestock farm—and especially so on a farm which seldom produces fewer than four thousand hogs and two thousand cattle in a year, and often increases

A Bovine Road Squad Which Keeps His Highways Clean

The Home Farm

these figures by fifty per cent or more. Mr. Cook tackled the problem of disease prevention and cure in the temper of a scientist, with an eye always alert for the practical. A season of diligent and studious experiments with hog-cholera remedies gave him a generous distrust of medicines; he was convinced by his mortality figures that, in the matter of cures, the game wasn't worth the candle. Then it was clear to him that his only hope of strangling this kind of waste was by prevention. He no longer attempted to cure a hog afflicted with the cholera, but his investigations proved to his satisfaction that a hog which lives through this scourge is thereafter immune from it And from these immunes he selected his herding stock. The results of this policy have thoroughly established him in the belief that it is possible to breed hogs which are practically immune from this plague. When this theory is combated with scientific argument he simply answers: "I know that I'm on the right track for I've tried it out, year after year, with a big bunch of hogs. And if it justifies itself with a big drove it certainly will with a small one, for when it comes to hogs everybody knows that there's more danger in large numbers."

But this idea of prevention does not stop with the theory of accumulating a drove of immunes. Mr. Cook is a stickler for sanitary conditions from the ground up. Not a hog is allowed to be brought to Brookmont which has not passed a thirty-day quarantine. Then all of its quarters are rigidly disinfected once a month with a powerful preparation of petroleum.

Turkish Baths for the Hogs

ON THE subject of disinfecting Mr. Cook has this to say as the most important message he can possibly give to livestock farmers:

"I've made a careful, scientific study of disinfectants, and I think I've learned something worth while. To most farmers disinfecting means dipping. It meant the same to me—at the start. I built a huge concrete disinfecting tank and made the animals take a fifty-foot swim through medicated waters. Then I woke up to the fact that, while this probably was highly purifying for the outside of the creature, it didn't penetrate to the inside, nor did it do its cleansing and protective work on the quarters which the animal inhabited. After one year of the plunge bath I abolished the swimming-pool and substituted a strong force pump. The animals are driven into their sheds, from which all the manure has been carefully removed; the openings are tightly closed, and then the creatures are sprayed with the volatile disinfectant until they are completely drenched inside as well as outside, for the heat of the animals acts upon the spraying preparation and the building is quickly filled with a thick, penetrating fog which the creatures are compelled to breathe. They are cured internally as well as externally. I know that my animals have been almost instantly cured of bad cases of worms by this form of disinfecting. As for animal lice—they simply cannot stand against this treatment. But the cleansing does not stop with the outside and the inside of the creatures; the floors, walls and ceilings of the quarters are as effectually disinfected by the spray and the fog as are the animals themselves. This form of disease prevention may be as easily and effectively practiced by the small farmer as by the large. I have kept careful records of my spraying cost, and they show that, for the labor and materials, it amounts to precisely one cent an animal for each spraying, or twelve cents a year each creature. This one thing alone has saved me thousands of dollars annually. If all the livestock farmers of the United States were to follow this practice it would result in a saving of many millions of dollars a year, besides operating as a practical stay against peril to human life through diseased meats. As my hog sales have repeatedly amounted to sixty thousand dollars a year and I have seldom, if ever, marketed fewer than two thousand fat cattle a year, it must be granted that, in nine years of consistent practice of this form of spraying, I have had a fair chance to prove its merits."

There is scarcely a line of activity on his great farm which Mr. Cook has not considered in his corner-cutting campaign, at one time or another, with results which have more than justified the time and attention given by this man who "farms with his head" and lets the others "do the work." The treatment of his pastures and meadows is another case in point. Is there a patch of grass land where the bluegrass—for this is a bluegrass farm—is not as thick and velvety as it should be? If so, he goes into that part of the pasture where the grass is prime and dead ripe, cuts it with the mower, rakes it and hauls the grass and scatters it upon the "short" pasture, where it sheds the seed and produces an abundant crop. He has never known a failure from this short cut in seeding methods.

Again, he handles his pastures in a novel way which saves the necessity of changing his cattle from one pasture to another. He turns this clever trick by spreading manure on only one-half the pasture at a time. The cattle feed upon the unfertilized ground until the grass is high on the other half and the taint of the manure has disappeared from it. Then they switch over, and the manure spreaders are put to work on the unfertilized portion. This furnishes uninterrupted pasturage and uninterrupted fertilization throughout the season in every pasture.

The fine point to which Mr. Cook applies his economies finds another illustration in the matter of his provision for oil food. He believes that, so far as possible, every farm should produce what is needed for the feeding of the stock kept on it.

Oil meal, or oil cake, is an expensive commodity in the business of feeding cattle for the market, but it is also a necessity, for many well-known reasons. Then, too, the feeding of heavy concentrates is a matter requiring great care and good judgment. For all these reasons Mr. Cook, each year, plants eight or ten acres of flax which is cut just before it is fully ripe. The oil is in it, but the pods are not opened. A handful of this flax hay is given to each animal daily, in its roughage, when it is on a grain feed, and is eaten eagerly. Mr. Cook believes that he has few acres which are more profitable to him than those which grow his flax hay. Each year his flax field is changed to new ground. "Never pay freight or the profits of middlemen on what your farm can easily grow" is a settled principle with this modern Iowa farmer.

The Brookmont method of handling the help problem is as original as the treatment of its roads or its pastures or the way in which its stock is disinfected. Perhaps Mr. Cook is prouder of nothing else than he is of the fact that he has a Brookmont alumni of more than one hundred men who came to him without funds, as hired hands, and left him to locate on good farms of their own.

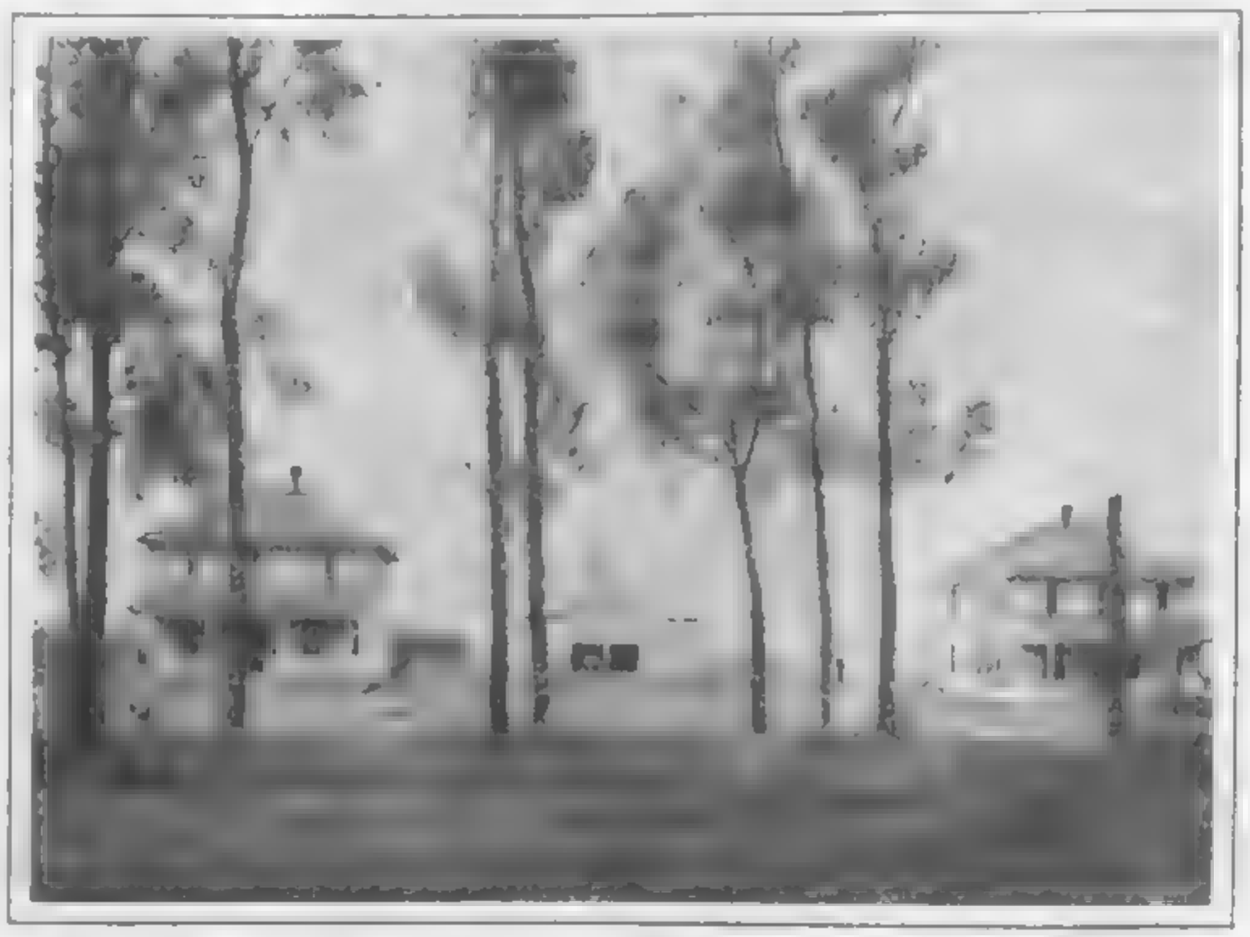
"The man who comes here to Brookmont as a raw recruit soon finds out from the veterans that there is a notion in the front office that the man who will do something for himself will do well for the farm and its owner, and that if a man doesn't show any disposition to get ahead on his own account there is an impression that he will not hurt himself looking after the interests of the Boss. Then they soon learn that if they put themselves out to better my condition I will go to especial lengths to better theirs. Again, it doesn't take long for the shirks and drones and grouches to catch the spirit of the farm and determine that it isn't the place for them. Genuine good feeling is a condition of employment at Brookmont. A man who is sore isn't wanted about the place. But the emphasis is put on the other side of the matter. Whenever a man shows that he is really looking out for the good of the farm he hears from it in a personal way. For instance, just the other day a fine big steer became injured. One of the barn-hands said to the foreman: 'Don't kill that steer; leave him to me, and I'll pull him through.' And he did nurse the creature back to good condition. He was a barn-man, and it was his work to take care of the stock, but he received a ten-dollar bill and my personal thanks for what he did. Then, take the corn-planting season. The men know that the hand who puts in especially straight rows is fairly sure to get an order for a good suit of clothes. And so it goes with everything in the line of work on the farm; the boys know that by looking out for me they are looking out for themselves and that an especially good piece of work is not going to be missed in the office."

If His Steers Do Not Put On an Average of Three Pounds a Day He is Disappointed

Big Prizes for Good Workers

"TEN hours in the field is the rule of the field season. 'Work while you're at it, enjoy your rest' is the motto for farmhands here. Ten hours in the field is enough for any man who puts in good, hard, honest licks while on duty! If men are given longer hours than this it is my observation that they will distribute ten hours of effective work over the longer period—not deliberately, but because it's human nature.

"But there are big prizes, too. It has always been the practice here to give a man a chance to work for himself if he so wishes, and if he makes good, to back him in getting a place of his own. Each three hundred and twenty acres of Brookmont is considered as a separate farm, with its own set of buildings and its own foreman. The foreman may work for wages or he may run the farm on a contract to raise the corn and deliver it in the crib at fifteen cents a bushel. In this connection it should be said that the price would be too low for the work were it not for the high productiveness of the land here, where the yield is very heavy. If he works for wages the foreman receives forty dollars a month. Many of those who take the contract at fifteen cents a bushel make much more than the regular wage. A large number of them have cleared fifteen hundred dollars a year, for the contract foremen get all their supplies from the store, which adds exactly six per cent to the actual cost of the merchandise. They are also charged six per cent on the farm equipment which is turned over to them. In many, perhaps most, cases these foremen pay for the equipment and leave me to go to farms of their own. This is the rule with the best of them. While I dislike to lose the services of tried men of this kind, it pays in the long run to give them every aid to get on an independent footing; it encourages all the men to do their level



Type of Cottage on the Twenty-Two Farms

best under the stimulus of knowing that they will be helped instead of hindered in an effort to get on their own feet. It is a common occurrence for foremen to leave me and take with them equipment on which they have made only a partial payment. One of my former foremen is now worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and many of them own farms worth fifty thousand dollars and are clear of debt. Of the one hundred and four heads of families who have become independent farm owners since leaving my employ not one of them had any property when beginning work at Brookmont, and in most cases I advanced the money to bring them and their household goods here.

"Some of the best hands I have were hoboes. They saw the system work and decided to save their wages and make a new start in the world. Many of these men have substantial deposits in the savings-bank at Odebolt on which they receive four and a half per cent interest. These deposits of men who were once confirmed hoboes frequently run as high as two thousand or three thousand dollars. Every wage man on the place is paid on the fifteenth of the month for his labor of the preceding month. Many of them wish to leave their wages with the office and 'let them pile up.' They are not permitted to do this, but are told to take their money to the bank where it will be earning something for them. This encourages thrift and helps to make better men of them.

"This general policy of handling help is dictated not by philanthropy but by plain business sense. It gives me better men, keeps the good ones with me a longer time and, above all, gets out of every man in my employ the best there is in him.

"Foremen are paid two dollars and fifty cents a week for boarding hands, and the wage scale is as follows:

"January, February and March, twenty dollars a month. April, May and June, twenty-five dollars a month. July, August and September—harvest—one dollar and fifty cents a day. October and November, twenty-five dollars a month.

"This is subject to variations. For instance, huskers are paid three cents a bushel and earn two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a day. There are plenty of men who husk one hundred bushels a day. In the heavy season Brookmont has about one hundred hands; in the off season about forty and in the intermediate months around sixty. In addition to these there are the foremen, the livestock superintendent and farming superintendent. All of the farms in the system, whether handled by foremen working on the bushel basis or by those drawing regular wage, are under the central control and must be cropped and managed according to the policy enforced by the farming superintendent and the livestock superintendent. Without this provision there would be chaos."

In the experience of Mr. Cook the great secret of successful corn raising is the thorough preparation of the seed bed and the planting of the seed that is known to be right. Next in order comes persistent cultivation. Unlike David Rankin, Mr. Cook prefers to be his own seed expert. One reason which he urges for this decision is that seed raised on his own place is sure to be thoroughly acclimated. Another reason is that a certain strain of seed corn has been carefully developed on his soil for twenty-five years, and he holds that no substitute could be had from professional seed-corn growers which would do as well for him.

Here are Mr. Cook's rules for growing good corn and plenty of it:

"Make a fine and mellow seed bed, check in your corn and then drag thoroughly before it comes up. When it is about three inches high go in with the walking cultivator; after that cultivate four times.

"The test of successful farming comes in a season which is out of the ordinary. One year we had a drought in Iowa and that year my neighbors did not raise more than ten bushels of corn to the acre. Early in the season I made up my mind that we were going to have a sustained drought and I cultivated accordingly, keeping every man in the field stirring up the surface of the soil until the tall growth of the corn drove the cultivators out. This was to retain the moisture in the ground. Farmers around here called me a fool for doing this—but what was the result? I averaged thirty-one bushels to the acre on four thousand acres, and marketed that corn at fifty-five cents a bushel. It is my aim to keep steers and hogs enough to feed out three-fourths of the corn raised on the place; the other fourth is sold on the market."

Starting with sod land, the crop rotation scheme of the Brookmont farm is two successive crops of corn; this is followed with small grain, either oats, barley or wheat. With the small grain is sown medium red clover. For this last seeding, the bed is thoroughly prepared, the grain sown and the land dragged once. Then the clover is sown and the land dragged lightly. The reason of this treatment is that the grain gets in more thoroughly and gets a start. The clover does not get in so deep and grows better for that reason.

Mr. Cook finds that he is able to figure the first crop of corn following sod running at sixty to seventy-five bushels an acre. Sometimes he is able to get as high as one hundred and four bushels to the acre. The second crop on the same land generally falls off to a yield of fifty to sixty bushels to the acre, and if the crop were corn again the third year the yield would not be more than forty bushels.

In the fall of the third year he pastures his cattle on the clover land after the grain has been cut. The next year, the fourth, the clover is cut for hay or for seed, and early that fall the land is turned under in order to realize on the fertilizing value of the clover. The next year it is returned to corn again. *(Concluded on Page 64)*

BALLYHOO BILL

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

He Goes on the Pumpkin Circuit

OBSERVING from a safe distance that those who entered the pass gate of the Rodney County Fair "mitted a red broad," the tall young man with the washable collar seized upon a red advertising card from the roadside, deftly trimmed it with a pocket-knife to what he judged to be the proper size, and walked briskly up to the gate, merely "flashing" the bogus pass at the gateman and restoring it to his pocket as he started through. He had nearly made it when the gateman, a stockily-built fellow with a heavy jaw and somewhat sluggish faculties, remembered that the card had not seemed to be exactly the right shade of red; closer scrutiny made him certain that he had not previously seen the tall young man.

"Lemme see that pass," he demanded.

With perfect assumption of confidence the tall young man reached for the "broad," at the same time attempting to push through the turnstile. By this time, however, the stockily-built man had his foot against the stile, and the attempt was a failure. Consequently, the newcomer took the card entirely from his pocket, looked at it himself, and was amazed to discover that it was not regular! Finding that this clever histrionic bit met with but an icy response, he laughed engagingly. His face, in repose, was as gravely serious as that of a Greek statue, but when he laughed he expected the world to laugh with him.

"You've a quick eye, neighbor," said he. "I left my pass and hadn't any time to go back and get it, so I framed up this; but it didn't go with a wise old fox like you on the gate!"

A little mollified, the gate-tender became a trifle more pliable.

"I suppose you think you're workin' inside," he suggested banteringly.

"Sure! Don't you know me? I'm Ballyhoo Bill."

That name, born on the instant and coming like an inspiration, was one which never could have been given him by his associates nor assumed among them by himself, for the simple reason that he was a ballyhoo man; but it visibly impressed the gateman.

"Who you workin' with?" was his next question.

The answer was prompt:

"The girl show."

"You might just as well wait outside for them," the guardian of the free portal unexpectedly informed him. "Your outfit's goin' to get the run today."

"I got later news about that," announced the tall young man with calm superiority, although secretly relieved to find that he had not seemed to lie, since there really was a girl show on the grounds.

He Had Been Rather Foolish to Leave the State Fair Grounds Without an Attempt to "Locate"

"Anyhow, I don't remember seeing you before," persisted the gateman. "If you want in real bad you might just step across to the pay gate and hand 'em two bits. The association'd be glad to get it." He paused long enough to give the stranger another careful scrutiny. Not all the cinders and coal dust and smoke and grime of travel had been washed from his face and hands. His clothing, although the suit was good enough and fitted him well, was overly wrinkled and also looked cindery. "An' if you ain't got the quarter," the square jaw sagely observed after this inspection, "they don't want you inside anyhow."

The tall young man produced a very small roll indeed, consisting of three well-worn and dingy one-dollar bills folded into a compact wad, which he immediately shoved back into his pocket.

"I never separated myself from any kale yet to break into a pumpkin fair," he stated as one voicing a righteous principle, "and I've seen more of 'em than you ever heard about."

"Then it won't hurt you not to see this one," retorted the gatekeeper, who was keeping up the argument now merely because he was of an argumentative disposition and had the triumphant side of it.

The self-styled Ballyhoo Bill recognized the absolute futility of another attempt, though about to make one, when his eye lighted with fresh hope. A man in a flannel shirt and a threadbare ready-made tie—a low-browed and tousle-headed man—laden with a pail of lard, four loaves of bread and a roll of meat, had just set down his lard pail and was reaching for his pass. The signs were unmistakable. He belonged to a lunch stand

"Hello, pal," said the tall young man. "I'm with the girl show and I can't shill through Johnny Hep."

"You bet I'm Johnny Hep!" suddenly asserted the gateman.

"And I left my ticket of admission in my sleeping-room," went on the tall young man, suddenly dropping the lingo, "and the gatekeeper says he don't know me."

"Oh!" said the other, recognizing the stranger by his jargon as "one of the knows." "This buddie's all right, pal. I know him. He's no simp. Other days he's come in at noon when your pardner's on the gate."

This was so obviously a lie that even the gate-tender grinned.

"Go on through, the both of you," said he. "I don't believe you ever had a pass, Ballyhoo Bill, but I'm sure of one thing: you belong with these grafters, and you might as well herd in with the rest of 'em."

He looked after them with a puzzled expression until he became aware that a quiet-looking, gray-mustached man had been standing behind him unobserved.

"Good-morning, Mr. Myers," he said with deference. "What was them two talkin' about, anyhow?" and he scratched his head in perplexity.

"Just ordinary business affairs," replied the veteran fair manager, smiling. "That tall young fellow is a side-show barker, or outside lecturer, as they call themselves, and he looks to be a good one. He is out of a job and tried to shill through your gate. A shillaber is a booster for a sideshow, and, consequently, to go in free anywhere is to shill through."

The gate-tender had not removed his fingers from his hair.

"Say, what is a simp?" he wanted to know.

"A simp," explained the manager gravely, "is a man who does not know what the word simp means."

II

"WHAT'S your graft, Bill?" asked the tousle-headed one as they walked back over the uneven turf, rounded the horticultural building and turned down the lane of gaudy sideshow fronts.

"I make openings," announced the tall young man with a quiet dignity inspired by the fact that only the outside "lecture" and the inside "talk" are done by the ballyhoo man of class, who refuses to do door-talking.

"With the girl show?"

"No. I don't know who's on the lot, but I had to stall to that hophead, and I just had a rub that there was a girl show here."

The other laughed

"They can't work," he said. "They're too raw. They only made one opening and the mayor took a pike at that and ordered it cut out. This is Wednesday and they've still got the top up, though."

"Has everybody got a spieler?" asked the tall young man with anxious interest.

"Sure," said the other. "No, wait a minute. One of the pits, Skybo's Hee-na show, lost a spieler last night."

They had now arrived at the lunch stand, where the tousle-headed man set down the pail of lard.

"I think I'll drift on down and look over the fronts and see what's here," the tall one said.

He passed down Carnival Lane between gaudy opposing fronts alive with discordant noise and with the penetrating "spiels" of the hoarse-toned barkers. The Little Polish Count, Helen the Fat Beauty, The Four-Legged Hen, Ajax the Strong Man, the Armless and Legless Wonder, the Palace of Illusions, Milly the Circassian Snake-Charmer, The Tattooed Family, all gay with enormous canvases and bright colors and contributing to the carnival spirit as much as it could be urged by mere sound. Men with assorted whiskers and with buggy-whips in their hands, and tired-looking women with children tagging at their skirts, with a liberal sprinkling of town folk, cluttered the straw-strewn turf with no semblance of order, but the newcomer threaded his way among these people, who were merely so much raw material, without seeing them, as of habit.

Just beyond the snake show was the most dingy and tattered "rag front" at the fair. Its almost indecipherable banners stated that within was to be found Hee-na, the human hyena; and the crude daubs, now almost obliterated by the storms of many seasons, when they were new had portrayed a ferocious animal with the head and face of a human being, at bay before a party of mighty hunters. This was a "platform pit show"—that is, one not in a tent, but within a railed well in the center of a raised platform. Just as the ballyhoo expert approached it a startling fusillade of pistol shots brought the more excitable patrons of the fair running to the spot. Professor Skybo, a huge, red-faced man with bloodshot eyes and particularly slouchy clothing, was on the platform brandishing a revolver, and as soon as the crowd had gathered he began bellowing:

"Hee-na! Hee-na! See the wonderful, savage, ferocious human hyena, captured in the wilds of Africa at the loss of ten precious lives! The most astounding freak of Nature ever exhibited! Hee-na! Hee-na! Hee-na!"

A prolonged, hoarse, snarling roar came up from the well, accompanied by sounds as of an animal jumping against the boards.

"Keep still there, Hee-na!" shouted the Professor, going to the edge of the well and picking up a long pole with an iron hook at the end of it.

Apparently, at sight of this dread implement the creature within quieted down, and the red-faced man went on with his talk.

"Hee-na! Hee-na! Hee-na!" he again bellowed, his raucous voice so hoarse that it could hardly be heard. His face grew more and more red as he progressed. "Though savage, ladies and gentlemen, Hee-na is unable to spring to the top of this pit, and I give you my word that no one stands in the least danger," he assured his auditors, and then he began a repetition of what he had said before.

A frown crossed the brow of Ballyhoo Bill. The "opening" was too long. Already some of the group of listeners were beginning to look around them and to drift away. Seeing this the red-faced man closed abruptly.

"Come right up, ladies and gentlemen," he invited, "and see the most wonderful freak of Nature ever brought into captivity or placed on exhibition, for the small sum of ten cents—one dime."

He was too late. The psychological moment had passed, and though the tall young man and three or four roughly-dressed fellows, who looked neither like town folk nor farmers, pressed forward, they had no large following. The ticket-box had no one in it and Professor Skybo himself stood at the top of the steps to take the dimes as the others came through. The tall young man was the first up the steps, and in place of a dime he merely pressed the tip of his finger in the red-faced man's palm. The showman looked at him sharply.

"I got enough shillabers," he growled.

"Keep the money, friend," said the other with a grin, and stepped to the edge of the pit. Cavorting about upon all fours on the blankets with which the ground was covered was a particularly hairy man with a bogus mane pasted upon his spinal column and joined cunningly into his own hair at the neck. He was ugly enough, in all conscience, and his low-browed and beard-hidden countenance, by a strong stretch of fancy, might be taken distantly to resemble a hyena's. As the red-faced man talked Hee-na sprang up occasionally, showing remarkable strength in the muscles of his legs, and women and even men jumped back in affright whenever he attempted to leap up at them.

"What is it, May? Scoffin' Ready?"

The tall young man surveyed the freak critically and listened to the "lecture" with grave, unsmiling contempt. He did not go down with the shillabers, who were the first to leave, declaiming in a loud voice how wonderful Hee-na was, and he even waited until the departure of the half-dozen stragglers who had been brought up by the process of "grinding," which consisted of crude exhortation to join the crowd.

The Professor turned to the lingerer with frowning inquiry.

"How's pickin's?" the stranger inquired, calmly ignoring the frown.

"Rotten!" said the other. "Rotten!" and he glared vengefully at the backs of his retreating audience.

"Where's your spieler?"

"I told him to beat it last night," snarled the big man.

"Let me make your next opening for you. You've got a money-getter here if your banners were only fresh and your spiel right."

"It ain't the spiel," growled the red-faced one in quick defense of his ability as a public orator. "It's these red-necked rubes out here. Every husker here has a ball of binder-twine wrapped around his leather."

"They got kale. They're loosening in the other places," objected the tall young man "I'll make that next opening for you. If you like it we'll talk biz If I don't make 'em fall it's all off."

A hoarse voice from the pit interrupted them.

"Where's my skee?" rumbled Hee-na.

The big man gave a gesture of impatience.

"All right, Joe," he said. "You'll git it; you'll git it!"

Joe looked up with an inarticulate growl which was almost a bark, and the tall young man followed the proprietor down the steps.

"He's a sociable guy, ain't he?" he observed confidentially as they went around behind the platform, where stood two much battered trunks.

"He's a devil," declared Professor Skybo. "He won't work without red liquor, and he ain't got no use for anybody that can't drink as much as he can; so we lush all the time. That's where my spieler got in bad. What's your name?"

"Hoover. Bill Hoover. I just cut loose from the George Sellers outfit."

The red-faced one nodded his head briefly

"Wagon show," he said "Was you barkin with 'em?"

"I made openings for the black top and talked inside"

Again the other nodded his head. A black top meant a moving-picture tent. He opened one of the trunks with a slam and lifted up the tray. Mr. Hoover's eyes were attracted by a queer object which lay in the top tray of the trunk—a withered human arm!

"What's that?" he asked, picking it up.

"I had out a mummy fake last year, and that's all there was left of Pharaoh after the big Georgia railroad wreck"

"I see," said Mr. Hoover, picking up the arm and studying it critically. "It's a fine piece of work. Who made it? Tillford & Sons, of course."

"Yep, it's one of their pieces. I had a mermaid from 'em, and a petrified man and this mummy. They was all good."

He was reaching for the arm of Pharaoh, but Mr. Hoover held it back.

"Leave this out," he said. "I think I can use it in the opening."

Professor Skybo looked Mr. Hoover over thoughtfully. That set gravity of his regular and well-formed features, increased by years of earnest effort to make an incredulous public believe all his statements, was ideal. Suddenly the Professor slammed shut the lid of his trunk.

"All right, go to it," he said.

Hoover was looking around with anxious speculation.

"How's the scoffin'?" he asked.

"The scoffin'? We don't eat," returned Professor Skybo with a short laugh. "We drink. Once in a while I go over to the grease joint and get us a grab, and in the mornings a cup of Java and some sinkers; but regular scoffin'! I ain't put my legs under for a square in I don't know when."

Mr. Hoover shook his head.

"That won't do for me," he declared. "I'm too old in the game to go up against a grab counter. I got to keep well lined on account of my voice."

It was evident that he prided himself considerably upon his voice, and he looked around the grounds with earnest study upon the subject of respectable food. He handed Professor Skybo the arm as he started to mount the steps. "Just put that inside the platform up there. I'll be back at one o'clock and make a talk that'll get all the loose jingle."

"All right, I'll wait," agreed the Professor, by this time very much impressed.

"Pipe the Jane out there in the blue cloak!" suddenly said Mr. Hoover, clutching the Professor by the sleeve.

"Yep, she's the blow-off dancer in the girl show," said the Professor. "It's a shame they can't work."

III

THE girl in the blue cloak had the blondest of golden blonde hair, and it had been the same shade for something like twenty years, or possibly twenty-two, as nearly as Mr. Hoover could judge. She had an excellent figure and a fine carriage, to say nothing of a clear complexion and a pretty face; but what had caught Mr. Hoover more than anything else was a certain wholesomeness in her

expression, almost a motherliness, one might say, if one could apply such a term to one so maiden-like.

Mr. Hoover sauntered down toward the big tent into which she disappeared, and found, sitting on a campstool behind the banner, a big, raw-boned man with a heavy, drooping, gray mustache and wiry, iron-gray hair, and with him was a placid, heavy-set woman of almost the same age, who was engaged in the entirely prosaic and uncarnival-like task of darning a pair of socks.

"Hello, Colonel," said Mr. Hoover.

"Why, hello, Bill!" heartily returned Mr. Freestone, who was called Colonel on account of his mustache and his broad-brimmed slouch hat. "Where did you drop in from?"

"Howdy-do, Mother?" said Mr. Hoover, shaking hands with Mrs. Freestone, who smiled at him good-naturedly and indicated a third campchair. "I just left the George Sellers wagon show over at Kiwaski," continued Mr. Hoover, sitting down to answer the Colonel's question. "Nearly the whole outfit got pinched over there last night."

"It was comin' to Sellers," growled the Colonel. "He's been carryin' too strong a crowd of grifters with him; even shell-workers and strong-arm men and stick-ups and the like, and they was bound to put him on the blink some time."

"How did you get here? Side-door Pullman, I suppose," guessed the Colonel, with a practiced glance at the evidences of cinders which, in spite of such care as he could exercise, Hoover still bore with him.

"Yep, took a John O'Brien," assented Mr. Hoover. "I picked up a Billboard, and the Billy Boy told me that this was the nearest stand, so I hopped straight here and hit a job the first crack."

"Who with?" asked the Colonel, with proper professional interest.

"I'm to make an opening for Skybo at one o'clock."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Colonel, with a shocked glance at his wife. "The idea of Hoover being wasted on that!"

"Why, he ain't even respectable!" stated Mrs. Freestone indignantly. "None of us decent people notices him," and Mrs. Freestone, one of those good wives who have been responsible for carrying all the strict conventions of society into the lives of fair and carnival folk, sealed her lips lest scandal should escape.

"It's a rummy outfit for fair," agreed Hoover; "but I can pull in the kale with it—if the money's here."

"There's grubbin's," said the Colonel, "but I queered myself on the jump. The mayor shilled in the first openin' and I talked with him and he seemed to be easy; so I give him the works."

"Blow-off too?"

"Blow-off too."

Bill shook his head in profound disapproval.

"You took an awful chance, Colonel," said he. "You ought to have framed up a knee-high effect for him."

"I don't know. It works both ways. If you do that they say the show ain't worth the money. I put on The Fairies in the Well right away, but it was a lemon. They've had it here the last two fairs, and I didn't take in enough to buy gasoline for the torches. Yesterday I tried out a lady minstrel gag, but I ain't got enough girls. This afternoon I'm puttin' on The Queen of the Opium Den, and I'll run it through till Saturday if they don't close me. Saturday morning the mayor's goin' out of town and I've got it all framed up to put on the full show. Keepin' the top closed like this has noised us all over, and when they find out she's open Saturday we'll do capacity."

"Sounds like ready money to me," commented Hoover.

The blonde girl lifted up the side wall and came out of the tent just then, but, seeing a stranger, she hesitated.

"What is it, May?" asked the Colonel. "Scoffin' ready?"

"Steak, and it's hot," she said.

"Come on in, Bill," invited the Colonel, rising, "unless you've had yours. We'll furnish the tools if you'll bring along the appetite."

"Lead me to it," said Bill

"May, this is Mr. Hoover, one of the best spielers in the business. Mr. Hoover, this is Miss Riggs—professional name, Princess Houkaa—the best all-round girl-show kid on the circuit," and he pinched her pink cheek with fatherly affection.

"And a good girl!" declared Mrs. Freestone with equally affectionate emphasis.

"Ain't they the jolliers for fair?" demanded May of Mr. Hoover. But she looked pleased, nevertheless.

"No, I think they're on the level with it," returned Mr. Hoover gallantly as he held up the tent wall for the others to enter.

Inside was a mournful array of empty benches and a general pervasive dampness, but back in the "blow-off" tent, a rear portion arranged for standing room only and screened off with a black curtain stretched across the middle of the platform, there was now a rough sawbuck table, where two other girls besides Miss Riggs were pouring coffee and slicing bread.

"There's no use eatin' in the cook-tent while this ain't working," observed the Colonel, who was a good liver. "Bill, this is Miss Steinmetz—Lallah, my snake dancer; and this is Miss O'Conner—Ameena, my fire dancer, both good ones. Mr. Hoover, girls."

Both Miss Steinmetz and Miss O'Conner acknowledged the introduction with becoming cordiality, precisely the same in spirit and intent, if not in actual form, as would have been exhibited on Fifth Avenue, and they sat down without further ado.

The knives and forks were wooden-handled and of good, cheap, losable metal. The plates were tin, the coffee was in tin cups, but there was good steak on the table and German fried potatoes, corn on the cob, coffee and plenty of good bread and butter, and Bill Hoover sighed the sigh of a satisfied soul. Conversation was not for him during the next fifteen minutes, in which he did some stupendous work with his host's "tools." After he had finished he breathed a deep breath of content.

"Did you cook this steak?" he asked the Princess Houkaa, intent upon paying his guest's-toll in compliments.

"I sure did," she told him.

"I hope you ain't married."

The other girls looked at Bill with friendly eyes. He was a good, jolly "kidder." That smile lit up his professionally grave face like a sudden flood of sunshine at a cloudy picnic.

"No chance," laughed May. "No wedding bells for me till I can support a husband the way he was brought up."

"I hope you're savin' your money, then," Bill gallantly hinted

"She's doin' that, too," admired the Colonel, passing his cup for more coffee. "She sends the big end home to her mother every week."

"Yes, I can do that now," admitted May with a sigh. "The old man's dead. First thing I did with my savings was to buy a cemetery lot to plant him in, and that give me the real-estate bug."

"I'll have to keep your permanent address," said Mr. Hoover laughing.

"She won't give it to you straight," Miss Steinmetz informed him. "There ain't a stand we make that some Johnny don't loosen real money to one of us to get another one's address. We give it to 'em all right, all right, and split up the coin. We've got May located in every town in the United States, and now we're beginnin' on the farms. Have an address?"

"Tell us where you live and we'll put her close home to you," gayly suggested Miss O'Conner.

"The closer the better," declared Mr. Hoover. "I think mother's got room for her right in the house."

IV

PROFESSOR SKYBO began his fusillade of blank revolver shots as soon as Mr. Hoover hove in sight, and with the first shot the shillaber brigade came running from all corners, their haste and apparent excitement inducing newcomers to follow them.

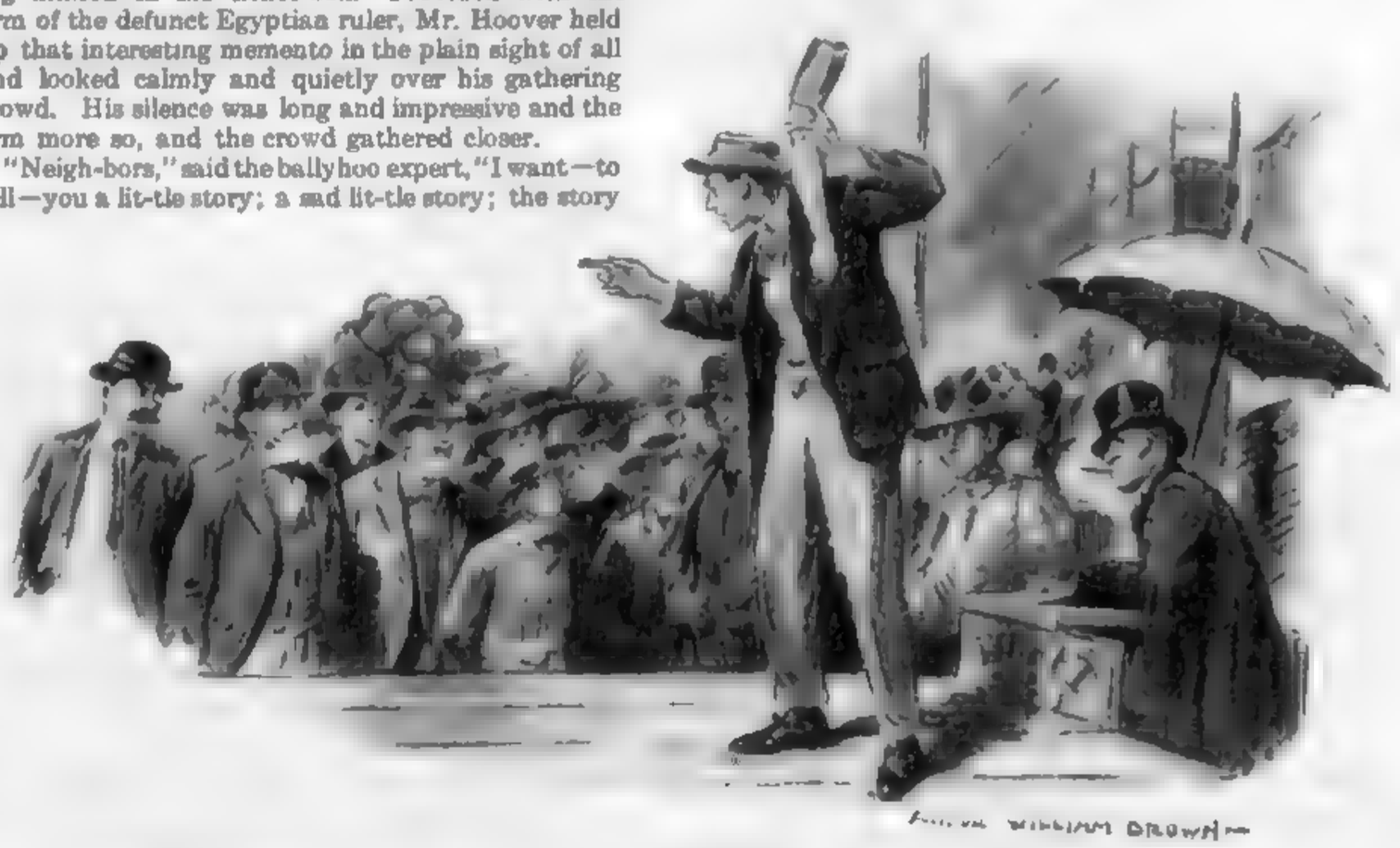
"Hee-na! Hee-na! Hee-na!" shouted the red-faced one as Bill reached the steps, and for a moment Bill thought that the Professor intended to make his own "spiel."

Mr. Skybo, however, nodded affably at him and, reaching down behind the curtain of the platform railing, brought up the papier-maché remains of Pharaoh, which he handed to Bill, then hurried down the steps, placing himself in the ticket-box. Provided with the arm of the defunct Egyptian ruler, Mr. Hoover held up that interesting memento in the plain sight of all and looked calmly and quietly over his gathering crowd. His silence was long and impressive and the arm more so, and the crowd gathered closer.

"Neigh-bors," said the ballyhoo expert, "I want—to tell—you a lit-tle story; a sad lit-tle story; the story of poor, unfort-tunate Hee-na." He waved before them the mysterious arm. The rapt eyes of the crowd followed its every movement. Down in the ticket-box Professor Skybo looked up in critical judgment and was not altogether pleased.

"One of them soft-pedal spielers," he commented to himself in disappointment; yet he noted that Mr. Hoover, standing straight and square-shouldered, seemed to inspire the respect of his auditors by his very appearance, and that Hoover's voice, though pitched in a low and sympathetic tone, had the peculiar cultivated huskiness which carries distinctly to a great distance, and that people from the other side of the lane were beginning to drift over, attracted not by the size of the crowd, but by its density; for a loosely-knitted crowd is never so interested as a tightly-packed one.

"On the edge of a South Af-frican forest lived Colonel Fitzmorris, of the British Army, his beaut-tiful young wife, and their handsome tod-dling babe. *Their toddling babe!* This was *Hee*-na! One day the babe and its Af-frican nurse was found mis-sing from home. *Mis-sing!*" Again he waved the mysterious arm. Again the eyes of the increasing crowd followed it in vast attention, and they pressed closer. There was something in the very timbre of Mr. Hoover's voice, too, which held them. "Colonel Fitzmorris, whose la-ter brave death in the Boer War you all no doubtless re-member, im-meditly organized a search-ing par-ty; but beyond the distant howls of wild an-ermals they found no evidence of any living creature. The howls of wild an-ermals! Years aft-terwards a hunt-ting par-ty, headed by Colonel Fitzmorris and his still beaut-tiful wife, traversting the immense forest, came upon a pack of hy-enera. A pack of bloodthirsty hy-eners! The hunters im-meditly give pursuit and ingaged in a ter-riftic battle in which ten men was slain by the furrocioust beasts. In the heat of this battle, my friends, La-dy Fitzmorris suddenly give a loud cry, *a loud cry!* and sprung a-mongst the remnats of the pack that still stood at bay. Worked into a parosism of rage by their fighting, the wild, inhuman fiends sprang up-pon the rash wom-man, and tore her limb from limb before the horrified eyes of her husband. *Limb from limb!* Gent-lemen and la-dies, neigh-bors, this," and he held up the remnant of the late lamented Pharaoh, "is all of his once beaut-tiful wife that Colonel Fitzmorris was able to res-cue; this and something more. Some-thing more, my friends! In their flight after the second savage' onslort up-pon them the fur-rocioust an-ermals left behind them a queer objet which the hunters at first took to be a baby hy-ener, and they was about to dispatch it when one of them sawr that it had a human face, *a human face!* In this queer objet the mother's heart had rec-co'nized her long-lost baby, which had been brought up by the savage hy-eners and had learned their ways and had growed into their form. Her long-lost baby! For that rash act, neigh-bors, she paid her life, *her life!* but that baby, poor, unfort-tunate Hee-na, is here on ex-hibition before you today, right here in this strong, iron-bound pit! *Right here!* Hee-na has been viewed with int-trust and amazement by the Gov-ament scientists at the Smithinstonian Instertute, by the Gov-ament Bureau of *Anth*-opology, and by the leadding physi-cians and pschy-chiclogists all over the world. All over the wor-ruld! There is one pe-culiar thing about Hee-na, neighbors. *Noth*-thing in this world arouses in him any int-trust but the sight of the arm of his poor mother, which by some strange interition he rec-co'nizes. Neighbors, sh-h-h-h-h-h!" Using the salvage of Pharaoh to



"Neigh-bors, I Want - to Tell You a Lit-tle Story: a Sad Lit-tle Story: the Story of Poor, Unfort-tunate Hee-na"

emphasize his gesture, he spread out his arms and brought them down to hush the already hushed throng. "Lis-ten!" he said. Going to the edge of the pit he waved the papier-mâché arm slowly over the corner and held it up to view.

"Good dope, kid; good dope," whispered a hoarse voice from the pit, and then the terrifying guttural roar of Hee-na burst from the well, and the thud of his body could be heard as he jumped against the side.

Mr. Hoover quieted Hee-na with kind words and soothing voice, and then went back out to the edge of the platform and leaned far over.

"La-dies and gent-tlemen, Hee-na has been brought here at tremen-dous expense for your edacation in the myst-terioust ways of Nature. You may never have this op-portunity again, for next week Hee-na goes to London to oc-capy his pernament place in the British Museum; for Hee-na, neighbors *and* friends, is a ward of the British Gov-ament, and were only loaned to this mag-nifiercent har-vest festerval through the especial friendship of Professor Skybo for your popalar secetary. Tick-ets of ad-mis-sion, which you will secure at the tick-et booth, are only ten cents. Walk right up and see Hee-na, the human hy-ener. *Half man and half hy-ener!*"

He gave the signal to the waiting shillabers with an almost imperceptible nod of his head, then went back once more to the edge of the pit. Suddenly he wheeled to his audience and held the arm on high.

"*I am going to lower this arm down to him!*" he suddenly shouted at the top of his voice and, with great apparent excitement, suiting the action swiftly to the word. The effect was electrical. He was rewarded by a noble crescendo of snarls and howls and leaps for liberty, and the crowd simply surged upon the Hee-na platform. Immediately Professor Skybo added to the pandemonium by starting the "grind" in his loudest voice, inviting the populace to come on up and see Hee-na! Hee-na! Hee-na! That the price was only one dime! Hear him! Hear him! Hear him!

Bill Hoover surveyed the crowd on the platform with intense satisfaction. He knew that his job was assured. He glanced down for the first time toward the girl show. Edged up close to the corner of his own banner he saw the three performers from that attraction. They had been listening to him with interest, but, with professional courtesy, had stayed out of sight so as not to break him up in his first opening.

"I never was strong before for a heart-to-heart spiel," said the Professor as he counted up the receipts, "but I guess you cop! You sure do!"

V

IN THE quiet interval before the next opening Bill sauntered down to the girl show and found the Colonel just emerging from under the side wall back of the banner.

"Say, Colonel, let me fix with you for my scoffin' this week?" he asked.

The Colonel mused over that for a moment, then he took off his hat and passed his hand through his bristly hair.

"Honest, Bill," he said, "I don't like boarders; but you go in and see May, and whatever she says goes with me. She does the work."

Bill started to enter the tent, but the Colonel stopped him.

"You got to spiel fast and make a quick getaway," he warned. "I'm just going to ballyhoo for the first opening of The Queen of the Opium Den."

Miss Steinmetz and Miss O'Conner, dressed not in the gaudy draperies of Lallah and Ameena but in the blue-gowned and white-capped garb of nurses, were already waiting to go upon the platform, and Bill hurried through to find May sitting in Oriental splendor amid smoking punk sticks upon a luxurious divan constructed of some drygoods boxes and a gaudy couch-cover, with her hands folded idly in her lap, waiting. She was dressed in a rich red robe of cheap silesia, cut décolleté, and from the folds of her gown peeped forth neat red slippers and a touch of red hose.

"Hello, Mr. Hoover!" May greeted him. "I heard your spiel and I thought it was grand. It's a fine thing to have a hot line of education like you got. The Colonel says you're the main gee in the ballyhoo business."

"The Colonel's right there with the salve," protested Mr. Hoover lightly. "Say, May, you know I made a dead fall to that cooking of yours this noon."

"Right back with that salve thing yourself," she said.

"Show you how strong it is with me," he retorted; "I come right over to the Colonel to see if I couldn't buy in on the eats the balance of the stand, and he passed me on to you. Anything doing?"

By impulse May quickly shook her head, then she surveyed Mr. Hoover anew and mused a while. He was extremely soothing to look at, especially when, as now, he smiled the smile of trustful confidence that he would be well liked

"Oh, I guess I can fix the scoffin' for six as well as for five," she said. "You kick in two bits a throw and it's all right."

"You're savin' my life," he gratefully returned. "What's this frame-up the Colonel's putting on? It's a new gag to me."

"Oh, it's a fill-in fake," she said contemptuously. "Listen to his ballyhoo a minute."

The hoarse voice of the Colonel was now calling the attention of the crowd to the marvel to be seen inside The mysterious young lady, whose name could not be revealed because she was of good family, had been pining away of a mysterious malady which did not disappear until she contracted the opium habit on a slumming tour in San Francisco. She could not break from this habit, but she had steadily improved in health from the time she had contracted it, although she slept all day, except during her hourly period of opium-smoking, and remained awake all night.

They had been arrested in a dozen cities for permitting opium-smoking in their tent, but they carried with them their doctor's certificate proving that the so-styled Queen of the Opium Den was compelled to smoke an hourly pill of the deadly drug to save her life.

"Say, May, You Know I Made a Dead Fall to That Cooking of Yours This Noon"

Listening critically, Miss Riggs suddenly said:

"Beat it!"

"Break you up if I stick?" asked Mr. Hoover.

She laughed.

"Not on this gag," she said. "But get where I can't see you. I might giggle."

"Sounds like a good frame-up," he commented.

"It ain't no worse," she agreed. "But this dope they cook up for me to smoke, though as harmless as a cubeb cigarette, leaves a taste in your mouth for a week."

She suddenly threw herself upon her elbow and reclined upon the rock-hard divan, her head back against high pillowed cushions and her other splendidly-moulded arm laid along her side, the white hand drooping gracefully forward; then she closed her eyes in deep sleep. Mr. Hoover hurried back to the rear of the tent, arriving there just as the first of the "rubes" came through, and from that distance gazed upon the slumbering May with considerable approbation.

The Colonel had stopped his ballyhoo and was now "grinding," while Mrs. Freestone was taking tickets at the door. The nurses came hurrying back through the tent, and presently the Colonel followed the last few stragglers and gave a most impressive lecture upon the evils of opium-smoking, with the one marvelous exception of this sleeping beauty; then the nurses gently awoke the Queen of the Opium Den and cooked her pill and rolled it and pressed it in her pipe and held it to her lips, and she puffed out three columns of dense white smoke, the unpleasant odor of which quickly filled the tent. With a sigh of satisfaction Miss Riggs laid down her pipe and propped herself upon her elbow and saw beautiful flowers and told about them in a low, dreamy voice—acres and acres of brilliant blossoms

Mr. Hoover listened to the talk with an indulgent smile. He had heard the real thing and this was nothing like it, nothing whatever; but it was fine for the ladies and he considered it good judgment. He slipped out by-and-by and hurried over to his own show in time to make a strong opening when this crowd should file out.

That evening, after all the shows were closed and all the sightseers were gone and supper had been dispatched, Hoover went outside to see if his "keister" had come, that article, a mere suitcase, having been expressed. As he passed out in company with the lunch-counter man and the spieler for The Little Polish Count, the gate-tender hailed him.

"Hello, Ballyhoo Bill!" said he.

The two men with him, and also a couple of "grifters"—circus jargon for small swindlers, short-change men and the like—just ahead, took quick note of that name, and it was a new christening for Mr. Hoover. Thereafter the name of Ballyhoo Bill stuck to him, and he was called nothing else. He grinned amiably at the gate-tender and showed him a real "broad" this time, one which Skybo had secured for him that afternoon. He hurried back to the grounds as soon as he could, and put on his very best "front," his flaming red and gray silk necktie which was far too precious to wear in freight-car travel, his big green cravat-pin, and his red and black striped waistcoat. Thus attired, he hurried back to the Colonel's tent; and presently, without any distinct invitation or agreement to do so, May and he found themselves starting for a stroll down on the race-track, where several couples, including all the freaks who had sturdy limbs, were taking a promenade. The late summer evening atmosphere seemed filled with an undulating golden glow. Through the laced branches of the trees at the west the upper rim of the sun shone orange red. There were birds twittering in trees. The time was one of sweet peace and full of unspoken sentiment. And these were the soft nothings they talked:

"The Colonel's a fine gee," observed Bill.

"He's 'all to the mustard," returned Miss Riggs. "This is my first join out with him, but it won't be my last. I've had bigger pay than I'm getting with him, but the coin ain't all, and Mrs. Freestone keeps us girls lamped as close as our own mothers would—I don't know but better."

"It's a top-notch outfit," he agreed. "Was your mother in the business?"

"Not summer snaps," said May. "She was an actress. She did a sister act with a big Dutch Heine that couldn't keep her weight down, so she had to switch to a door job, and before Ma could find a new sister she met up with the old man and he took her out of the business for good. You made good today all right, I guess."

"I certainly did. I dragged more coin in for Skybo than he's saw this season, but have you saw his show?"

"Not me," declared May. "I never took a good pike at but one pit freak in my life, and that'll do for me."

It was in such fashion that they utilized the golden afterglow of the sunset and the soft light of the dusk, and then May, taking sudden note of the oncoming darkness, increased her pace.

"Gee!" she said, "if I ain't back in hollerin' distance before dark Mother Freestone'll bawl me out to a fare-ye-well." So Bill promptly took her back.

Mrs. Freestone was already out in front and shook her head in mild reproof.

"You mustn't keep my girls out till after dark, Mr. Hoover," she said. "We don't allow it, the Colonel and me. I'm responsible to May's mother."

Mr. Hoover looked rather longingly back into the tent where the gasoline torch flared invitingly, but Mrs. Freestone did not ask him in, nor did May, and he said good-night, walking on up toward the tent of The Little Polish Count, having taken a fancy to the spieler of that show.

VI

NIGHT in the Rodney County Fair grounds would have been a more interesting world than in the daytime to one with a sympathetic eye for color. Tents glowed a dingy orange against the starlit darkness, from the gasoline torches within. From some of the pits came up voices, for the most part in quiet conversation. Here and there, in front of tents and banners and upon trunks and boxes

(Continued on Page 44)

GARFIELD AND ARTHUR

Recollections of Col. W. H. Crook

PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN—NOW DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THERE was genial good-feeling in the air when James A. Garfield took the oath of office. His nomination had been so much of a surprise—to no man more than to the nominee, who sat in a stupor of surprise while the convention stampeded around him—that not even we of the office force had had time to wear out our interest in talk. There was nothing of the tragedy of disappointed hopes that sometimes makes the departure of a President hard to contemplate. For General Hayes did not believe in second terms, had not coveted one for himself, and was only too glad to retire into private life. The welcome given General and Mrs. Garfield by the retiring White House family was more than the conventional, decent exercise of courtesy. It was marked by real warmth, for the Garfield and the Hayes families were friends.

James A. Garfield

Garfield was a man of many friends. I think that was the first impression that the new President made upon me. And now I have come to believe that that determined at once much of his strength and his weakness. A hearty and virile force marked him. He was a fine-looking man and well set-up. His eyes were bright gray, his voice was mellow and vibrant. He could not pick up a book or lay down a paper without revealing physical force. He had had a career of many phases—always upward—as a toiling boy, a teacher, a college president, in the army, in Congress. He was a good fellow and companionable. And everywhere the men around him were his friends. His path was marked by them.

They thronged around him now. But political ascendency is a touchstone to display—not the best but the worst. The men who had once been satisfied to spend pleasant evenings with the new President began now to think of place. The White House offices were full of them. I was in charge of the reception-room where men waited, and I had my fill of them. Old friends demanded embassies, post-offices, clerkships. One of them assumed the position of an intimate of the White House and, not satisfied with a comfortable Government berth, pushed himself in past the doors that marked the private domain of the family and took his afternoon siesta upon the most comfortable sofa he could find. The disinterested ones were hurt because they could not chat with the President with the same ease that had marked their visiting with "Jim Garfield." Robert G. Ingersoll was one of these—"Royal Bob" Garfield had christened him. Few were nearer to the President than he. Yet he had to wait long hours in the anteroom. There he was besieged by office-seekers who wished to make use of his supposed interest with the President. Impatience may have colored his caustic answer to one of the applicants. This was a seedy-looking fellow with long, lank locks.

Colonel Ingersoll's Objections

"COLONEL INGERSOLL," he said, "can't I have your indorsement? You know me. I want a position as chaplain in the army."

Colonel Ingersoll turned a moment from the group of friends with whom he was talking, and eyed him:

"Yes," he said; "I know you. You're a preacher I've met somewhere. You're just the man for my indorsement. You have as little religion as any man I know. You won't hurt any one." And he turned his broad person and chubby face back to the laughing crowd.

But there came a day when the Colonel himself exploded in wrath.

"I'm tired of hanging around here," he said, "kicking my heels in the anteroom. I've had too many games of billiards with Jim Garfield to stand this." And he marched out.

I imagine the President and his wife got as little pleasure out of the restrictions of official life as did Colonel Ingersoll. A shade settled over Mr. Garfield's face, and Mrs. Garfield showed little pleasure in her position. They were people of simple tastes. We had small opportunity to know Mrs. Garfield in the few months before the blow came. She was not strong at any time, was ill during some weeks, and was occupied chiefly in an attempt to secure some privacy for herself and her family and to organize their life, reserving as much time as possible for the domestic life she loved. The sons of the house—Henry A., James R. and Abram—and little Miss Mollie enjoyed the life as boys and girls always do any novelty. The hours saved from their tutor, Mr. Hawkes, who taught the White House boys in company with Colonel Rockwell's son, were not long enough for the things they found to do.

I find in my diary notes of the usual excitement and suspense accompanying each new Administration, the days spent in wondering whether the general shaking up would be extended to the Executive office. On the fifth of March, a day given over to marching bands and curious crowds, the President visited the office. Mr. Rogers, the private secretary of President Hayes, remained a few days to help Mr. J. Stanley Brown, the new and very young private secretary, to organize the office. On the tenth of March I was called into the Cabinet-room. When I got there I found it was to administer the oath of office for Secretary of War to Mr. Robert Lincoln, whom I had known as a Harvard student in his father's Administration.

Mrs. Blaine's Influence Over Her Husband

"WHY, hello, Colonel!" he said. And when I replied: "How are you, Mr. Secretary?" he said: "I'm not that yet." But then he took the oath and my mistake was remedied. It seemed good to hear the name Lincoln about the White House. And this Mr. Lincoln had always shown me much of his father's pleasant kindliness. He took this occasion to speak to President Garfield of my long service, my faithfulness to President Lincoln and his own wish that I might be retained. This brought forth an appreciative answer from the President. So after this, I, for one, felt reassured.

After all, with one exception, there were no changes in the Executive office. In fact, even when the spoils system has held unquestioned sway over other Government offices, civil service reform has usually been observed in the personnel of the President's own office. And that in itself is an interesting point, since the chief appointing power has realized that efficiency can be obtained only where appointments and removals have been separated from party strife.

That question settled, we were next interested in the appointment of those officials with whom we would have most to do—Cabinet-making was in order. The appointment of James G. Blaine, the late Speaker of the House, as Secretary of State, could hardly have surprised any one. In addition to his position on political affairs he was a personal friend of Garfield's. "Gaffy" he was in the intimate conversation of the Blaine family. It was an interesting thing to see these two men, both so vital, so ambitious, so full of attraction for each other and for other men, together. They made much the same impression of virility, of vigor. Garfield has been said to have been better equipped in breadth of view, in actual mental power than his Secretary of State. But Blaine made up for this in his superior skill in managing men. He had the invaluable faculty of never forgetting a name or a personality. There have been few more interesting personalities in the public life of any nation than James G. Blaine. There was in him something of the Celt, something of the Saxon, something of the poet, much of the orator, that peculiar blend of temperaments in which the elemental power of a crowd goes to the head like wine, but wine which clears the brain, focuses all the faculties into the one masculine passion for domination. The President's power, on the contrary, lay not so much in swaying a crowd though he was a fine orator—as in logical analysis of a situation rather than in power to force his conclusions on others, in the warmth rather than in the passion of personal attachments.

Chester A. Arthur

Scarcely less interesting than the personalities of these two friends, become respectively President and what in this country is the equivalent for Prime Minister, was that of Mrs. Blaine. Unpopular with many she was, both at this time and later. An incident of a sort to explain some of the reasons for her unpopularity I will give later on. Strong, dominant, partisan—intensely so—lacking just that balance that would have enabled her to keep back a clever retort or characterization trembling on her tongue when its utterance would be unpolitic, she marched proudly on her way by her husband's side. The brilliant mind and clever tongue have lived chiefly in the shrewd or cutting phrase which—after it had done its work of making an enemy of the public servitor tagged—passed often into an aphorism of Washington life. The heart whose loyalties or antipathies prompted the phrase has lived in the memory of those who received its devotion.

Much has been said regarding the influence that Mrs. Blaine had over her husband and, like most such reports, it has probably been exaggerated. But that she shared Secretary Blaine's councils more than usually falls to the lot of the wives of public men is undoubtedly true. In one of her letters she says, possibly with the almost constantly present license of her humor: "I have been helping Father pick out Gaffy's Cabinet." However doubtful it may be that the "helping" went any further than the clarifying influence exerted by the mere act of discussion, or that the "picking" was aimed to do more than to present the premier Secretary's opinions to his Head, it is undoubtedly true that "the Blaines" were to have been a potent influence in the opening Administration.

How Blaine Kept Tabs on Garfield

MANY persons thought that it was an undue influence. That, of course, is not to be decided until later years when personal feeling is absent. But there were one or two circumstances that came under my observation to show that Secretary Blaine had possibly a closer association with the President than has usually been the case where the President and the Secretary of State have not been in so complete harmony. It was generally believed in the office that Secretary Blaine was kept informed by some member of the President's office force of all events of importance connected with the daily routine—what persons had called, what was their business, and the like. I had myself observed repeatedly that on Cabinet days Secretary Blaine would arrive early and be closeted with the President for some time before the rest of the Cabinet officials arrived. When the meeting was called, the Secretary of State, instead of going into the room with the President, would come in through the door leading from the main entrance as though he had just entered the White House. In this manner the President and the Secretary of State were able to act in concert on all matters of public policy, more effectively so than if they had not had these conferences. It would naturally be true that they formed a party in Cabinet discussions, apart from, and possibly in opposition to, the other members.

I don't know that any one could blame the President for seeking harmony where harmony was to be had. For there has never been a Cabinet which contained more elements foreboding dissension. The necessity of considering the "Stalwart" element, disappointed in its desire to make General Grant President, brought men into office who were united to the President only by much-strained party bonds. Conkling's claims to patronage were a fruitful source of strife. The miserable Star Route scandal demanded investigation. And some of the President's former political friends were involved in that. He was

beginning to be torn between allegiance to party lines and his duty to the whole country. I know of no Administration that promised to be more full of bitterness and strife than that of Garfield.

During the early days of the Administration the executive office heard various echoes of the fight that was being waged with Conkling over the New York Custom House appointment. Whatever may have been the degree to which Secretary Blaine had impressed his own enmity for Conkling—Conkling with his "haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut," as Blaine had labeled him during one of their Congressional tilts—the President evidently thought he was right in refusing to give Conkling's man the place. And the executive antagonism to the New York statesman was reflected in the feeling of many of his subordinates. Conkling-baiters were popular at the White House. I remember on one occasion that Chief Justice Field was inconvenienced by this fact. He came to see the President. He was invited into the private secretary's office and there he waited for almost an hour. Then he became impatient and asked Mr. Stanley Brown when he could see the President. When he was told that the President was engaged he became indignant at having been kept waiting so long. One of the little tempests that so often occur seemed brewing. I tried to smooth things over, but Mr. Brown at first refused to do anything, saying with natural youthful partisanship:

"The President is talking with Senator Sawyer, who is bearing the burden and heat of the Conkling fight. Just now he is of more importance than any one else!" However, a note was dispatched to Chief Justice Field, so that little matter passed over.

When the news was brought of the resignation of Senators Conkling and Platt there was great excitement in the office. Newspaper reporters came rushing in to see how we took the news. People darted up to shake us by the hand and say that the country was well rid of them. Mr. Brown was as exultant as if his nine had won a baseball game.

"Mad boy!" he cried, in parody of Conkling's supposed rage; "take my baseball bat and go right home!"

The Star Route Scandals

NOW that those "who bore the burden and heat of the conflict" have gone, and those who felt so keenly about it can look back, it is evident how unfortunate was the Conkling quarrel. For it complicated and embittered the few months before President Garfield was shot. It got itself into the Star Route scandal; some men thought that it acted upon Guiteau's sinister folly; and the fruit of it was an ugly suspicion that embittered the whole Administration that followed. There was certainly abundant reason for the feeling against Conkling. I suppose there was reason, too, for Conkling's feeling that he had been betrayed; since, for once in his political life, he had sunk his personal animosities for the good of his party when he campaigned for Garfield. And it must have been a pretty bitter thing to have found himself ignored by the Administration he had helped to install. There were men who said that the President had made a promise to him which he broke. However that may have been, it was a great fight to see—from the grandstand.

The preparations for the prosecution of the Government employees who had been defrauding the country of millions by drawing pay for serving spurious mail-routes—in other words, the Star Route criminals—promised to make a great deal of trouble for the President. The fact that some of the President's personal and political friends were implicated in the Star Route affair made his position a most difficult one. It's a very good thing to have friends. But when they get to fighting they are calculated to make the center of the rushline in a football game seem a peaceful retreat.

There was just one thing necessary to draw the attention of the whole country to the evils of the spoils system, with its consequent struggles for patronage. And that thing happened.

It was early in the Administration that Charles Guiteau, of Illinois, one of an army of office-seekers, came to Washington to ask the President for a position. He wished to be appointed to the diplomatic service; from St. James to Boma there was no post he did not consider himself capable of filling. I remember very little about him, beyond the fact that he called daily until the thirteenth of May, when I came into collision with him. On that day he came into the reception-room early in the morning and asked for paper—he wanted to send in a message to the President. I gave him some stationery and he wrote his note and left to go to the Treasury Department. In a short time he was back again, this time evidently under some excitement, asking for paper again.

"The office is supplying you with a good deal of stationery of late," I said good-naturedly enough, and just for the sake of saying something. As I spoke I handed him some sheets.

"I want some more of the kind I had this morning," he said.

"But that was a sample we happened to have of blue English paper. The man who came after you used up what you left, and we have no more."

"That's the kind I want." He was angry now, and he would have no other. When it was not produced he became still angrier.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded impressively.

I was getting a little bit tired of his airs. "I don't know that you are anybody in particular."

Upon this he pulled out a card—I have it today—and slapped it down on my desk most dramatically.

"This is my card, sir. I am one of the men that made Garfield President."

"Which one?" I asked, not taking any great pains, I suppose, not to smile. "At least twenty men have already claimed that honor. It would simplify things so much, you know, if we could hit on the one, give him his reward, and end it."

He didn't seem to consider this humorous at all, but turned on his heel and sought a corner of the reception-room, where he sat glowering. Then I consulted with Mr. Brown, thinking I might have made a mistake and that he might really have some claim upon us.

"No, no," said Mr. Brown. "Guiteau is a fraud and ought to be suppressed." It happened that that was the last visit he made, for he was refused admission to the White House on that day.

Guiteau's Calls at the White House

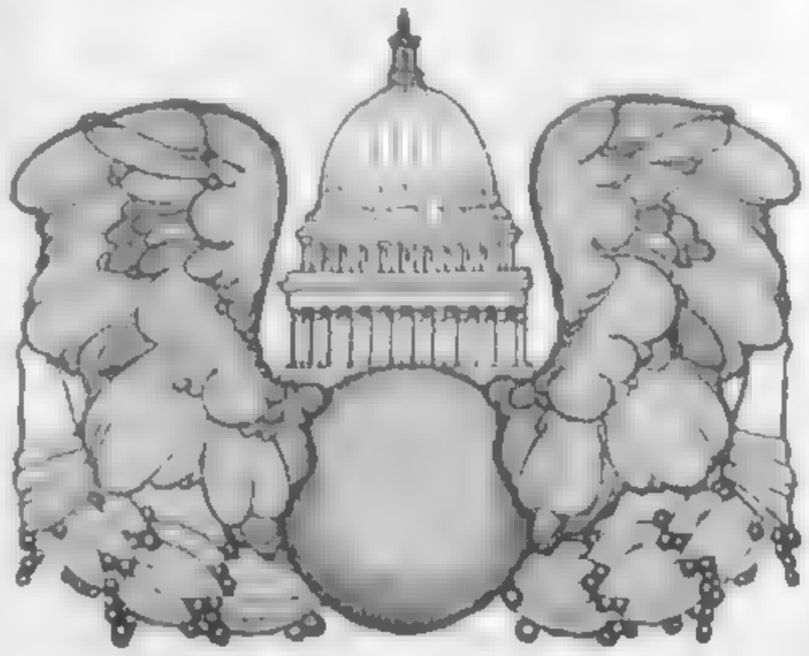
I DON'T know what there was in the man's demeanor that made me notice him particularly, because we were always having to deal with queer characters. But when I went back to my desk I made a rough pencil sketch of him, as he sat in gloomy displeasure, in a diary in which I sometimes made notes of curious or interesting features of White House life. I wrote beside the sketch: "This fellow put on more airs than is usual for a man who is begging for office! Charles Guiteau, of Illinois. One of the men who made Garfield President." I made no pretensions to be an artist—far from it. But it happened that on the second of July, when newspaper reporters came rushing to us to learn all they could concerning Guiteau, this pencil scratching of mine was seized upon by the artist of one of the New York papers and served as the basis of the first picture of Guiteau published after the assassination.

After this incident Guiteau, nothing daunted by having been refused admission, called daily at the White House. Each time he inquired solicitously about the President's health and then went quietly away. There was nothing suspicious in his manner, although the letters he wrote to the President might have warned us all had we not been so accustomed to cranks and their missives.

Even when I met him at the White House the evening before the assassination no thought of danger occurred to me. I had to go to the office to pay the salary of one of the officials who was going away. As I approached the north entrance from the west, Guiteau left it and walked away toward the State Department. I asked the doorkeeper what he wanted:

"Just to inquire about the President's health," was the reply. I told Mr. Brown this, but the matter ended there.

The fault in the matter, if fault there was, was part of the general system and had obtained for a long time. When applicants put forward their requests for office, the rule was to reply that the applications would be put on file and considered. In the majority of cases there was not the slightest possibility of any position being granted. It was just the usual human method of saving trouble and avoiding a scene. Men often waste months waiting, hanging about the White House and the various departments. If they were told at the outset they might be disappointed for the moment, but the Government would be spared time and expense, and many a life might be saved from shipwreck. It is not often that such devastation was wrought as in the case of Guiteau, but, in a minor degree, millions of men have been injured by just such tactics. Following the event, the usual number of persons came forward with accounts of premonitions of ill to the President at the hands of Guiteau. But the truth was merely that Guiteau had made himself somewhat conspicuous. There was no more reason to think of him as a possible assassin than of many others. I have been told that Secretary Blaine exclaimed when he first heard the President had been shot: "Guiteau did this!"—having in mind the threatening letters Guiteau had written to the President. But he might have had the same feeling regarding half a dozen others—who finally went quietly home and were never heard of again.



But President Garfield, with his wholesome vigor, his problems of patronage, his proceeding against the Star Route conspirators, his growing sense of lack of harmony in his Cabinet, his friendships and his romps with his big, hearty boys, had no time in which to be afraid of possible cranks, and had he been warned he was too much of a soldier to be afraid. And during the final few weeks of his life the illness of Mrs. Garfield occasioned him anxiety. She became ill with a violent fever. When, about nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of May, Secretaries Blaine and MacVeagh came to see the President, he was not to be found. Messengers searched everywhere for him. At last they dragged him out from behind the curtains of his son's room. He had hidden there to be alone for a few minutes; and tears of weariness filled his eyes.

Mrs. Garfield was ordered away to Long Branch with the children. And on the second of July, between eight and nine, the President left to join his family. He was particularly bright, and as happy as a big boy to be getting out of harness for a time.

The office work had hardly begun for the day when "The President has been shot!" flashed through the White House in an instant. While we were still drawn together—hoping, fearing, wondering—a messenger came to say he was on his way home. In an incredibly short time the house was full of people. All of the Cabinet officers who could get there and all of the Cabinet ladies were waiting. Doctors responded to emergency calls or hurried to the scene on their own responsibility. Orders were issued to admit no one to the White House.

The President's Last Days

IN A WONDERFULLY short time the carriage rolled up to the south entrance. Just before the President was lifted out he looked up at his office windows where his clerks were gathered and waved his hand to us with a reassuring smile. When he was carried into the hall, high on the shoulders of twelve bearers, he held with his eyes those gathered there and kissed his hand. Mrs. Blaine—impulsive, brilliant, outspoken Mrs. Blaine—went into his room after he was carried in.

"Don't leave me until Crete comes," begged the President, showing, for all his marvelous fortitude, the effort with which he spoke. And then again he said to her: "Whatever happens, take care of Crete." And with tears in her eyes she promised.

In a short time everybody was excluded except by special order signed by the Secretary of War—I have the first card granting admission to the White House that day. In the absence of Mrs. Garfield there was no one to take autocratic charge, as is so necessary in case of serious illness. There was an assemblage of doctors, but some hesitation in organizing the fight against death.

Then followed the agonizing eighty days during which the President fought for life as bravely as he had battled for his country at Chickamauga. The memory of the passion of pity, the suspense, the tenderness, is still vivid in the recollection of the country at large. Public feeling fluctuated with the reports on the bulletin board. But it can be imagined how much more vehement were the sympathies of the members of his own official household, who waited for tidings separated by but a few partitions from the large room in the southwest corner where the President lay suffering. There were times when it seemed as if his wonderful vitality would conquer—and then every one went around with bright faces. I had a sort of blind faith that he would recover, and there were others, too, about the President who were hopeful. As late as August 17 I told a newspaper correspondent who was getting up an article that I believed the President would pull through.

The afternoon after the President had been shot Mrs. Garfield came back, "frail, fatigued, desperate, but firm and quiet and full of purpose to save," as Mrs. Blaine described her. The President's room and its smaller communicating apartments were then turned, as nearly as was possible, into a hospital; the physician in charge banished all visitors; Mrs. Garfield's own doctor, a prominent woman physician, Mrs. Susan Edson, acted as resident doctor and nurse.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE GOOD HEAD WAITER

By Harrison Rhodes

His "Money Was as Good as Anybody Else's"

JAMES BROWN—or perhaps it was George Fitchett—in any case "an honest, provincial gentleman," as the old-fashioned novelists would have said, was overheard the other day complaining of the treatment he received in New York restaurants. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to inquire into the justice of his grievances, though it may be at once admitted that it is tiresome for any man to be refused a table at Henriot's and then see other people, obviously unexpected arrivals, led with obsequious bows to the very place he had his eye on. It is the general principles laid down by our friend concerning restaurant proprietors and head waiters that merit attention.

Mr. Brown's idea was that a good head waiter should be, in the broadest sense, a servant of the public; that his aim must necessarily be to serve food and drink as the customers want it served, to do as they tell him, and, in short, to make any one and every one who chooses to come into his restaurant comfortable. But such ideas are—without disrespect to Mr. Brown—those of an ignoramus and a tyro at dining, as any seasoned New Yorker could tell him. The Good Head Waiter is the servant not of the public but of the proprietor of the establishment. And his aim is not so much to make any one and every one comfortable as to make his restaurant profitable.

This is absolutely inevitable in any civilization run upon commercial lines. The Good Head Waiter is just one cogwheel in the great moneymaking machine; it is unfair to blame him when it grinds you. It is even hoped to show him, in the course of this article, as a kindly, agreeable creature, an invaluable and—in reason—a disinterested friend. But let us begin his defense gently.

Some Moneys Better than Others

MR. JAMES BROWN, among other slightly overheated phrases, used one to the effect that his "money was as good as anybody else's." Here at the very beginning he is caught in error. His money is good, as any one who knows his town—where the Browns are accounted a wealthy family—knows. But it is by no manner of means as good as that of the lady at Henriot's who got the table away from him. She was—as the elder Brown girl, Minnie, who is a great student of the pictorial supplements of the New York Sunday papers, suspected—Mrs. William Demarel. Now "Mrs. Willie"—as Minnie Brown called her with easy familiarity—is in New York half the year, and a hundred times comes, with parties in her train, to Henriot's; while Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the girls spend a fortnight at most in the metropolis, living nicely if not extravagantly at some quiet little hotel and dining, perhaps, once at Henriot's to see the "society people." The Demarel money is really very much better than the Brown, because it is so much more frequent. It is no wonder that "Mrs. Willie" gets the table.

The Good Head Waiter has cares far beyond the mere supervision of the serving of food. He is a man of the world and a diplomat; his most valued service in New York is to choose, to attract, and to hold for his proprietor's restaurant a certain clientèle, and delicately yet firmly to urge those not of the desired class toward establishments more suited to them. At Henriot's Jean Albert is glad to accommodate the Browns when the room is not too crowded. But he knows that the Browns come to look at "society," and it is his business to see to it that "society" is there to be looked at. Moreover, he knows that fashionable people won't come if they see too many Browns. It works in a circle, you see. Furthermore, Mrs. Demarel would be frightfully annoyed to be turned away, whereas the Browns, though they are angry with the Good Head Waiter, do actually engage a table so that they may be sure of dining there the following evening. Henriot gets their money, which was the desired end.

. . . . . .

Of course the restaurant keeper and his able generalissimo must first decide what patronage they want.

Henriot has been, as already indicated, for years supreme in the world of great fashion. But on the opposite corner a famous, almost classic, restaurant prides itself on an air of respectability as distinguished from fashion, a tone of early New York good eating and a half-suppressed scorn of Henriot's extra smartness across the street.

Up the Avenue is the best known and most gorgeous of the new hotels. Here they like fashion, of course; but they are not too exclusive. Their rooms are big and they are pleased to see a crowd. Here, more than at Henriot's, is Tom's money as good as Dick's or Harry's. Here it is no shame to live west of the Park, if you have the price to dine east of it. Here the unknown rich who crowd Fifth Avenue feast together in their thousands. Here the Good Head Waiter needs only an instinct as to the fatness of pocketbooks and the size of wads. Suavity is less needed than a cold and dignified brutality of manner, since nothing is so reassuring to people who feel a little doubtful about their own social position as a servant who seems sure of his.

Farther west, where the lights burn brighter and the center of the world is definitely fixed at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street, there are restaurants of worldwide notoriety for gayety and dash; it might be neither interesting nor edifying to discover by what processes their customers are recruited. There is, however, in this very region a favorite supper-place where, more than anywhere else in the town, is a mixture made of all the varied elements of New York. The dish is composed—a culinary metaphor seems appropriate—and seasoned by a most delicate hand. Here you see the people who are fashionable in the newspapers at tables next to the people who are merely noted or notorious there. Mrs. Demarel, caught sight of earlier dining at Henriot's, is here with a party come on from the play. Just beyond is the actress whom they saw in the leading rôle—with her last new husband. There is a party of well-known Wall Street men in business suits, and near by, Mrs. Hanson Field, who is old enough to know better, supping with a party from her box at the opera, including two smart Philadelphians to whom "life" is being shown. Just beyond, surrounded by admiring males, are several very lovely creatures, with the broadest hats, the brightest lips and the most lustrous eyes imaginable, who seem especially to excite the curiosity of Mrs. Field and Mrs. Demarel, a curiosity only partially satisfied by the statement that they are actresses—at the moment "resting." Sprinkle this with well-known actors, playwrights and young men about town, add more lovely ladies—to taste, as the phrase is—and serve about midnight, surrounded by birds of duller plumage, and unimportant and poorly-dressed people whom the Good Head Waiter has tactfully placed in the remoter corners and the outlying spaces, where they will not distress the eye when one enters the restaurant. Nothing shall be said about the room, its decorations, its music, its excellent service, its delicious food—success and popularity have come most of all from the pleasure every kind takes in seeing the other kind.

There is, it is evident, a variety of patrons from whom the Good Head Waiter may choose. But it is conceivable that at this point some reader may suggest that patrons choose head waiters instead, and that it is the taste of the public which determines which restaurants shall be in vogue. To check such folly of the imagination ere it flies too far is the object of this article, to show in how many, many ways the Good Head Waiter, always wise, always sly and caressing, moulds us all like wax in his hands.

First of all, his knowledge of New York, at least of the New York which eats, is complete. There are no secrets from him. In mysterious ways, by detectives or by instinct, he learns everything about everybody. Some inner monitor seems to tell him whenever a young man has been asked to a really smart box at the opera, or has put through a deal in Wall Street, or has been smiled at by a Queen of Musical Comedy. If he chooses to be indiscreet he can tell you the private history of any one in the room.

A year or so ago a famous prima donna, the day of her landing from the trans-Atlantic voyage, lunched with other operatic celebrities at a popular restaurant. Domenico—he was *maître d'hôtel* there then—was applied to, by an obscure and private gentleman also lunching, for the lady's name. The excellent head waiter supplied that and also a concise and accurate résumé of her career. "She has come over," he added in his well-modulated voice, "to try to become engaged to Signor ——," naming a famous operatic barytone who was, with a dozen others, of the party. This object the lady, after a year's effort, accomplished, and the gift of prophecy was added to the list of Domenico's accomplishments.

If Domenico Should Speak

IT WAS once suggested to this same Domenico that his wide knowledge of New York might be of great service to the district attorney—that gentleman having been espied dining in the distance. The head waiter drew himself up.

"Well," he began, with a little half-scornful laugh, "if I only knew as much about people as the district attorney knows ——" Then he broke off and a smile of humorous appreciation of the situation crept over his clever face.

"No; it wouldn't do for me to be in the district attorney's office. You see, there is also what I know about the district attorney ——!!"

Such varied acquaintance, such clairvoyant insight, are for the Good Head Waiter only the foundation of his career. He knows who's who, and is now ready to choose among them. Let us consider what flatteries and blandishments he finds ready at hand.

. . . . . .

First of all, of course, he can give tables to the right people, even when they have not booked them ahead, and when there are others waiting.

He Swears That Never Has He Tipped a Head Waiter in New York

This remains through the years the attention that most warms the heart of the patron, gives him a pleasant, intimate sense of owning the restaurant. It lures him back to it again and again with almost the call of a home. The popular impression is that at such emergencies the customer must always cross the head waiter's palm with, if not gold, a yellow-backed bill. It is true that this will often do the trick, and many a man in New York gets his supper or dinner table for what might be called an entrance fee of ten dollars. But if he were a man the Good Head Waiter knew was wanted, he would get it for nothing; that is perfectly certain.

There used to be a young gentleman about town who was so well known, so much *persona grata* at every restaurant, that there grew up around him a legend of the simplest way to secure a table at any place in New York, however crowded. You waited at the door and when Jean Albert, Domenico or Auguste presented himself you said in guileless sincerity:

"Mr. Stowe telephoned for a table, didn't he?"

If Mr. Stowe had telephoned, you said you'd wait for him, and discreetly vanished. If he had already gone in, you said you'd come back after a moment at the telephone, and did not come back. But if he had not telephoned you became aggrieved, disturbed, nervous. You

were given a table because your friend's name was an open sesame, and from time to time during your gay repast you indulged in distressed speculations as to the cause of Stowe's non-arrival—always in the Good Head Waiter's hearing. Once, when such a trick had been played, young Mr. Stowe did arrive, late, and there were astonishing complications. The lady in the case—but, after all, that is another story and shall be told some day in full. The point to be made now is Stowe's influential position in what might be called the waiter world. Yet he himself swears that never has he tipped a head waiter in New York. He comes often, he orders freely, and he tips his decent seven and a half to ten per cent of the bill. Of all gratuities the Good Head Waiter has, of course, his fixed share from the fund where all tips go, and he is satisfied. There is much reason to suppose that the direct bribe to the man at the door is only the last device of the incompetent and undesirable.

It is something always to get a table, it is more to get the right table. And here we come happily at last upon the greatest invention of the Good Head Waiter's mind, the idea that certain tables in a restaurant are infinitely to be preferred to others. A good ten or fifteen years ago in the first and still, perhaps, the best known of the new-fashioned great hotels in New York there were twin rooms, called palm gardens, each to the outer eye exactly the mate of the other, and if America were anything but the incompletest of democracies each would have been as agreeable as the other. But the manager, realizing that the first instinct of our civilization is to attempt to split into classes, hit upon the incomparable idea that the southernmost one should be chic and the other not. In the twinkling of an eye the fortune of the place was made

The Game of Sheep and Goats

THE period preceding each repast was like a faint foreshadowing of that last great day. The happy sheep feasted and quaffed full bumpers of champagne in the right palm-room, while in the outer pit of the wrong or northern palm-room the goats—keeping their courage up with quite as expensive food and drink—swore darkly to themselves that they would come and come again until Pierre—that is merely the Good Head Waiter's name—admitted them into the heavenly delights of which he held the keys.

Henriot, envious and emulative, a few years later devised an interesting and startling variant upon this scheme. On crowded nights it had for a long time been necessary to place tables outside the main restaurant in a rather cramped space which was, properly speaking, nothing more than the vestibule. Here wintry blasts blew in spite of the revolving entrance; here other diners, putting off and on their coats, crushed against you; here hustled waiters poured soup down your back; here, in short, you were thoroughly uncomfortable. Complaints were frequent; Monsieur Henriot was much distressed as to what could be done until he had completed an enlargement of the premises, which was already under way. Then an inspiration came to Jean Albert, the Good Head Waiter. These despised tables shall be made "the thing."

"Yes, Monsieur," he would say, "I can give you a table, but I'm afraid not out here. These are considered very desirable tables and they are all engaged." And then, perhaps, he would stretch a point in your favor, and give you a place in the draughty vestibule.

In a second the word was passed round. All the smartest people felt suddenly how much fresher the air was outside, how much better a view you got of the amusing though, perhaps, slightly common folk who dined in the main room, and how much pleasanter it was, after all, to sit where there were a few tables of nice people—just one's friends. Under the soothing touch of the Good Head Waiter all went well until the new room was ready.

And here, parenthetically, one word may be said of how the clever Jean Albert played upon the curious modern idea that comparative discomfort is synonymous with informality and charm. All over the world the palm garden, with a chill stone floor and foolish wicker seats, is preferred to a comfortable place with a soft velvet carpet and upholstered chairs. A cellar from which light and air are effectually excluded can always, as a pleasure resort, take patronage away from a sunlit, well-ventilated room.

Each restaurant has its special system of making one part of the room desirable. Perhaps for detailed consideration one will serve At Henriot's the best tables are in a kind of group around the entrance. Here is a patch of glittering rank and fashion. Here sits what Jean Albert considers "society," and you may be sure he knows better than the Social Register or the newspaper reporters. You might record the progress of any climber in New York by his or her gradual movement from the outer corners, where they put people who haven't put on evening dress, across the rather desolate region where those suspected of living west of the Park are placed, toward the bright goal of right tables. Here, you see, is an incentive to patronize Henriot's quite apart from the wish to obtain a meal there.

Not one atom of the advantage human weaknesses give him does the excellent Jean Albert lose. He may be a red Socialist at heart, but it is his business to run a fashionable restaurant, and he does it. Lesser minds than his might possibly be infected with snobbishness. Indeed, a memory comes to the writer of an assistant, a kind of lieutenant of Jean Albert's, who was applied to concerning a very splendid-looking bridal party, happy pair, bridesmaids and groomsmen, mothers-in-law, and so on, who had had the unique idea of coming on to supper at Henriot's after an evening wedding, an unusual proceeding, charming in itself, perhaps, but not according to the accepted rules. The waiter's smile was a little scornful.

"Monsieur asks who they are?" he replied. "I should not know how to tell Monsieur. They are people of no importance."

However, such lack of reticence would not have been Jean Albert's; he keeps his counsel.

You Were Given a Table Because Your Friend's Name Was an Open Sesame

The Head Waiter's Flattering Attentions

WE HAVE now seen to what delicate ends he and his *confrères* at the doors of other restaurants can turn this mere matter of assigning tables. Inside, of course, there is still much to be done to charm and hold the patrons. There is no wish here to undervalue the art of the chef, nor the skill of the man who stocked the wine cellars. But the Good Head Waiter, bending politely from the waist, by your table's side, is still to a great extent the guardian of your fortunes.

In the aid which he offers in the selection of your dinner, our friend—he is that by now, it is trusted—is capable of the most delicate and flattering attentions. There are people whom his presence renders nervous. They cannot think while he is by, and they profoundly distrust his suggestions. They believe they know that his entire object is to bully them into eating all the most expensive dishes on the menu. They wish him around the corner so that they can hastily figure up on their cuffs the probable cost of dinner. Now, it happens—oddly or perhaps naturally enough—that the most expensive dishes are those commonly considered the best; that may be why they are expensive. And it may be that it is the Good Head Waiter's idea that he is there to assist in the securing of not so much an expensive as a good dinner. If one of these doubters would only once try a little honesty, would tell Jean Albert or Domenico, not angrily or distrustfully, but simply as man to man, or better, friend to friend, that they cannot afford or do not wish to spend a great deal of money! If they would only say this to the Good Head Waiter with just the right quality of smile, he would probably assist them in ordering a charming and cheap little dinner, and he might even lavish upon them one of the subtlest of his flatteries, that of suggesting that he have cooked for them some special dish not on the day's menu.

It is surprising how unfailingly this manœuver delights the diner; it hints at an understanding of his individual taste so sympathetic that to satisfy it the whole machinery of the establishment is willingly disturbed. And really the machinery need not be so terribly disturbed; the Good Head Waiter knows that. If there are kidneys *sautés* on the card, it is an easy matter to produce *rognons en brochette*. And with a guileless luncher it is even possible to serve the eggs Fritzi Scheff, which are on the menu as eggs Suzette, thus paying the patron a special compliment, giving him just the thing to tickle his palate, and not causing the chef to turn a hair.

Who's Who in the Dining-Room

ALMOST the highest compliment that the Good Head Waiter can pay you is to order your dinner; it is almost the highest you can pay him to trust him to do so. He pays you, however, a greater one, when he to any extent assists in serving it. And here may be advantageously inserted a little scene, witnessed at a fashionable New York restaurant this winter, which may contain a valuable suggestion for some jaded seeker after novelties in smartness and exclusive chic.

A deferential waiter was seen about to serve a delicious looking pilaffe of chicken with a delicate pink sauce to a visiting Englishwoman, noted for her beauty, her clothes, her wayward charm, and her agreeable position in the very smartest, most exclusive of international sets. Suddenly she paused in her conversation with the infatuated gentleman who was giving her lunch, glanced at the dish, looked at the waiter, and, as it were, froze with horror. While the agonized host gasped for breath, she said haughtily: "Send the head waiter here at once." For an instant she smiled and made a pretense of continuing her conversation. Then the trembling head waiter approached and there flitted across the lady's face the look of an avenging angel. But as Jean Albert—it was he—bowed before her she smiled sweetly enough.

"Will you serve this dish to us?" was all she said. The young man was all in a heap, and the Good Head Waiter felt himself in the presence of a distinction, a chic that not even he had dreamed of. It is hoped that no intelligent and really fashionable reader of this article will ever consent to allow himself to be served by any less a person than the *maître d'hôtel* himself.

The charming lady from London above mentioned has driven the entering wedge. Unless, indeed, before her period we may find a sign of this tendency to glorify Jean Albert and his kind in a custom to be found in one or two old-established restaurants. Take the wine list and note the price of the *petit verre* of cognac. The cost of a glass rises, naturally, with the age and quality of the brand, but at the topmost notch, the 1800 Napoleon vintage, the ruinous price set down carries with it a printed assurance that it will be "served by head waiter!" And privately the author of this article hopes that at least a quarter of the cost of this brandy—of which incidentally he doubts the authenticity—is for the services of the Good Head Waiter, about whose genuineness there can be no question, and whose manner is well worth the price, and more.

So far we have seen him able, wise, insinuating and efficient, our Good Head Waiter, making his restaurant

(Concluded on Page 72)

Sprinkle This With Well-Known Young Men About Town and Serve About Midnight.

Mr. Shakspere Comes to Town

By JOHN CORBIN

UNLIKE the lady of color whose classic tastes are immortalized in song, New York is doubtless as fond as ever of its "minstrel jokes"; but of late it has become aware that "Mr. Shakspere" has "come to town," and come to stay. Throughout the season the classical productions have been the most popular of the varied repertory of the New Theater; yet Mr. Ben Greet and his Elizabethan Players have again proved a hardy annual, and the Sothern-Marlowe company has appeared in its Shaksperean revivals with greater success than ever before.

Dorothy Donnelly in Madame

During a mid-week matinée—at which Kate the Shrew was being tamed to the manifest delight of an audience almost exclusively feminine—the present scribe penetrated to Mr. Sothern's dressing-room. "Shakspere spells ruin?" the actor echoed with a Petruchian chuckle. "I have just been reading William Winter's biography of Booth. Booth made three fortunes out of a repertory almost exclusively Shaksperean and died worth half a million. Mary Anderson made enough out of Shakspere to retire in her prime. Of course if Shakspere is badly played, or played by actors who have not won the respect and the confidence of the public, he may fail. But the people will always support worthily any performances which it believes to be worthy of support."

Just then Mr. Sothern's financial representative came in with the record of the afternoon's receipts. The dearest seats in the house cost only $1.50; but the total was $1502. At this rate the weekly receipts would come to $12,000. And the Wednesday matinée is the least popular of the week. The total weekly receipts during this engagement averaged well over $13,000. During Holy Week, when business is so bad that many companies disband until after Easter, the Sothern-Marlowe company took in over $10,000.

Classical Productions That Appeal to the Public

THIS engagement was one of a series which the company has played in recent years at the Academy of Music, once the fashionable opera house of the metropolis and now a popular-price theater on the verge of the Bowery. At first the success of the Academy engagements was explained by the fact that they had opened up a new public. But each recurring season has increased, not diminished, the popularity of Shakspere and his interpreters. This was especially evident, Mr. Sothern said, in the case of the plays less popularly familiar. Thus the receipts of the Taming of the Shrew increased from one hundred to three hundred dollars a performance with each successive engagement. And the world uptown has begun to find out Shakspere in his new home on Fourteenth Street. The nightly crush of automobiles rivals that at the most fashionable uptown theaters.

It is true that great Shaksperean actors have often lost money. But this has rarely or never been because of a lack of interest in them or in the great dramatist. Booth lost one fortune in trying to run a vast theater of his own and another through unwise investments outside the theater. Irving lost money by smothering himself and Shakspere in costly scenery. Mansfield lost all he had by a lavish production of Richard III before the public was aware of the fact that he was a great actor. But in the end Shakspere pulled them one and all out of the ruin which their own unwisdom brought upon them. It is an ancient fallacy of the managers that the tastes of the public are represented by Champagne Alley and Lobster Square. Whether on Fifth Avenue or on the Bowery, the American public is at heart a serious public. And it is yearly gaining in intelligence. This is one of the lessons to be derived from the first year's experience at the New Theater. Success or failure has come with almost mathematical precision according to the serious value of the play. The two most obvious failures were a superficial comedy and a sensational melodrama, neither of them really good of its kind. On the other hand, of the four plays which led in number of performances three were classics—the School for Scandal, Twelfth Night and Antony and Cleopatra. The fourth of the great successes, which stood second in number of performances, was The Nigger, a tragic treatment of the most painful problem in American life, but a drama of the very first order. In this list The Winter's Tale merits a prominent place; though it was produced late in the season, being in fact the final production of the regular company, it could be given only a very few performances. Judging by its reception with the critics and the public it would have proved most successful of all. With the exception of Antony and Cleopatra all of these productions are included in the repertory with which the New Theater company is going on tour. Mr. Shakspere will come to town in all the chief cities of the East and Middle West.

To the present generation of playgoers the tour will bring a new artistic experience, and an experience of very great value. Shakspere's own company was a stock company, and his plays are stock-company plays. But not since the days of Augustin Daly, certainly, have we seen stock-company performances of them; and even Daly warped and twisted his productions to emphasize the personality and the art of his leading actress. In the New Theater productions the single aim is to bring forward as vividly as possible the genius of the great dramatist. Their only star is Mr. Shakspere. In each play he had a popular story to tell rapidly and effectively; interesting characters to develop in harmonious combination; a poetic mood to embody in the terms of the stage. As far as modern scenic conditions permit, each text is presented entire. Each actor is permitted to play his part at its full value as an element in a complex and finely adjusted artistic whole.

The classical productions are the work of Mr. Louis Calvert, who is also a member of the company. In a single season Mr. Calvert has established himself as an actor of the first order and a producer who, for scholarly reverence and artistic power, stands alone in the English-speaking world. In writing of his production of the School for Scandal, it was pointed out that he had discarded all the old actor-made gags and business with which the play had become incrusted, sacrificing many a bad "laugh" to the essential truth of the characters and the scenes. Superficially the performance may have seemed tame; but one result of such tameness was that the play as a whole never before seemed so little artificial and so very real. Another result was that it interested the public exceedingly, leading the entire repertory in actual number of performances. In Twelfth Night and The Winter's Tale Mr. Calvert has pursued the same method with an equally fortunate effect; in time they will doubtless equal the School for Scandal in number of performances.

The scenic mounting of Twelfth Night is very beautiful, as has been the case with all the work of Mr. Hamilton Bell; but it illustrates the difficulty that the most reverent management encounters in producing Shakspere in the modern manner. In order to avoid changes in a production already overburdened with scene-shifting, several scenes are taken out of their order, thus marring the development of the story and lessening its interest. For the same reason the scene in which Malvolio overtakes the disguised Viola after she has left Olivia, and delivers Olivia's ring, was played not in the highway but in Olivia's courtyard, which Viola had just left. One had to suppose that the steward had dragged Viola back to it a very unlikely proceeding, as that high-spirited young woman had just stalked off in a huff at being offered a fee. And the intimate soliloquy with which the scene ends, natural enough in the open road, is quite out of place in the secluded courtyard beneath the window of the distressed and distressing countess.

The New Departures in Twelfth Night

AFTER all is said, however, the fact remains that the text presented is the fullest and most satisfactory in modern memory. Even the scene in which the roisterers torment the imprisoned Malvolio is given, though its spirit is as disquieting to the modern mind as it was no doubt welcome to the bear-baiting audiences for which Shakspere wrote. The signal fact about the production is that it gives full scope to the quick young romance, the impassioned poetry of the play, and to its spirit of rollicking comedy, which bathes the whole in a flood of reviving sunlight. It puts one face to face with Shakspere as never before, makes him near and dear and human to us.

The Viola of Annie Russell is her second Shaksperean interpretation, and a worthy successor to her Puck of some years ago. This is the part which has hitherto been most flagrantly wrenched from the true perspective of the play in order to put forward the personality of a star. How often have we heard the "willow cabin" speech and the "patience on a monument" speech delivered across the footlights—"handed out to the audience" as they say in

Jimmy Valentine Opens a Vault Into Which Little Kitty Has Strayed. His Ability to Do This Explains His Identity to His Sweetheart and to the Detectives, Who are Watching

the theater—for the sole purpose of gaining for a star an easy round of applause! Miss Russell speaks them in a manner that does not break the reality and dramatic value of the scene, but enhances it—lightly, easily, as if she were thinking of the words for the first time—which, of course, is precisely what Viola is doing! The verbal music with which she endues the lines is the music of spontaneous speech. One such moment would be a bargain in exchange for a thousand purple patches of elocution. The light-comedy passages she plays with a delightfully quiet subtlety, and she wears her disguise with the utmost boyish grace.

The broad comedy of the play—the drinking scenes and the scenes of the sham duel—shines forth as if in a flood of poetic sunlight. Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr., as the Clown, and Miss Jessie Busley, as the impish Maria, create genuine characters where we have too often had only the jingling of bells and mere hoiden romping. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, who has not until the present season appeared in Shakspere, makes the dull vanity and asinine folly of Sir Andrew Aguecheek believable and laughable as they have never been before—a really classical performance of the part.

As Sir Toby Belch, Mr. Calvert has the chief opportunity in these comedy scenes, and he makes the most of it. In acting, as in producing, he has proved the one great find of the New Theater season. Born of an old theatrical family in England, he is experienced from childhood in the large and mellow manner of the old school. But unlike many of his generation he has developed with his time, even ahead of it. In the unaffected simplicity of his art he is the most modern of the moderns. In London he created leading old men's parts for Pinero and Bernard Shaw, his chief achievements of recent years being Broadbent, in John Bull and His Other Island, and the waiter, in You Never Can Tell, each of which made the artistic triumph of the play. In the New Theater productions he has given us the comic-opera Grand Duke in the Cottage in the Air, amiably pompous and absurd; a mellow and lovable Sir Peter Teazle; the capitalist in Strife, grimly, heroically devoted to economic right—as he sees it; and the religious bigot in Don, whose fanaticism is ennobled by deep suffering of the heart. He ranges with the utmost ease from the broadest comedy to the highest tragedy, from the mood of iron will to that of tender and generous emotion. In England his most successful Shaksperean rôle was Falstaff, and his reading of the kindred character of Sir Toby is a revelation in simple and spontaneous humor, touched everywhere with the mellow, mundane light of Shaksperean poetry. In acting, as in producing, the chief source of Mr. Calvert's art is a simple and tenderly beautiful human feeling, unequaled anywhere on the modern stage, I believe—since the death of Joseph Jefferson—except in the Music Master of David Warfield.

The Genesis of Stage Scenery

NOT the least admirable evidence of this is the dance with which Twelfth Night closes. It is a slow, fantastic dance, and in it the audience recognizes Malvolio, who—ably played by Mr. Oswald Yorke—has been the butt of all the fun of the evening. Amid the happiness of this very happy ending Malvolio, as the audience recognizes with a little throb of delight, appears gravely reconciled. It may not be quite Elizabethan; and then again it may. There is no doubt whatever that the spirit of it is richly Shaksperean.

Mr. Calvert's production of The Winter's Tale is in the Elizabethan manner—that is, on a curtain-hung stage without modern scenery. The purpose of this is artistic, not archeological. An exact reproduction of the Elizabethan stage is, in fact, impracticable; for it was lighted only by the sky, and the women parts were played by boys. These were Shakspere's limitations, which it would serve no good purpose to imitate. Where the resources of the modern stage aid in the artistic effect the New Theater has used them without scruple. In many important respects, however, the present reproduction is the most accurate we have yet seen. It used to be held that the old stage was small, its appointments homely and its stagecraft crude. If the historians had taken the trouble to analyze the extant contract for building the Fortune Theater, in 1601, and other documents of the time, they would have found that the stage was large, being half a foot wider—42½ feet—than the very ample stage of the New Theater and that its appointments were fully up to the standard of the luxurious taste of the Renaissance. A study of such documents led the directors of the New Theater to the conclusion that in many important respects Shakspere's stage was not only large and richly appointed, but the most perfect vehicle for poetic drama in the history of theatric art. The success of The Winter's Tale goes far toward warranting this view.

Edith Wynne Matthison as the Statue of Queen Hermione Coming to Life

The main portion of the stage is hung with tapestry curtains—what Shakspere called the arras. Behind this is an alcove, which can be revealed or hidden at will by drawing the arras. When the alcove is hidden the stage is simply the stage—no definite locality is indicated. The actors enter, speak their lines and exit; and there is no thought except of the characters and the story. When the alcove is revealed, the few handsome properties placed within it—a throne, a rocky cave, a shepherd's hut indicate where the scene is laid. It is interesting to note that this alcove set with properties is the origin of the modern proscenium stage. Little by little, after Shakspere, it grew larger, and the forward stage shrank in proportion; and little by little the few properties were supplemented with painted scenes and with backgrounds in perspective. The resulting modern stage is rich in the illusion of realism, but in proportion as it is so it tends to kill the proper effect of plays written and constructed for the free old stage.

The artistic value of the reconstructed Elizabethan stage lies in the fact that upon it one can produce the entire text in its proper order and without pausing for the hard labors of the scene-shifter. Shakspere's story is told as it was meant to be told; his characters develop from scene to scene with the utmost effectiveness; and the whole passes off easily, rapidly, and with no pauses in which the attention relaxes and the imagination grows cold.

It was largely as a result of all this that the production proved the most effective of the season, with the critics as with the public. If any one noticed the lack of scenery it was only to rejoice in its absence. The fine old romance, developing freely and fully, created its own atmosphere—the atmosphere of rich, human poetry, any note of which is worth trainloads of wings, flies and back-drops. For the first time the public realized that what has so long been palmed off on it as Shakspere is only a scramble served up by the scenery-mad manager and actor; and it showed its appreciation of the real thing by crowding the over-large auditorium. At the final performances hundreds were turned away from the theater—for the first time, I believe, in its history, except on first nights and holidays.

Much of this success was no doubt due to the excellence of the stage management and the acting. Mr. Calvert infused into the company the true Elizabethan rapidity and spirit; and in elocution these actors have never proved more masterly. As Hermione, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, whose exquisitely poetic art has so often been dimmed by pseudo-Elizabethan productions, showed to splendid advantage. Her voice is one of the finest and richest on the modern stage, her reading of Shaksperean poetry the most exquisite. Beautiful in figure and in face she invested the grief-stricken Queen with a stateliness no less sculpturesque in the earlier scenes than in the final scene of the supposed statue. Miss Rose Coghlan played Paulina in the large, emphatic manner of the elder school, and was received, as she always is, with acclamation. The Perdita of Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter was archly poetic and tender. The Old Shepherd of Mr. E. M. Holland, the Autolycus of Albert Bruning, and the Clown of Ferdinand Gottschalk rendered the beautiful scenes of pastoral nonsense with consummate individual art, and with the same fine reality of byplay and interplay that Mr. Calvert achieved in the comedy scenes of Twelfth Night.

The First of the Business Plays

HENRIK IBSEN has sometimes been known as the Norwegian Shakspere, and sometimes as the Man with the Midnight Whiskers. Of late years the spirit of reverence has overtopped the spirit of derision. As is the case with the original Shakspere, he has only to be played by people in whose artistic seriousness the public believes in order to command popular support. No one has contributed so much to this result as Mrs. Fiske, who, amusingly enough, began by rather deprecating Ibsen because of the somberness of his themes. As it happens, she has ceased to be opposed in her business policy to the so-called syndicate; but she has maintained her splendid artistic freedom as always. To her Nora in the Doll's House, her Hedda Gabler, and her Rebecca West in Rosmersholm, she has now added Lona Hessel in the Pillars of Society, and with equal effect, though the part offers her no opportunity adequate to her great talents.

The Pillars of Society is the first of the business plays with which of late we have become so familiar; and it is still the ablest of them, though by no means the ablest of the plays of Ibsen. Written in 1877, it was the second of the series of modern prose dramas and the first to command any wide recognition. In construction and in manner it is very old-fashioned, though it is due to Ibsen to say that it is to him we owe the firmer, finer technic that has outmoded it. Like The Lion and the Mouse it centers in the modern Captain of Industry, and like the American play again it achieves a happy ending at the expense of probability and of artistic veracity.

Consul Bernick has won his position of command by a life of secret

(Continued on Page 51)

H. Reeves-Smith and Ethel Barrymore in Mid-Channel

The Art of Managing Women

As a Woman Does It—By James H. Collins

THE advertising manager of a manufacturing house had nearly a million booklets and circulars to be sent out by mail on a schedule extending over a year. Some tables and chairs were put into a room near his office, a dozen girls were hired to do the addressing and wrapping, and his secretary given charge of the new mailing force.

This secretary was a gentle, earnest, ambitious girl, accustomed to doing things herself when she wanted them done properly, and she had never supervised others. For three or four days the mailing girls gave casual attention to her suggestions But presently they had her measure and assumed that this was to be a soft job, where one might do as she pleased and take life easy. In a week they were so busy finding out all about each other's private lives that instructions went unheeded. Work was done in a slipshod way. Instead of taking a stand, the earnest secretary cried over it, and stayed herself to do over the work after the girls were gone. Mailing got behind. The manager told her to hire more girls, with the outcome that matters were four times as bad when she had twenty-five of them, because they did even less work and their laughter and gossip could be heard in other offices.

Finally the secretary gave up supervision of the mailing room, and the advertising manager, realizing that it had been work out of her line, undertook to straighten out the organization himself. That house spent many thousand dollars every year with the biggest bookbindery in its city. He went to the superintendent and told him of his difficulty in managing a mailing force.

"Oh, what you want is an experienced forewoman," said the binder. "I'll send you a dandy if you'll give me a day or two to get in touch with her."

The following Monday morning she came—an Irish beauty named Mollie Molloy, with a strong body, cheerful blue eyes, thick auburn hair, and the good temper that goes with perfect health.

The Way of Cousin Kate

FOR several days Mollie and the girls studied each other. There was little gossip. The girls made a pretense of working, at least, while they were making up their minds about the new forewoman, and tried to follow her instructions. The latter called them "Young ladies," and joked with them as she showed what she wanted done, and how to do it.

By the time the girls had decided that she, too, was an easy boss and that they could rule her, Mollie had singled out two ringleaders. Gradually the tide of gossip rose again. The girls were so certain of their position that they did not notice certain warning changes in the Irish forewoman's manner. Presently affairs came to an open issue. Mollie bounded down among the tables, put her sturdy arms on the ringleaders, one after the other, shook about a peck of side-combs and switches out of them, and sent them to the cashier for their time. From that moment there was never any more trouble in the mailing room.

A woman's ability in managing workers of her own sex lies largely in her opportunity for getting closer to them than is possible for men. Upon her understanding of their better natures she is able to manage by sympathy and "mothering," while from an intimate knowledge of their shortcomings and tricks she is able to administer a shaking when needed, as it sometimes is.

This is not necessarily a physical shaking, of course—there is more than one way to do it.

For instance, a woman who earns an excellent income selling goods on the road went to visit a cousin who had built up a prosperous millinery establishment in a Middle Western city. Cousin Tillie's genius was largely mercantile, so upstairs in the workrooms her girls ran matters to suit themselves. They ran Cousin Tillie also, for she, too, is the sort of woman who would rather do work over herself than compel employees to do it properly. This is a type that seldom succeeds in management. If Cousin Tillie mustered enough courage to remonstrate with the girls they threatened to quit, so in the end she would yield, and pamper them, and fetch and carry for them, and live in hades every waking hour for the sake of what she fancied was peace.

Cousin Kate, the saleswoman, soon saw how the shop was left to run itself, and scolded Cousin Tillie, who broke into tears.

"I can't do anything with them," she pleaded.

"Let 'em think I've taken an interest in the business," said Cousin Kate, "so I can have authority back of me, and I'll do something with 'em, you bet."

This was done. The saleswoman went into the millinery shop for three days, studied the force and decided that it was good, needing only something to bring it to its senses, and singled out the leader in mischief, a grass widow who had soured on life and was making the girls cynical.

Cousin Kate's way of giving these girls a shaking was purely a sales proposition. One by one she called them aside, told each girl that she had come there to boss the shop and meant to do it, and that every girl who stayed would have to promise to behave herself. That put it upon each of them to make a decision then and there. Would they go? Or did they want to stay? Would it be yes or no? No third course was offered—an excellent way to handle many a business problem, from deciding a detail in corporation policy down to sobering the office-boy.

The girls all decided that they wanted to stay—all except the misanthropic grass widow, who frigidly resigned. Cousin Kate had intended to discharge her anyway, whatever her decision, so this did not matter. After this direct way of selling the new administration to them, it was easy to select a quiet, capable girl, teach her to run the shop and leave her in charge. Cousin Tillie had no further trouble.

Girls and women employed in an office or factory will sometimes develop such skill at double-dealing and covering up mistakes that the man who is trying to supervise them will conclude that all women are liars, and in disgust hand the reins over to a woman. If the latter knows her business she soon gets to the bottom of all the cliques and private skeletons—which is usually taken by the man who couldn't get to the bottom as so much more evidence that femininity is thoroughly bad, and that you have to set a woman to catch women.

But when lovely woman stoops to such trickery it is almost invariably because nobody has given her a better way of looking at things. Raising the tone of a tricky feminine work force is largely a matter not of spying but of teaching it better.

Some years ago one of the most important exchanges in the telephone system of a Western city began to be conspicuous for the indifferent service it was giving. The general tone of service in that city was high. But this exchange had, for several months, been productive of many complaints from subscribers, and comparison of its records showed that service had begun to drop below standard soon after a new manager and a chief operator were sent there, more than a year before. The superintendent of traffic found it necessary to investigate and find out what was wrong. The new manager was a young man. This was his first executive job, but he had a good record and had run the exchange at notably low cost during his first year. The chief operator was an experienced woman and all the operators had been trained in the company's school.

The investigation had to determine which was at fault, and it was necessary to proceed slowly. So the superintendent sent the chief operator on her vacation and transferred another woman there for two weeks—one of the shrewdest chief operators in the service, with years of experience in handling traffic and girls, up to all the tricks of both—a woman who would go to the bottom of the trouble and report impartially to headquarters, no matter whose ox was gored.

One Manager's Mistake

SHE had no sooner stepped inside the exchange than she began to find irregularities. Her first discovery was a truly feminine one—the building was overrun with cockroaches. A man would probably have passed this as unimportant, but she wanted to know why the janitor did not clean up. Everybody tried to shield the janitor—it was true that he didn't keep the place very clean, they said, but he was such a lovely soul! In the lunchroom things were run in a slipshod way. There were not enough dishes. Before an operator could have a cup of coffee it was sometimes necessary to wait until some other girl got through with a cup and saucer. When the matron was asked why she didn't order more crockery she said that the manager would not sanction the expense. In the operating room the girls hung purses, watches and trinkets on the switchboard, though ample locker space was provided for such effects downstairs.

Finally she came to the manager himself and found that he had two ideals in supervision: The first was to run everything as cheaply as possible, hence the shortage of crockery; the second was to let well enough alone—hence the shortcomings of the janitor.

His ambition to run the place on a dead-level at a steadily decreasing cost had, to begin with, the effect of lowering the standard of service. When complaints from subscribers multiplied he scolded his chief operator. She was a thoroughly capable woman when it came to supervising girls, but not the sort who would take a stand against such a man. His peevish criticisms threw her into a state of "nerves," which she passed on to the operators, demoralizing them in turn. The manager was trying to hide facts from himself. The chief operator was trying to hide facts from the manager. The girls were trying to hide facts from the chief operator.

A few months of that sort of policy had made the whole force extremely skillful at double-dealing and trickery. In a situation where the percentage of errors in operation was continually rising, the first thought of everybody was to hide a mistake, the second thought to throw it upon somebody else if uncovered, and the last resource, when charged directly, to lie out of it. The operators had long got past the point where they would trust each other, hence the

She Said the Manager Would Not Sanction the Expense

purses and valuables strung along the switchboard—they were afraid to leave them downstairs.

The incoming chief operator's initial step was typical of an experienced woman's management of women workers. She gave the operating force to understand that it was responsible to her alone, and gave the manager to understand that he must not interfere with the operating force. Thus she stepped in between them as a buffer.

Then she began to build up the force technically and morally, making the two inseparable. For, while she taught them better operating methods, she also made it plain that the best way to get out of trouble is to be open and honest. This chief operator's experience in telephone work is so thorough that no error or irregularity could be hidden from her. If a girl had cut off a subscriber by mistake she was shown that it was useless to deny it, or throw the blame on another operator, and that the best way out of such a difficulty for all concerned was to frankly explain how the error happened, so that proper amends could be made to the subscriber and steps taken to eliminate this kind of errors from the service. The girls were taught not only to report their own errors, but, what was harder and more important, to report other girls' errors. As soon as they understood that no spirit of spying or meanness was involved, however, they readily did this. For it was made plain that to uncover error so that it could be dealt with openly was the best thing that any operator could do for her own good, for that of other operators, and for the good of the telephone company.

The reconstruction of this operating force took several months, and was begun under the handicap of the manager who had demoralized it originally. Ultimately the latter was transferred to the engineering department, where his mistaken sense of economical operation could not do such damage.

That manager might have complained that his women employees were tricky and untruthful, and that nobody but a woman could have got to the bottom of their double-dealing. This would have been strictly true, and at the same time the real conditions were considerably different from what might be assumed by anybody who heard merely the manager's statement.

Double-dealing among women workers can usually be traced to narrow ideas about their work. The capable woman manager does away with it by teaching them to think openly and by showing how it pays.

A good deal of feminine deceit met with industrially is due to mere greenness.

A small toilet-goods house employs five or six girls to label, wrap and pack goods. The force is like a little family, so when the superintendent found that somebody was regularly taking silver change from his coat hung carelessly in the packing-room, the forewoman was troubled. A little watching revealed the pilferer, a girl of seventeen who had come to work there only a short time before, after leaving school. The forewoman talked with her quietly, the girl confessing that she had taken the money on impulse, with no thought of consequences. When shown how serious it might have been had the facts been carried to her parents she came to her senses, and from that day forth was one of the best girls in the place.

A great deal depends upon the way girls are managed during their first few weeks of employment. This is shown in telephone experience. A hundred girls apply for places as operators. Some are self-possessed, others shy. A man would probably select the smartest-spoken as the best material, but the experienced woman conducting a telephone school will accept perhaps ten or twelve of the shyest, sending all the others away. Real feminine ability may be badly frightened when it hunts its first job, whereas the pert applicant may have failed to hold half the jobs in town. A man may adopt some such rule as that followed by the superintendent of a Philadelphia bookbindery, who hires only those applicants who have to work for support, or who have parents dependent upon them, in which case they have a real motive for working and are serious and steady. But usually it takes a woman to tell which is which among a hundred applicants.

The ten or twelve girls selected are then given a month's training in the telephone company's school, being paid the while, and learning all that can be taught, except what has to be learned by actual experience. When these student-operators report to an exchange, ready for work, they find conditions very different from those at the school. Real telephone traffic comes along at a rate of several hundred calls an hour. The new girl has not yet acquired speed or self-possession. Her slightest hesitation or slip brings abuse from the subscriber. During her first week she will be like a cat in a strange garret, hardly knowing her way to the street, and must be handled sympathetically, nursed through her novitiate, and made to see that everybody in the exchange has to put up with the difficulties and uncongenialities of telephone traffic. Usually the capable chief operator sits down with the green girl and has a motherly talk, getting acquainted, gauging her character and establishing a good understanding. In many instances it takes several months' experience before the best operators gain confidence and work naturally, and this is so true of most other feminine occupations that the happiest results follow only when the greenhorn is coached and encouraged. These phases belong peculiarly to the woman supervisor.

As girls develop at their work they reveal marked differences in character.

There is one type of girl so energetic, willing and self-sacrificing that the chief problem in management is to hold her back, preventing nervous breakdown. Another energetic type has so much temper that she never learns to get along with people, a serious shortcoming for her in many of the best-paid occupations, and serious for the employer who tries to build anything upon her. At the other extreme

(Concluded on Page 50)

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

DURING the busy October weeks Dink found little time to vent the brewing mischief within him. The afternoons were given over to the dogged pursuit of the elusive pigskin. In the evenings he resolutely turned his back on all midnight spreads or expeditions to the protecting shadows of the woods to smoke the abhorrent cigarette, for the joy of the risk run. At nine o'clock promptly each night he dove into bed, wrapped the covers about his head and, leaving the Tennessee Shad deep in the pages of Dumas, went soaring off into lands where goals are kicked from the center of the field, winning touchdowns scored in the last minute of play and bonfires lighted for his special honor. He was only end on the scrub, eagerly learning the game; but with the intensity of his nature that territory, which each afternoon he lined up to defend, was his in sacred trust; and he resolved that the trust of his captain should not be misplaced if it lay in his power to prevent it.

Macnooder Brought His Record Down to Twenty-Six and Four-Fifths Seconds

However, the boy's mind was not entirely inactive. With the memory of his financial disappointment came the resolve to square himself with The Roman and turn the tables on Doc Macnooder.

The opportunity to do the first came in an unexpected way.

One evening P. Lentz came in upon them in great agitation.

"Why, King," said Dennis, who was lolling around, "you're excited, very, very much excited!"

"Shut up!" said the King of the Kennedy, who was in anything but a good humor. "It's the deuce to pay. I've had a first warning."

At this every one looked grave and Dink, the loyalist, said:

"Oh, King, how could you!"

For another warning meant banishment from the football team and all the devastation that implied.

"That would just about end us," said Dennis. "Might as well save Andover the traveling expenses."

"I know, I know!" said P. Lentz furiously. "I've had it all said to me. Beautifully expressed, too. Question is, what's to be done? It's all the fault of old Baranson. He's been down on me ever since we licked the Woodhull."

"We must think of something," said the Tennessee Shad.

"How about a doctor's certificate?"

"Rats!"

"We might get up a demonstration against Baranson."

"Lots of good that'll do me!"

Various suggestions were offered and rejected.

"Well, King," said the Tennessee Shad at last, "I don't see there's anything to it but you'll have to buckle down and study."

"Study?" said P. Lentz. "Is that the best you can produce?"

"It seems the simplest."

"I came here for consolation," said P. Lentz, departing angrily.

"Still, it'll come to that," said the Tennessee Shad.

"P. Lentz study!" said Finnegan contemptuously. "Can a duck whistle?"

"Then we'll have to tutor him."

"What says Dink?"

"Don't bother me, I'm thinking."

"Gracious! May I watch you?"

"Shad," said Stover, ignoring Dennis, "did it ever occur to you how unscientific this whole game is?"

"What game?"

"This chasing the Latin root, wrestling with the unknown equation, and all that sort of thing."

"Proceed."

"Why are we smashed up? Because we are discouraged; all fighting alone, unscientifically. Does the light dawn?" inquired Stover.

"Very slowly," said the Tennessee Shad. "Shine on."

"I am thinking," said Stover impressively, "of organizing The Kennedy Coöperative Educational Institute."

"Aha!" said the Tennessee Shad. "*Video, je vois*, I see. All third-formers in the house meet, divide up the lesson and then fraternize."

"Where do I come in?" said Finnegan, who was two forms below.

"A very excellent idea," said the Tennessee Shad in final approval.

"I've a better one now," said Stover.

"Why, Dink!"

"It begins by chucking the coöperative idea."

"How so?"

"There's no money in that," said Stover. "We must give the courses ourselves, see?"

"Give?" said the Shad. "We two shining marks!"

"No," said Stover contemptuously. "We hire the lecturers and collect from the lectured."

"Why, Shad," said Finnegan, in wide-eyed admiration; "our boy is growing up!"

"He is; he certainly is. I love the idea!"

A Monosyllabic, Oldish Little Fellow; Whose Cheeks Had Fallen Down and Disturbed the Balance of His Already Bald Head

"Why, I think it's pretty good, myself," said Dink.

"It has only one error—the lecturers."

"Why, that's the finest of the fine," said Dink indignantly. "You see what I do. Here's Beekstein and Gumbo Binks been laying around as waste material and the whole house kicking because we've been stuck with two midnight-oilers. Now what do I do? I utilize them I make them a credit to the house, useful citizens."

"True, most true," said the Tennessee Shad. "But why pay? Never pay any one anything!"

Stover acknowledged the superior financial mind, while Finnegan remained silent, his greatest tribute.

"I suppose we might lasso them," said Stover, "or bring them up in chains."

"That's only amateurish and besides reprehensible," said the Tennessee Shad. "No, the highest principle in finance, the real *crême de la crême*, is to make others pay you for what you want them to do."

Stover slowly assimilated this profound truth.

"We'll charge twenty-five cents a week to students and we'll make Beekstein and Gumbo disgorge half a plunk each for letting us listen to them"

"I am ready to be convinced," said Dink, who still doubted.

"I'll show you how it's done," said the Tennessee Shad, who, going to the door, called out: "Oh, you Beekstein!"

"Profound, profound mind," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan. "Doc Macnooder is better on detail, but when it comes to theory the Tennessee Shad is the boy every time!"

"I've another idea," said Stover, "a way to get even with The Roman, too."

"What's that?"

"To signal the gerund and the gerundive."

"Magnificent and most popular!" said the Tennessee Shad. "We'll put that in as a guaranty. Who'll signal?"

"I'll signal," said Stover, claiming the privilege. "It's my right!"

Beekstein, who might be completely described as a pair of black-rimmed spectacles riding an aquiline nose, now shuffled in with his dictionary under his arm, his fingers between the leaves of a Cicero to which he still clung.

"Mr. Hall," said the Tennessee Shad with a flourish, "take any chair in the room."

Beekstein, alarmed by such generosity, sat down like a ramrod and cast a roving, anxious glance under the beds and behind the screen.

"Beekstein," said the Tennessee Shad, to reassure him, "we have just organized the Kennedy Educational Quick Lunch Institute. The purpose is fraternal, patriotic and convivial. It will be most exclusive and very secret." He explained the working scheme and then added anxiously: "Now, Beekstein, you see the position of First Grand Hot Tamale will be the real thing. He will be, so to speak, Valedictorian of the Kennedy and certainly ought to be elected secretary of the house next year. Now, Beekstein, what we got you here for is this: What do you think of Gumbo for the position? Well, what?"

Beekstein, in his agitation, withdrew his finger from the Orations of Cicero.

"What's the matter with me?" he said directly. "Gumbo is only a second-rater."

"He's very strong in mathematics."

"That's the only thing he beats me on!"

"Yes, but, Beekstein, there is another thing—a delicate subject. I don't know just how to approach it. You see, we don't know how you're fixed for the spondulix," said the Tennessee Shad, who knew perfectly well the other's flourishing condition. "You see, this is not only educational, but a very select body, quite a secret society—with a midnight spread now and then. Of course there are dues, you see. It would cost you a half a week."

"Is that all?" said Beekstein, who had never belonged to a secret society in his life. "Here's the first month down. Right here."

"I don't know how far we are committed to Gumbo," said the Tennessee Shad, not disdaining to finger the two-dollar bill. "But I'll do everything I can for you."

Gumbo Binks, being consulted as to the qualifications of Beekstein, fell into the same trap. He was a monosyllabic, oldish little fellow; whose cheeks had fallen down and disturbed the balance of his already bald head. He had but one emotion and one enthusiasm, a professional jealousy of Beekstein, who was several points ahead of him in the race for first honors. Under these conditions the Tennessee Shad proceeded victoriously. Having made sure of each, he next informed them that, owing to a wide divergence of opinion, a choice seemed impossible. Each should have two months' opportunity to lecture before the Quick Lunchers before a vote would be taken.

Under these successful auspices the Institute met enthusiastically the following day, both the lecturers and the lectured ignoring the financial status of the others. It was found on careful compilation that, by close and respectful attention to Professors Beekstein and Gumbo, twenty minutes would suffice for the rendering of the Greek and Latin text; while only ten minutes extra were needed to follow the requirements of mathematics.

The clause in the constitution which pledged defiance to The Roman and guaranteed protection on the gerund and gerundive was exceedingly popular. The signals were agreed upon. Absolute rigidity on Stover's part denounced the gerund, while a slight wriggling of his sensitive ears betrayed the approach of the abhorrent gerundive.

In his resolve to destroy forever the peace of mind of The Roman, Dink sat an extra period under Beekstein, stalking and marking down the lair of these enemies of boykind.

On the following morning The Roman lost no time in calling up P. Lentz, who recited creditably.

"Dear me," said The Roman, quite astonished, "the day of miracles is not over—most astounding! Bring your book to the desk, Lentz—hem! Everything proper! Profuse apologies, Lentz, profuse ones! The suspicion is the compliment. I'm quite upset, quite so. First time such a thing has happened." He hesitated for a moment, debating whether to allow him to retire with the honors, but his curiosity proving strong he said: "And now, Lentz, third line, second word—gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerundive, sir," said P. Lentz promptly, observing Stover's ears in a state of revolution.

"Next line, third word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund, sir."

"Still fortunate! Once more, make your bet, Lentz: red or black?" said The Roman smiling, believing Lentz was risking his fortunes on the alternating system. "Once more. Sixth line, first word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund, sir."

"Is it possible—is it possible?" said The Roman. "Have I lived to see it! Sit down, *Mr.* Lentz, sit down."

He sat silent a moment, his lips twitching, his eyebrows alternately jumping, gazing from the text to P. Lentz and back.

Stover, in the front row, was radiant.

"Gee, that's a stiff one for him to swallow!" he said, chuckling inwardly. "P. Lentz, of all mutts!"

As luck would have it the next boy called up, not being from the Kennedy, flunked and somewhat restored The Roman's equanimity.

"Now he feels better," thought Dink. "But wait till the next jolt!"

"Lazelle," said The Roman.

The Gutter Pup rose, translated fluently and, with his eyes on Dink's admonitory ears, grappled with the gerund and threw the gerundive.

"Mead," said The Roman, now thoroughly alert.

Lovely, with a show of insouciance, bagged three gerunds and one gerundive.

The Roman thought a moment and, carefully selecting the experts, sent Beekstein, Gumbo Binks, the Red Dog and Poler Fox to the blackboards. Having thus removed the bird dogs, The Roman called up Fatty Harris.

Stover, struggling to maintain his seriousness, grudgingly admired the professional manner with which The Roman attacked the mystery, the more so as it showed the wisdom of his own planning; for, had the signals been left with either Beekstein or Gumbo, the plot would have been instantly exposed. As it was, The Roman, to his delighted imagination, at each successful answer seemed to rise under an electric application.

Stover went out radiant, to receive the delighted congratulations of the Institute and the recognition of those who were not in the secret.

"We've got him going," he said, skipping over the campus arm in arm with the Tennessee Shad. "He's nervous as a witch! It's broken him all up. He won't sleep for a week."

"He'll spot it tomorrow," said the Tennessee Shad.

"I'll lay a bet on it."

The next day The Roman, at the beginning of the lesson, ordered all the books to the desk and fruitlessly examined them. Macnooder, as spokesman for the justly indignant class, at once expressed the pain felt at this evidence of suspicion and demanded an explanation. This highly strategic manœuver, which would have tripped up a younger master, received nothing but a grim smile from The Roman, who waved them to their seats and called up P. Lentz.

"Gerund or gerundive?" he began directly, at the same time rising and scanning the front ranks.

"Why, gerund, sir," said P. Lentz instantly.

"What, again?" said The Roman, who then called upon Stover.

Dink arose, watched with some trepidation by the rest; for, being in the front row, he could receive no signal.

"First paragraph, third word, gerund or gerundive, Stover?"

Dink took a long time, shifting a little as though trying to glance from side to side, and finally named haltingly:

"Gerund, sir."

"Next line, first word, gerund or gerundive? Look in front of you, Stover. Look at me."

Dink purposely called it wrong, likewise the next; thereby completing the mystification of The Roman, who now concentrated his attention on Macnooder and the Tennessee Shad, as being next in order of suspicion. The day ended victoriously.

"He won't live out the week," announced Dink. "There are circles under his eyes already."

"Better quit for a day or two," said the Tennessee Shad.

"Never!"

Now the advantage of Dink's method of signaling was in its absolute naturalness. For the growing boy wriggles his ears as a pup tries his teeth or a young goat hardens his horns. Moreover, as Dink held to his plan of judicious flunking, The Roman's suspicions were completely diverted. For three days more the lover of the gerund and the gerundive sought to localize and detect the sources of information without avail.

Finally, on the sixth day, The Roman arrived with a briskness that was at once noted and analyzed. P. Lentz was called and translated.

"We will now take up our daily recreation," said The Roman, in a gentle voice. "It has been a matter of pleasure to me—not unmixed with a little surprise, incredulous surprise—to note the sudden affection of certain members

"A Lemon, Perhaps—But the Point is, Every One Just Had to Know"

of this class for those elusive forms of Latin grammar known as the gerund and the gerundive. I had despaired, in my unbelief I had despaired, of ever satisfactorily impressing their subtle distinctions on certain—shall we say athletic?—imaginations. It seems I was wrong. I had not enough faith. I am sorry. It is evident that this Scylla and Charybdis of prosody has no longer any terrors for you, Lentz. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," said P. Lentz hesitatingly.

"So—so—no terrors? And now, Lentz, take up your book, take it up. Direct your unfailing glance at the first paragraph, page sixty-two. Is it there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pick out the first gerund you see."

P. Lentz, beyond the aid of human help, gazed into the jungle and brought forth a supine.

"Is it possible, Lentz?" said The Roman. "Is it possible? Try once more, but don't guess. Don't guess, Lentz; don't do it."

P. Lentz closed the book and sat down.

"What! A sudden indisposition? Too bad, Lentz, too bad. Now we'll try Lazelle. Lazelle won't fail. Lazelle has not failed for a week."

The Gutter Pup rose in a panic, guessed and fell horribly over an ordinary participle.

"Quite mysterious!" said The Roman, himself once more. "Sudden change of weather. Mead, lend us the assistance of your splendid faculties. What? Unable to rise? Too bad. Dear me—dear me—quite the feeling of home again—quite homelike."

The carnage was terrific, the scythe passed over them with the old-time sweep, laying them low. Once maliciously, when Fatty Harris was on his feet, The Roman asked:

"Top of page, fifth word, gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund," said Harris instantly.

"Ah, pardon ——" said The Roman, bringing into play both eyebrows. "My mistake, Harris, entirely my mistake. Go down to the next paragraph and recognize a gerundive. No? Sit down—gently. Too bad—old methods must make way for new ideas. Too bad. Then you did have one chance in two and now, where in the whole wide world will you find a friend to help you out of your trouble? Class is dismissed."

"I told you you couldn't beat The Roman," said the Tennessee Shad.

"I made him change his system, though," said Dink gloriously, "and he never caught me."

"Well, if you have, how are you going to spot the gerund and the gerundive?"

"I don't need to; I've learned 'em," said Dink, laughing.

XVI

THE Kennedy House Educational Quick Lunch Institute broke up in wrath a week later when an innocent inquiry of Beekstein's for the passwords revealed the direction of the club's finances.

Meanwhile, true to his resolve, Dink, with the assistance of Finnegan and the Tennessee Shad, had started the fad of souvenir toilet sets; which, like all fads, ran its course the faster because of its high qualities of absurdity and uselessness. Dink's intention of recouping himself by selling his own set of seven colors at a big advance was cut short by a spontaneous protest to the Doctor from the house masters, whose artistic souls were stirred to wrath at the hideous invasion. The subject was then so successfully treated from the pulpit, with all the power of sarcasm that it afforded, that the only distinct artistic movement of New Jersey expired in ridicule.

Dink took this check severely to heart and, of course, beheld in this thwarting of his scheme to dispose of the abhorrent set with honor, a fresh demonstration of the implacability of The Roman.

He wandered gloomily from Laloo's and Appleby's to the Jigger Shop, where he confided his desires of revenge on Doc Macnooder to the sympathetic ears of Al.

"Why not get up a contest and offer it as a prize?" said Al.

"Have you seen it?" said Dink, who then did the subject full justice

Al remained very thoughtful for a long while, running back dreamily through the avenues of the past for some stratagem.

"I remember 'way back in the winter of '88," he said at last, "there was a slick coot by the name of Chops Van Dyne who got strapped and hit upon a scheme for decoying the shekels."

"What was that?" said Dink hopefully.

"He got up a guessing contest with a blind prize."

"A what?"

"A blind prize all done up in tissue-paper and ribbons, and no one was to know what was in it until it was won It certainly was amazing the number of suckers that paid a quarter to satisfy their curiosity."

"Well, what was inside?" said Dink, at once quite thrilled.

"There you are!" said Al. "Why, nothing, of course—a lemon, perhaps—but the point is, every one just had to know."

"Not a word!" said Dink triumphantly.

"Mum as the grave," said Al, accepting his handshake.

Dink went romping back like a young spring goat, his busy mind seizing all the ramifications possible from the central theory. He found the Tennessee Shad and communicated the great idea.

"I don't like the guessing part," said the Tennessee Shad

"Study?" Said P. Lentz. "Is That the Best You Can Produce?"

"Nor I. We must get up a contest."

"A championship."

"Something devilishly original."

"Exactly."

"Well, what?"

"We must think."

The day was passed in fruitless searching, but the next morning brought the answer in the following manner: Dink and the Tennessee Shad—as the majority of trained Laurentians—were accustomed to wallow gloriously in bed until the breakfast gong itself. At the first crash they would spring simultaneously forth and race through their dressing for the winning of the stairs. Now this was an art in itself and many records were claimed and disputed.

The Tennessee Shad, like most lazy natures, when aroused was capable of extraordinary bursts of speed and was one of the claimants for the authorized record of twenty-six and a fifth seconds from the bed to the door, established by the famous Hickey Hicks who—as has been related—had departed to organize the industries of his country. As a consequence Stover was invariably still at his collar button when the thin shadow of the Shad glided out the door. But on the present morning, the shoe laces of the Tennessee Shad snapping in his hand, Dink reached the exit a bare yard in advance. Suddenly he stopped, clasped the Tennessee Shad by the middle and flung him toward the ceiling

"I have it," he cried. "We'll organize the dressing championship of the school!"

That very evening a poster was distributed among the houses, thus conceived:

FIRST AMATEUR DRESSING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SCHOOL

Under the management of that well-known Sporting Promoter

MR. DINK STOVER

FOR THE BELT OF THE SCHOOL
and
A SEALED MYSTERIOUS PRIZE

Guaranteed to be Worth Over $3.50

Entrance Fee 25c. Books Close at 6 P. M. Tomorrow
For Conditions and Details Consult
MR. DENNIS DE B. DE B. FINNEGAN, Secretary

While this announcement was running like quicksilver through the school the souvenir toilet set was encased in cotton, packed in the smallest compass, stowed in a wooden box which was then sewed up in gunny sacking. This in turn was wrapped in colored paper, tied with bows of pink ribbon and sealed with blue sealing wax stamped with the crest of the school—*Virtus Semper Viridis*. The whole was placed on a table at the legs of which were grouped stands of flags.

By noon the next day one-half the school had passed around the table, measuring the mysterious package, touching the seals with itching fingers and wanting to know the reasons for such secrecy.

"There are reasons," said Stover, in response to all inquiries. "Unusual, mysterious, excellent reasons. We ask no one to enter. We only guarantee that the prize is worth over three dollars and fifty cents. No one is coaxing you. No one will miss you. The entrance hat is already crowded. We are quite willing it should be closed. We urge nobody!"

Macnooder came among the first, scratching his head and walking around the prize as a fox about a tainted trap. Stover, watching him from the corner of his eye, studiously appeared to discourage him. Macnooder sniffed the air once or twice in an alarmed sort of way, grunted to himself and went off to try to pump Finnegan.

Finally, just before the closing of the entries, he shambled up with evident dissatisfaction.

"Here's my quarter. It's for the championship, though, and not on account of any hocus-pocus in the box," Macnooder said.

"Do I understand?" said Dink instantly, "that if you win you are willing to let the prize go to the second man?"

"What are you making out of this?" said Doc hungrily, disdaining an answer.

The contest, which began the next afternoon with thirty-one entries, owing to certain features unusual to athletic contests, produced such a furor that the limited admissions to the struggle brought soaring prices.

Everything was conducted on lines of exact formality.

Each contestant was required to don upper and lower unmentionables, two socks, two shoes, which were to be completely laced and tied, a dickey—formed by a junction of two cuffs, a collar and one button—one necktie, one pair of trousers and one coat. Each contestant was required satisfactorily to wash and dry both hands and put into his hair a recognizable part.

The contestants were allowed to arrange on the chair their wearing apparel according to their own theories, were permitted to fill the washbasin with water, leaving the comb and towel on either side. In order to prevent the formation of two classes, pajamas were suppressed and each contestant, clothed in a nightshirt, was inducted under the covers and his hair carefully disarranged.

Time was taken from the starting gun to the moment of the arrival of the fully clothed, reasonably washed and apparently brushed candidate at the door. Each time was to be noted and the lowest two scores were to compete in the finals. A time limit of forty-five seconds was imposed, after which the contestant was to be ruled out.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14, 1910

Mark Twain and the Novel

DULL, earnest old Samuel Richardson stumbled upon the literary form with which his name is imperishably connected—the modern novel. Over that literary form numberless thousands have since stumbled and fallen flat. In the hundred and seventy years since Pamela was published no doubt a million novels have been written, and nearly all of them have been failures. Novel-writing looks the easiest of literary feats; but to achieve an enduring novel has been about as rare as to compose a lasting grand opera.

Mark Twain was our most successful and famous literary man. He succeeded just about in proportion as he was not conventionally, or formally, literary at all. By high authority he has been called the greatest American novelist, but his only venture with the novel in its standard, conventional pattern was admittedly among the least successful of his works.

One shudders to think what would have become of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer if their creator had felt bound by current canons of fiction to lug in a "heart interest" and a "happy ending" at the marriage-license clerk's office. When it comes to "heart interest," probably a larger mass of human affections attaches to Mr. Dooley than to any other character in contemporaneous literature.

So great is the novel's vogue that nearly everybody who wants to write imaginative prose at all feels bound to adopt the conventional novel form. But the novel as Thackeray or Balzac or Tolstoy developed it is a huge, complex instrument. In attempting to operate it a great many have failed who would have succeeded admirably if they had stuck to a simple spade or garden rake—in short, if they had used that literary form which was best adapted to convey what they really had to say.

The Spreading Light

"WHAT we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant of as judges," said the Supreme Court of Illinois the other day, in upholding the law which limits factory labor by women to ten hours a day. Because of woman's physical structure and maternal functions, said the court—closely following the argument of the United States Supreme Court in the Oregon case—much social harm may result from her employment, at factory labor, for more than ten hours daily; hence to limit her working hours is a proper exercise of the state's police powers, although it does abridge that freedom to make contracts, on her part and on her employer's part, which the Constitution guarantees.

The constitutional guaranty is the same now that it was in 1895 when the court annulled a law limiting hours of labor for women on the ground that it violated that guaranty.

Within a few years the Federal Supreme Court has overthrown a New York law limiting hours of labor by men in bakeries because it violated the constitutional right of freedom of contract; but it has upheld an Oregon law limiting hours of labor by women, although that law obviously interfered with the same constitutional right in the same way. The court was guided by consideration of the social harm that may result from longer hours for women. We have no doubt that in a few years it will be allowing in the same way for social harm that may result from long hours for men in some employment and sustaining, as constitutional, acts limiting their working day.

It is even possible that such acts will be suffered to take effect without appeal to the courts; that, for example, the Illinois manufacturers who sought to annul this ten-hour law for women will say: "What we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant of as employers."

Perjury and Divorce

IN TWENTY years a million divorces were granted in the United States. From twenty-nine per hundred thousand of population in 1870 the divorce ratio rose to seventy-three in 1900. No doubt it is higher now. At the last complete report there was one divorce to every twelve marriages. No class or section has a monopoly. Indeed, in the robust West the ratio of divorces to population is three times as high as in the effete East.

This is because divorces are more easily obtained there. In the main the laws look with a lenient eye upon the marriage bond. Yet they are by no means lenient enough to meet all the matrimonial exigencies that arise. In a large Western city the following conversation between two gentlemen of the nether world was overheard on the crowded platform of a street car:

First Gent: My wife's got a swell job now.

Second Gent: Wot's she doin'?

First Gent: She's a professional divorce witness.

Occasionally some scandalous instance of perjury in a divorce case is brought to the attention of a grand jury. That a great many other divorces are procured by collusion and perjury is pretty generally suspected. Probably the courts themselves suspect it. But it is a sort of unsavory mess that nobody, apparently, likes to stir up.

There is considerable agitation for more stringent divorce laws. If the laws we have were more stringently upheld one evil of divorce would be much lessened.

Where the Wealth Lay

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Yerkes, of Chicago, sold his street-railroad stock for ten million dollars and his interest in the elevated railroads for five or six millions. He retained some five million dollars of certain street-railroad bonds, and presently undertook a huge transportation enterprise in London, involving investment of a great many million dollars.

These events and circumstances being duly reported in the press, an imaginative public added the dazzling sums together and pictured Mr. Yerkes' strong box as delightfully bursting with solid, enduring wealth. Meanwhile, Mr. Yerkes indulged a graceful fancy by purchasing, from time to time, various patches of canvas and pieces of stone upon which cunning but generally impecunious hands had wrought. These mere diversions of the rich man brought several million dollars at auction—which, it was stated, would enable the estate to pay its debts.

In fine, those dazzling figures which seemed to connote so much solid and enduring wealth were merely ephemeral tracings upon the sands of high finance—hardly more permanent than the newspaper pages upon which they were printed. Counted even in dollars and cents the big item of tangible wealth consisted of objects created and purchased merely for beauty. In this case the sifting process was more rapid than usual. But in a shorter or longer time pretty much all large individual wealth simmers down to the same thing. If its momentary possessor is known at all it will be because he gave dinners to a poet or bought a painter's canvases.

Republican or Democrat?

HAVE you ceased beating your wife? Answer yes or no. Are you a Mohammedan or a Presbyterian? Do you believe in a forty-per-cent tariff or in absolute free trade? And finally, oh, you insurgent, are you at heart a hide-bound Republican or a Democrat?

The last question—essentially as intelligent as the preceding ones—is now thundered from many quarters. "The time has come," says one prominent organ of political thought, "when the insurgents must make up their minds whether they are going to return to allegiance to their own party or go over bodily to the Democrats"—that is, when they must surrender to Uncle Joeism or put on another yoke of equal intellectual and moral servitude which has not even the doubtful merit of familiarity.

One ripe fruit of the notion that a man must be either a Republican or a Democrat appears in the formal and cheerful announcement that Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, is a candidate to succeed Beveridge in the Senate.

Indianians having revolted against Republican boss-rule, Mr. Taggart judges they will now elect a Democratic boss in preference to the man who led the revolt. In short, when the patient gags, make him take the same old dose by changing the label.

But no such doleful time as that mentioned by our contemporary has arrived. We believe, on the contrary, that it steadily recedes farther into the past. The question, Are you a Republican or a Democrat? declines as this other question rises: Do you want men at Washington who represent you?

Imports Under the New Tariff

WHEN the new tariff law was passed we suggested that reduction of the comparatively small duties on hides and shoes promised an ultimate benefit to the consumer, and that this was the only feature of the act that did promise any such benefit to a substantial degree. In the current fiscal year imports have been running much ahead of last year, which fact has been enthusiastically seized upon as proof that lower duties, under the new law, were bringing in foreign goods more freely. For nine months ending April 1 imports were greater than last year by two hundred and thirty-five million dollars. A detailed statement by the Department of Commerce and Labor gives the large items that are comprised in this increase as follows: Hides, thirty-three million dollars; crude rubber, forty millions; raw wool, fourteen millions; diamonds, sixteen millions; art works, sixteen millions.

Crude rubber has long been on the free list. The duty on raw wool was not changed by a penny. Removal of the duty on art works, however desirable and beneficial, scarcely affects the living expenses of the average consumer. As an example of the benefits of the new law there remains, then, simply the item of hides.

The manufacturing and consumptive demand for many materials has been far greater this year than last. That circumstance, and not a reduction of duties, accounts for increased imports.

Why They Mob the Bride

WHAT a distinguished Englishwoman refers to as the American peasantry suffers a peculiar dislocation and maladjustment on Manhattan Island. Elsewhere on the continent, generally speaking, the peasant has a free and unobstructed range. He may know of, or be acquainted with, other peasants who have more money than himself; but practically all the persons and institutions within his visual field are of his own sort. He is never put to a loss by having to deal even remotely with those of a different social order. Hence his traditional sociability and easy directness of manner.

But on Manhattan he—or, to be more strictly accurate, she—constantly hears of strange beings, in close physical proximity, between whom and herself a wide social gulf extends. Considering the long, almost unbroken traditions of American peasantry, the effect of this is about what would be produced by the advent of a menagerie in a community where only domestic animals had ever been seen. When such an opportunity as the Gould-Drexel wedding occurs, natural curiosity combined with the traditional desire to be sociable leads to demonstrations which many critics regard as unseemly.

Probably, however, the enthusiastic mobbing of the bridal party which happens whenever two large fortunes are linked by a Fifth Avenue wedding is only an over-vigorous expression of the American peasant's wish to see, for once in a lifetime, a handful of persons who, the newspapers say, belong to a different social order.

Big Talk, but Small Sewers

THE owner of a substantial business structure in a flourishing city of the Southwest was showing his property to an Eastern visitor. "It's a first-rate building," he said justifiably; "but unfortunately we had to put the basement above ground, because in this part of the city the sewers are only a foot and a half below the surface. We've just succeeded in carrying a bond issue to lower them."

Long before that building was erected the city felt certain that it would grow amazingly. Like all other flourishing Western towns, faith in a large future was the first article in its civic creed. Among such cities more than anywhere else in the world, perhaps, belief in a growth to come is vigorously and incessantly asserted. But pretty generally, when it comes to cashing in on this faith by way of making adequate improvements with a view to the future, the cloth is of another cut. If you say the population is bound to increase twenty per cent in one decade and fifty per cent in two decades, everybody agrees. But if you want to make physical preparations, involving bond issues, for an increase of even five per cent, doubts arise. Though the city constantly anticipates having ten per cent more people, its improvements usually lag about ten per cent behind the number it already has.

By way of contrast, Berlin for some years has been spending money to formulate comprehensive plans for taking care of the population of 1950 at an assumed rate of increase. But Berlin also assumes that money intrusted to the city government will be honestly and economically expended. The comparatively small warrant for such an assumption in this country is a prime cause of the general civic unpreparedness.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

A Philosopher in the Senate

THERE are various Senators of the United States who are human, although about half of the population look on the entire membership of that body as inhuman, and the rest of our folks are prone to consider them inhumed.

Broadly considered, a United States Senatorship is a gentleman's job. Now, hush, you forward child! I shall not tell that story about the magazine editor who said to the friend, "You have no idea how much good material we get every week from authors all over the country," and was asked, "Then why don't you print some of it?" and make an application by inquiring why an occasional gentleman does not snag one of these jobs from time to time. I shall not. Once in a while one does. The point I am veering toward is that when the Senators preen themselves and puff up a bit and pronounce their institution the greatest deliberative body in the world it isn't so much of a joke as it is commonly held to be—that is, the greatest deliberative body in the world isn't a joke, although there are some jokes in it—several, to be exact.

As I was saying: A Senatorship is a gentleman's job. It is high, honorable, hippicanarious and hard to get. And, as a large number of distinguished statesmen will discover this fall or next winter, it is, likewise, hard to hold. Still, most of said statesmen will hold as hard as they can. It was a great oversight on the part of The Fathers that they did not make a Senatorial term about twenty-seven years or such a matter, instead of a beggarly six, and a frightful hardship that they insisted that one-third of the membership of the Upper House should be elected every two years. Not only does that keep the Senate in constant apprehension over the fate of one-third of its members, but it also keeps that said one-third agitated two years before the event and two years semi-agitated before the two years before the event, so that the only period of calm and repose and devotion to the greatest good for the greatest number a Senator reasonably can be said to have is the two years immediately following his election, during which time his self-elation and self-conceit cause him to forget the struggle for reëlection that must inevitably ensue at the end of six years.

Notwithstanding these and various other drawbacks, the Senate is populated with Senators who desire to remain inside their togas, and the population is populated with statesmen who desire to toga themselves. There never is any difficulty in finding candidates for a Senatorship. There isn't a member of the House, for example, who is not perfectly sure he would be a better Senator than any dodo now enjoying that exaltation, especially the particular dodos from that member's state. Likewise, each state is speckled with persons who would consent to take a place in the Senate, consent willingly, it may be said, if they could only discover some way to induce a sufficient number of people to ask them.

The Causes of Senatorial Optimism

BUT, to resume the thread of my argument, it is rare indeed when a Senator seeps into that august body and brings with him a sense of perspective, and rarer still when a Senator remains in that august body for a time and retains that sense of perspective, even if he had it on his person on the occasion of his original entrance. There are times when a Senator, retiring through no fault of his own, but owing to more votes having been secured by the other fellow, sums up the philosophy of it as he walks out an ex; but most Senators feel two things: The first is that they are most admirably qualified for the place, and the second is that the place is most admirably qualified for them.

And, as I said before, various members of that body are human. Therefore, times come into the lives of all of them, after the work and the worry and the stingy results that come from gigantic efforts, when they take themselves aside, light a cigar, stare into the fire and ask themselves the question: "What does it all amount to?" Of course, the obvious and honest answer, as the general scheme of things is laid, is that it amounts to exactly nothing at all; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when the tried and harassed and worried public man asks himself that question the answer, no matter how pessimistic it may be at the moment, always changes to optimism after a sleep, or some small success, or a pat on the back, or a mint julep, or a sense of duty that must be performed. Being human, Senators sometimes get the blues.

Hence, when a Senator, big, powerful, popular, talented, and reasonably sure of reëlection, looks the situation calmly in the face, not when oppressed by the blues, but because he brought a sense of perspective with him and retained it, and decides he will quit the game, it seems extraordinary, and it is. That is the case with Frank Putnam Flint, of California. He has been in the Senate for most of one term. He has decided he will not try for a reëlection, and the reason he gives is that it is not worth while. His state is a thousand miles long; he would be obliged to contest for the nomination in primaries in every county. It would cost a lot of money and would take a lot of time. He hasn't the money nor the time.

He Prefers to be an Independent Citizen

Really, Flint is about the only philosopher in the Senate. His argument is that he has tried out being a Senator, has worked as hard and as intelligently as he can at the job, and that he is not justified in devoting any more time to it, inasmuch as he has a family to provide for, and he is conscious that if he served another term he would have the habit and would be unfitted to be anything else but a Senator—a sad, sad fate. Moreover, if he isn't a Senator he can live in his own home, see his own friends, do his own work in his own way without the annoyances of public life. He prefers to be an independent citizen.

This determination of Flint's is not due to any sense of failure or of incapacity. In the five years and more he has been in the Senate he has grown to be a powerful member of that body. He is a strong man, a lawyer of great ability, a cool, resourceful, keen legislator and a worker. Before another term ended Flint would be one of the leaders of the Senate. Indeed, although this is but his first term, he is consulted by the leaders of the Senate more than any new man, and his judgment deferred to. Flint isn't under any delusions as to what he might do if he remained in the Senate. There never was a man worth a hoot who did not fully realize his own possibilities. Still, putting all that in the balance, he has decided that life holds more for him down there in Los Angeles, where he can sit under his own pepper trees with his own friends, work in his own city, and be happier himself and make his family happier.

You will find a great many people in Washington, and, likely as not, in California, who think Flint is foolish. The fact is that the glamour of office-holding never does get out of the eyes of many people who have held office or aspired to it, and that includes about all of us. And there are many of our citizens who hand out that venerable line of conversation about duty to one's country and the public. Now I take it that a man isn't required to sacrifice himself or his family beyond a certain point, provided that man has the clearness of vision to perceive that it is a sacrifice and not a sacrament. Flint has given six years of his time to serving the people of his state and the country at large. If he gave six years more he would then be in the position of having to try to give all the time he had, for he would be out of touch with things back home except in his purely official relations. Having a greater desire to be enrolled on the tax rolls in Los Angeles as the owner of some property that may accrue to his future comfort than to be enrolled on the scroll of fame as a statesman, he has chosen the opportune time to quit. Thereby, as I have in my humble way endeavored to show, he has proven himself to have a clear, not to say pellucid, understanding of just what fame as a statesman is worth

Washington and the Senate will be sorry to see Flint go, for he is a big, virile, handsome, companionable, upstanding man, a real human being without any frills or affectations, but modest, fair-spoken and extremely able.

APPENDIX

Of course, if Flint changes his mind between now and primary time and decides he will take another hack at it for another six years, thereby putting a disastrous dent in the philosophy I have so painstakingly spread on this page, it is distinctly to be understood that this piece shall be considered as expunged from the minutes, except so far as it relates to Flint's ability and pulchritude.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Something Happened

A TRAIN on one of the transcontinental lines that runs through Kansas City and is usually late was reported on time a few days ago.

The young man who writes the particulars concerning the trains at that station put down his statistics about this train: "Number 616—from the West—on time."

Then he wrote underneath: "Cause unknown."

The Latin of It

THE alumni of Williams College who live in Chicago had a banquet a time ago. President Garfield presided, and among the speakers were Wilbur D. Nesbit, the poet and humorist, and Dean George E. Vincent, of the University of Chicago. Nesbit had been introduced by the toastmaster as being an Indiana man. He corrected that statement by saying he was born in Xenia, Ohio, and afterward moved to Indiana. Dean Vincent followed Nesbit. The Dean spoke in Latin in the beginning, saluting the president of the college, the toastmaster and the guests. Then he turned to Nesbit and said

"Et poeta, in Xenia nascitur, in Indiana fit."

The Reasoning of Rastus

REPRESENTATIVE LONGWORTH, of Ohio, tells of a negro who brought his three sons to town on election day in a border town in Ohio.

"Hello, Rastus," said a man who knew the negro, "what are you doing here?"

"I'a jist projeckin' 'roun' to see how's 'lection."

In the afternoon the same man met Rastus again. "Have you voted, Rastus?" he asked.

"Yassir, I'a voted, an' my boys, they's voted."

"How did you vote?"

"Well, boss, it was diayer way. I meets a Republican on th' street an' he gibs me 'leven dollars to vote his ticket. An' I meets a Democrat an' he gibs me seven dollars to vote his ticket. So I voted for th' Democrat."

"But the Republican gave you the most money."

"Yassir, dat's jist th' p'int. I voted for them Democrats because they was least corrupt."

The Vincentive

THERE was a young man in one of the classes of Dean Vincent, of the Chicago University, who was remarkably proficient in his studies. He was a wonder.

"What incentive have you for being so perfect in your studies?" asked an amazed fellow-student.

"It isn't an incentive," he replied. "It's a Vincentive."

The Hall of Fame

¶ All his followers call John J. Fitzgerald, mayor of Boston, Johnnie Fitz.

¶ Francis E. Leupp, who writes books about the Indians, used to run a newspaper in Syracuse, New York.

¶ Holman Day, the author, takes his vacations by riding with his seafaring friends on the big coastwise ships.

¶ The late Thomas F. Walsh, of Washington, owned probably the only solid gold dinner set in this country, and all the gold in it came out of his own mines.

¶ E. P. Ricker, the Poland Springs man who is opposed to the return of Senator Hale, of Maine, to the Senate, grows more whiskers to the square inch than any other man in the state. It was done by intensive farming.

NATURE certainly knows how to put up a delicious "spring tonic."

She doesn't put it in ugly-looking bottles either; but in a shape so inviting that your mouth fairly waters for it. And nature's tonics often do you more good than medicine too.

Look at the luscious big red-ripe tomatoes that we use in making

Campbell's Tomato Soup

There's a good instance.

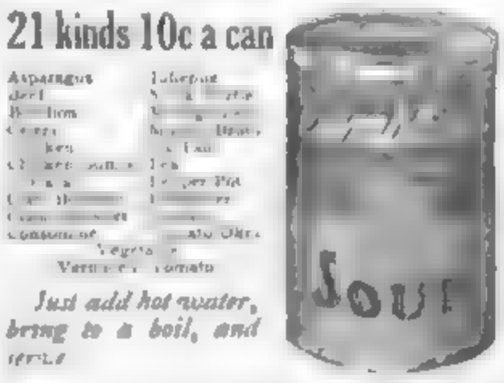
Every physician knows that such tomatoes are full of elements which promote digestion and purify and enrich the blood. These tomatoes grow on our own farms near our factory. We put up the clear meaty part of the fruit pure and fresh—the day it is picked. And we add the nourishing properties of other high-grade ingredients selected and blended with the utmost care and skill.

You can hardly find a food in which natural tonic and aperient properties are combined so perfectly with easily-digested nourishment.

Surely there never was a prescription more agreeable to "take." And just at this season is a good time to get the full benefit of its exceptional qualities.

Every Campbell's Soup *must* be satisfactory, or the grocer refunds the price. Why not phone a trial order to your grocer right now?

21 kinds 10c a can



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve

Look for the red-and-white label

The housewife's handy companion—Campbell's Menu Book. Free on request.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Oh! Tommy Toot,
before you shoot,
Here's something better
that will suit.

The Senator's Secretary

IT IS entirely beyond the pale of human capability to imagine the learned and venerable Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the other Justices of the court, sitting on the bench on that Monday morning when it was announced the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases would be reargued and thinking or saying: "Stung!" And yet it is highly probable that the legal equivalent for that bit of vernacular was in the mind of each one of those dignified interpreters of the Constitution

One of the exciting occupations of a large proportion of those who are concerned in finding out what is going on in Washington is guessing at Supreme Court decisions before they are delivered. Likewise, it is sometimes exciting to guess what they are after they have been delivered; but that is beside the mark. These guessers, or seekers, so far as Supreme Court decisions are concerned, may be divided, broadly, into three classes: the lawyers and clients immediately concerned, including, of course, in many instances, the lawyers of the Government; the reporters and correspondents, and the representatives of the big business interests that may be affected, one way or the other, by the decisions.

It is usual for men concerned to use such scraps of information as may be obtained, and utilize inference, knowledge of procedure, knowledge of precedent and construction in framing guesses. There have been some very fair results from this practice, and some very lamentable ones. The fact is, of course, that any pre-knowledge of a decision of the Supreme Court must be vested, largely, in inference and deduction, for the Justices jealously guard their opinions and decisions. There have been times when in some way exact information was obtained concerning a momentous decision, but those are very rare.

Of late years, since the big corporation cases have been before the court, the most ardent seekers for information have been men who wanted to utilize the information for Wall Street purposes. Their interest has been entirely speculative, for not one in ten of them has had any connection with the corporation under fire, except as a buyer or seller of its stocks. Naturally, decisions in cases of such tremendous importance as the Standard Oil case and the Tobacco Trust case will have an effect on the market, and there was a great struggle to see if an inkling of the mind of the court could not be obtained.

Supreme Court Prophets

Decisions are handed down on Monday, usually. There are certain men in Washington who have been covering the Supreme Court for years. They have accurate knowledge of the cases and the points in argument and, in one instance at least, a man keeps card indexes of every case, with the points at issue and the history of the case, and when one of the Justices begins to read his opinion this correspondent can tell almost instantly, after the first few paragraphs, what that decision will be, and can flash the news over the wires. Others who have no interest in the workings of the court, so far as publicity is concerned, follow the cases closely for their own benefit, and have an equally accurate knowledge of what is coming after hearing a little of the decision. Recently a man who is very familiar with the court heard the first few paragraphs of the Consolidated Gas decision, hurried out to a telephone and sold the stock before the general import of the decision had been grasped by those others present who were watching for it. The stock went down seventeen or twenty points because of the decision, and he made a lot of money because he was familiar enough with the court to know what was coming after the decision was begun.

However, this sort of thing is after the event. The real nerve-racking times are before the event of the decision, when the decision is impending. The most recent and interesting happening was in relation to the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. Great governmental business, political and legislative results pend on those decisions. Interest was intense, not only in Washington, but in the financial centers. It so happened, after the cases had been argued and had been considered for a time, that Mr. Justice Brewer died suddenly. Mr. Justice Brewer had been on the bench during the arguments in these cases. His death and the continued illness of Mr. Justice Moody reduced the court to a sitting membership of seven.

There was much speculation after the death of Mr. Justice Brewer as to whether the cases had been far enough advanced in consideration to permit the court to go ahead without reargument. It was held that, in cases of this kind, it was the custom of the court to decide by at least five to four, nine being the full bench, and it was pointed out that, in the opinion of the experts and after the death of Mr. Justice Brewer, it might be that the court would divide four to three. It was not expected that the court would make so important a decision with that division, although it might if it deemed that course wise.

Finally, after all the gatherers of information had been at it for several weeks trying to get some hint of what was happening in the conference rooms of the Justices, the story got about that the court had decided to sustain the Government's contention in both the Standard Oil and the Tobacco cases by five to two, and that the decision might be expected within two weeks. This guess was made by several men who are high in the service of the Government and leaders in Congress.

When the Decision Was Read

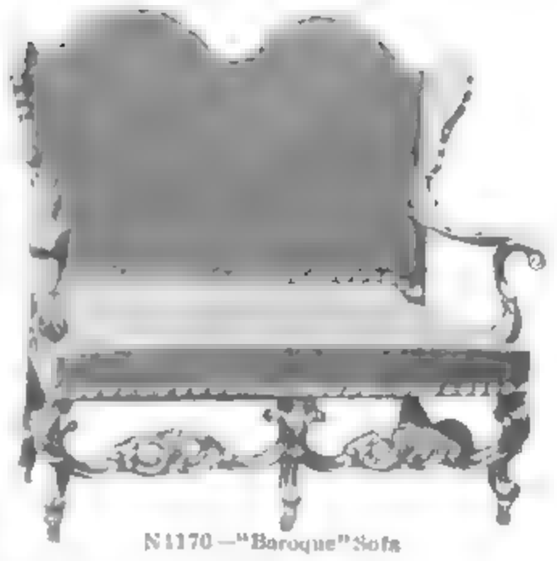
There is reason to suppose that the Department of Justice held this view. At any rate the word got around, backed by much eminent authority, that the decision would probably be five to two, favoring the Government's contention, but that decrees would be issued pointing out how business could be continued, within the law, by these great organizations.

There was a good deal of confirmatory evidence. It had been passed around in the exclusive circles that word had come out from the Supreme Court asking that plans for reorganization might be suggested in an entirely tentative way. It was noted, on the Saturday before the reargument order was made, that the court remained in conference from half after ten in the morning until half after four in the afternoon, an unusually long time, and this was held to mean that the decisions were imminent.

On the Sunday before the reargument was directed, that day being Monday, men who are very high in the Government were confident, absolutely, that the decision would be five to two in favor of the Government. The decision was not expected before the following Monday, but on that Monday, on the chance that it might come down, the courtroom was crowded with lawyers and others interested. Attorney-General Wickersham, who, in his speech in Chicago on the Saturday night previous, had intimated that he expected favorable decisions—that is, decisions for the Government in these cases—was there, as was Solicitor-General Bowers and many others.

The court filed in. The crier pronounced the old formula. Then Chief Justice Fuller made his announcement. The cases would be reargued, but no date for reargument was set. Every wise person in Washington was astounded. It had seemed so sure that the decision would be five to two and that it would come down soon. Lawyers and others who had this airtight information looked sheepishly at one another. The Justices of the Supreme Court preserved their serene and dignified composure, but it is likely every one of them was laughing, inwardly, at the consternated crowd who had the inside tip. As soon as the news got out stocks went up three or four points and confidence in tips as to what the court would do, confidence in inside information, went away below par.

The truth of it is that the Supreme Court of the United States, a coördinate branch of the Government with the Congress and the Executive, in addition to being the most powerful and dignified of courts is also the most self-contained. The Justices deliberate on cases and talk among themselves about them, but they do not talk outside nor do they give out any information. Most information about what they are doing is bogus. All information is based on guesses. Sometimes the guesses are good. Mostly, the guesses are bad.



No. 1170—"Baroque" Sofa

Years of Service in Every Piece

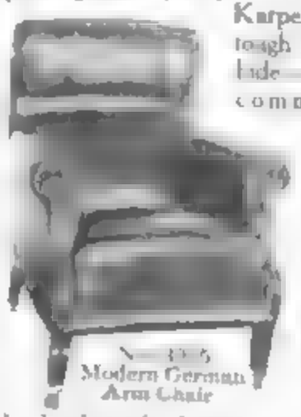
Every buyer of Karpen Upholstered Furniture may be sure that he is getting the best that money can buy. The house of Karpen has for years fixed the standard of furniture value—the name is the sign of quality.

Karpen prices are no higher than those of unknown makes, and every piece is protected by our trade-mark backed by our binding guaranty.

No. 3137
English Style Rocker

What the Karpen Guaranty Means to You

The name of Karpen on a piece of upholstered furniture is your assurance of the best materials, put together by expert cabinet makers. It means Karpen Genuine Leather, the tough natural grain outside the hide—not the split leather commonly used—oil-tempered springs, genuine hair filled cushions—not excelsior. It stands for furniture that you will always be proud to own, that will hold the place of honor through a lifetime of use. Look for our trade-mark and insist on having it on the furniture you buy.

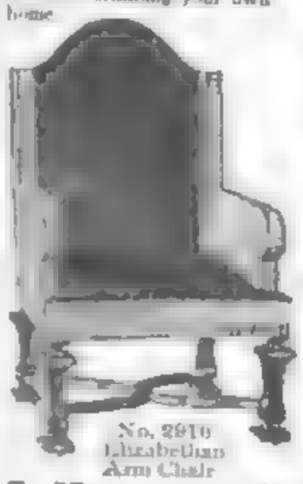


No. [illegible]
Modern German
Arm Chair

Karpen Free Style Book H

Over 500 photographs are reproduced in this book showing suites and separate pieces in all the true styles of past and present. The price is printed on or each article. The book contains designs for interiors drawn by leading decorators—valuable suggestions for furnishing your own home.

No. 4903
Colonial Chair



No. 2910
Elizabethan
Arm Chair

Several pages are beautifully illustrated in natural colors of the woods, leathers, etc. With the book we will send you the name of a dealer whom we will authorize to quote you special discounts. Send for the free book today!

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Building, CHICAGO
Karpen Building, NEW YORK

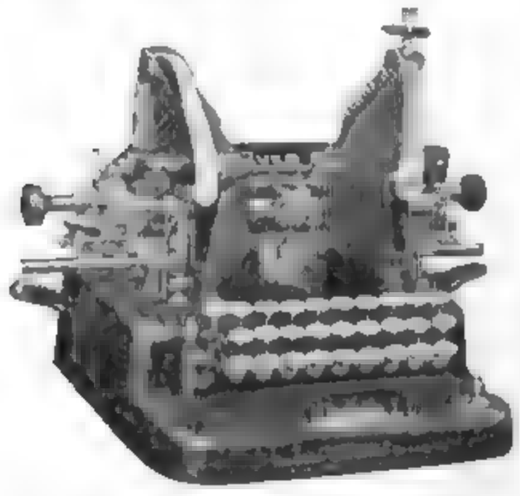
1,800 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the U. S. Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture
TRADE-MARK

No. 1279 Mission Karpen Bed

Join the National Association of Penny-Savers

Thousands Securing Oliver Typewriters Without Effort



You are hereby invited to join the National Association of Penny-Savers.

This unique organization sprang into existence *spontaneously* under the stimulus of our great "Seventeen Cents a Day" plan of selling Oliver Typewriters.

Thousands have purchased Oliver Typewriters by becoming *Penny-Savers.*

The success of the plan is *Phenomenal.*

It has *rained* pennies, *hailed* pennies—bushels and *barrels* of them.

They are hard to *count*, but *easy to save—and they do the work of DOLLARS!*

Each member is a Committee of One, whose duty is to *remember* to save "Seventeen Cents a Day."

Each Penny-Saver gets a brand new Oliver Typewriter—the regular $100 machine—for a small first payment.

The balance is forwarded monthly at the rate of seventeen cents a day.

The Penny-Savers not only secure the world's best typewriter without ever missing the money,

—They *get the habit* of saving, and *saving* becomes a *delight.*

—They *re-discover* the vital fact that *100 cents* make a *dollar.*

—They learn that pennies are *copper keys* that unlock the Doors of Opportunity.

Don't wait until you have $100 in cash before realizing your ambition to own the Oliver Typewriter. *Use the copper keys!* Join the National Association of Penny-Savers at once.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The initiation fee is *one cent*, which you are to invest in a *postal card.* Your request on the postal will bring full details of the "Seventeen Cents a Day" plan. Anybody who wants to own the best typewriter in existence is eligible to membership. Send that penny postal card today.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
43 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Still, the interesting part of this situation is that the possibilities are that the Supreme Court had tentatively decided to sustain the Government five to two. I do not mean by this that a vote had been taken or a decision reached, but that this was the way the remaining members of the court lined up on the two propositions.

There are some well-informed persons in Washington who say, with the utmost positiveness, that such was the case. Not believing in this sort of positive information about the court, in most instances, I am of the opinion that this is a good guess. Hence, every person interested has formed his own conjectures as to what happened between the time when the court apparently was five to two in favor of the Government, a basis on which a decision might be made, and the time when it was announced the court would require a reargument.

Some of these conjectures are most interesting. Aside from the exalted position of the Justices, their tremendous dignity and their illimitable power, they are pretty human. They are most companionable, most agreeable, most considerate men, but they resent to the utmost any imputation of the dignity or power of their court or any indication that it is not one of the three coördinate branches of the Government and, as such, equally important and powerful as the other two. They are jealous of their power and prerogatives.

Thus, it may be possible—mind, I do not say it did happen—but it may be possible that when Mr. Attorney-General Wickersham made his inference in his speech in Chicago, which has been described as the expression of a hope, but went beyond that to some extent, as interpreted in various quarters, the Justices did not like it and decided to have a reargument of the cases, inasmuch as they had a perfectly valid reason in the death of Mr. Justice Brewer and the depletion of the bench and the importance of the cases. I do not mean to say that the Justices, in this conjecture, meant in any way to discipline Attorney-General Wickersham, but that it is barely possible they decided to do this because they wanted to and could, and desired certain persons to take notice.

Reliable Evidence

A HOUSEWIFE, living in a suburb, undertook some years ago to keep books on all the family's outgoes, but in such a way that her husband's liberty in personal expenditure should not be invaded. The latter had been handing most of his salary to her, keeping out five or ten dollars weekly for his own uses. She paid rent, table expenses, bought her own and the children's clothes, and put the surplus in a savings-bank.

When the new plan was proposed she opened a checking account at the local bank, and had him make over his salary check to her order each week, depositing the whole income, and handing him whatever cash he asked for as pocket money. Then, with a small sum in cash for herself, she had no loose currency to watch, as all other outgoes were paid by check, and her check-stubs made a complete record. Each week when her husband handed her his check he gave an accounting of pocket money.

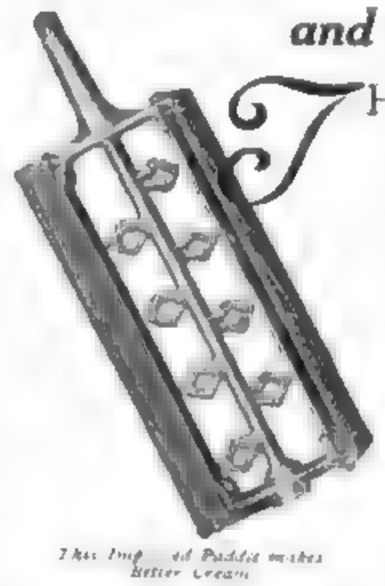
This is a complete family cost system along modern lines. It shows what goes out week by week, and will yield masses of figures on any item for a month or year, and permit one year to be compared with another. The whole value of a cost system is in comparison, revealing margins of waste, and showing up items that can be cut down. It has resulted in marked economies. They have quit paying rent and are buying a home. Table expenses have been cut, as also useless luxuries that did not seem important when only a few cents daily were spent upon them, but which were well worth cutting out when they learned what they cost in a year.

An excellent point in her scheme is that regular family expenses are kept in one account, and both husband and wife study them to find ways of economizing, while the husband's personal spending as well as the wife's are always kept in two other accounts.

Once every two or three months she makes up totals. If cigar or candy money runs to unusual figures one never charges the other with extravagance or says anything about it—the person responsible is left to cut it down.

THE FREEZER TO BUY-

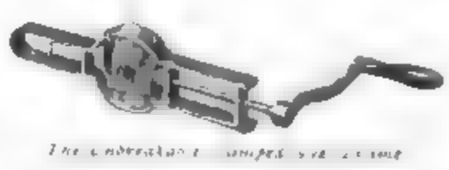
If you want Real Improvements and Real Advantages



THOUSANDS of homes possess prematurely broken down ice cream freezers—here, a cracked frame; there, a broken lock or missing hoop—all because the old style freezer is a mechanical failure.

And the very points which make it a failure are brought to perfection in the new and modern Snow Ball Steel Frame Freezer.

This freezer has a frame of stamped steel, designed like a bridge—self-bracing, inflexible—and absolutely unbreakable. The old-fashioned frame is of cast iron—brittle, unreliable.



The locks, catches and all parts that encounter strain are of this accident-proof stamped steel. The pail of the

Snow Ball Steel Frame Freezer

is made exclusively of the best Virginia White Cedar; no other wood withstands so well the ravages of salt and water. Pine (ordinarily used) has to be chemically treated to prevent decay. This soon wears off and the pail rots.

The hoops of the Snow Ball are on to stay; they will not rust. By a patented process they are electrically welded and sunk in grooves in the staves. No other freezer has this valuable feature.

One sunken-hoop white cedar pail will outlast three flat-hoop or stapled-hoop pine pails.

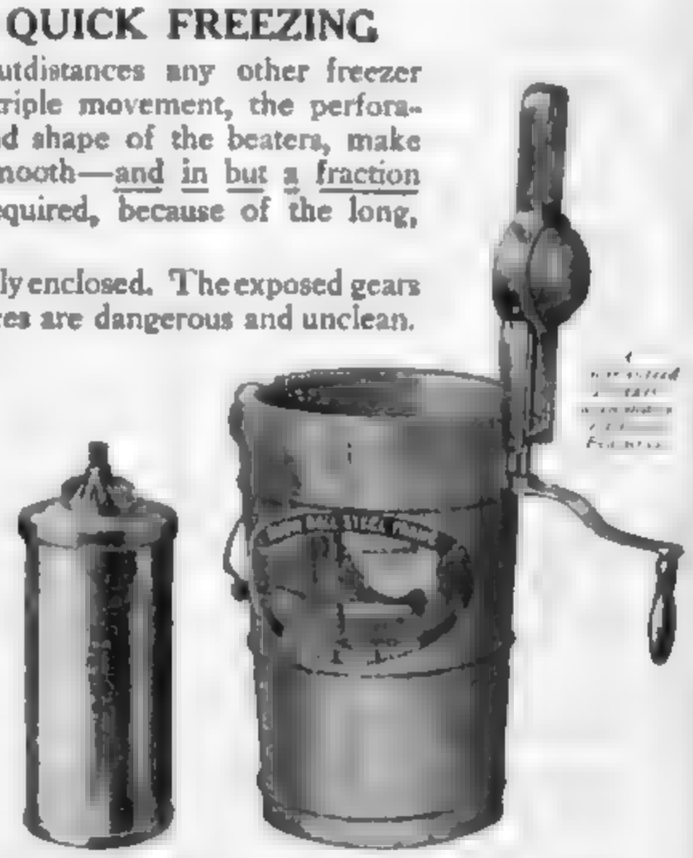
FOR QUICK FREEZING

the Snow Ball easily outdistances any other freezer made. The improved triple movement, the perforation and peculiar diamond shape of the beaters, make the cream velvety and smooth—and in but a fraction of the time ordinarily required, because of the long, narrow can.

All gears are completely enclosed. The exposed gears in the old-style contrivances are dangerous and unclean.

The Snow Ball is the most sanitary of freezers because of its plain, simple construction, with no crack or crevice to permit lodgment of sour cream.

Cleansed easily, quickly and thoroughly. All metal parts are coated with an extra heavy plating of pure block tin. Can't rust; can't corrode; nothing to contaminate the contents.



Your dealer should be able to show you the Snow Ball—and you will not accept anything else if you want a freezer of *real improvements.* Write us, if you have difficulty.

Valuable Recipe Book Free on Request.

RICHMOND CEDAR WORKS, 299 Orleans Street, Richmond, Va.

Makers of the Majestic Washing Machine.

The Mirror of the World's Style

IT IS true Stein-Bloch Clothes are tailored in Rochester—in the most highly developed tailor shops in America.

But Stein-Bloch Style is not made in Rochester. It is not copied from lithographed charts that come from some so-called "fashion authority."

Stein-Bloch Style is a composite reflection of what the most fashionably dressed men of Europe and America wear and approve

These details are sketched or noted in the fashionable clubs of London or Paris—or on the promenades of the Riviera, Palm Beach or Fifth Avenue

They are carefully adapted, then tailored into Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes by the most skilled, most finished tailors money can hire.

Thus does the suit or overcoat bearing the Stein-Bloch label become, in very truth, the *Mirror of the World's Style*

At your Stein-Bloch clothier's you can see them—and try them on. Go there—and insist on seeing this label.

This Label means 25 years of knowing how

The Stein-Bloch Co. Rochester Tailors

Drop a postal and receive "Smartness," an authoritative presentation of Style photographs for Spring and Summer.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailors for Men
OFFICES AND SHOPS:
Rochester N Y
NEW YORK 5th Avenue Bldg. CHICAGO 1413 Republic Bldg.

YOUR SAVINGS

Legal Pitfalls in Bond Issues

NOT long ago a small town up in New York State wanted to build some streets and sewers and decided to issue fifty thousand dollars in bonds. A special election was held to authorize the issue; the bonds were then advertised for sale and a large New York City house underwrote them. The bankers had begun to sell the bonds among their customers when their attorneys suddenly discovered a flaw in the title to the bonds. According to the provisions of the law the special election had to be advertised for thirty days. It developed that only twenty-nine days had been employed in this publicity. Hence the strict letter of the statute had not been followed. Though under all ordinary circumstances this omission might pass unnoticed, there was the very remote possibility that an energetic and inquiring taxpayer might, at some time during the life of those bonds, discover the flaw and get out an injunction restraining the town from paying the interest and principal. This would be within his rights as a citizen As a result, the bond house withdrew from the transaction and a new election had to be held.

This seems a very trivial cause for the invalidation of a whole bond issue, but as you go into the complicated subject you find that slight slips cause big losses. Therefore, it is important for the average investor to know something about the legality of the bonds he buys. The security might be ample in every way, but the slightest disregard of the law in the making of the bond would offset it. Scores of bond issues have been found to be illegal long after they had passed into the hands of investors, who in many instances lost all they had invested. Some idea of the extent of illegality in bond issues may be gained from the remark made recently by one of the best-known Wall Street specialists in municipal bonds, who said that one out of every five issues of this type of bond that came to him was, to use his words, "incurably illegal."

There is more likelihood of illegality in issues of municipal bonds than in any other kind, for the reason that every step leading up to their appearance is carefully prescribed by law. Any deviation from this straight legal path will impair the whole proceeding. Yet, when properly safeguarded, the municipal bond of the highest type is about as safe an investment as any one can have. This is due to the fact that the security behind it is taxes, and, according to an old belief, "the only sure things in the world are death and taxes."

Misplaced Confidence

Let us now see just how municipal bonds may be illegal. In the first place, there must be some specific provocation for the bonds. It may be for money to be used to build streets, sewers, water-works or schoolhouses. A community cannot borrow money like an individual. The individual can go ahead on his own hook and get all the money that the banks will lend him. But a town must have official authorization. Sometimes this authorization is in an ordinance passed by the city fathers—the aldermen—or whoever the local governing body may be. Very often a special election is necessary, and it is in connection with this formality that many slips in the law occur.

Here is a concrete incident that shows how it works out: A certain Pennsylvania town wanted to issue some bonds for sewer construction and they were authorized by a popular vote. The same proposition had been voted on a year previous but turned down. When the banking house which underwrote the bonds made its investigation of the legal approach to the issue they found that it was invalid, because the law required that the town could not vote on the same bond proposal twice in the same year and the second election was just one day shy of being the full legal year. The house might have fought the matter out in the courts but decided to withdraw, having spent about eight thousand dollars in advertising and investigation.

The significant fact for the investor in this incident is that ninety-nine out of a hundred lawyers might have passed over this trivial omission; the bonds might have gone into the hands of many investors and some day the question might have been raised and the issue declared illegal. Hence the importance of knowing that the most expert opinion available is behind the bond he buys.

The illegalities that invalidate bond issues are so trivial as to be almost ludicrous. Unfortunately, the law has no sense of humor and the omission even of a word in an ordinance is sufficient to throw out an issue of bonds. One issue was declared void because the notices announcing the special election had not been posted in sufficiently public places.

In another case the law prescribed a special election to authorize bonds and a local attorney was instructed to prepare the ballot. On the document was printed the proposition to be voted on and under it two places were arranged for the voter to record his vote. Alongside the words "In favor" was the word "Yes," and on the next line, opposite the word "Against," was the word "No." Although a majority of voters voted "Yes," the issue was declared illegal because it was claimed that the use of two negatives, "Against," and "No," was misleading and confused the voters. A new election was held and a ballot used that stated the case better.

Consulting the Bond Specialist

There is a big difference between bringing bonds into the world and taking care of the financial obligations that such steps incur. Even if the taxes were adequate to meet fixed charges on the bonded debt they are subject to a prior claim in the shape of the cost of conducting the machinery of city government. Take a concrete case: A town has an assessed valuation of five million dollars. A two-per-cent tax levy would realize one hundred thousand dollars in taxes a year. If the cost of conducting the city government was sixty thousand dollars a year, this would leave forty thousand dollars for interest on bonds or for sinking fund and redemption. If the town had many industrial plants and hard times should come the assessed valuation would shrink. It might go down to two million dollars. This would only realize —at two per cent—forty thousand dollars in taxes. Even assuming that the cost of running the city had been decreased, it would leave very little money for the bonded obligations. The inevitable result would be defaulted bonds. Thus it is a very wise precaution for the investor to know something of the tax laws of the city or state whose bonds he buys. The more taxes a community collects the more money it has to discharge its bonded debts. In New York State the taxes may be levied up to the full valuation of the property.

In some cases of illegal bonds the chickens do not come home to roost for a long time. Many years ago a western town brought out some bonds. The interest was paid regularly. When maturity came the city attorney declared that the bonds were illegal because the city had received no benefit from the proceeds. It was alleged that the money had all gone to a railroad. The holders of the bonds lost the entire principal.

Since such very simple defects can play havoc with bond issues and thus jeopard the savings employed, how is the average investor to know about them? He cannot engage a lawyer himself to make an investigation. The course for him to pursue is to buy his bonds only through a house of the highest integrity, one that has the facilities to make exhaustive legal examinations. Herein lies the investors' safeguard. It is impossible today for any community, especially a small one, to sell its bonds to any one of the great bond and investment houses without the opinion of a reliable specialist attesting to the legality of the issue. There are many great lawyers in New York who do nothing but this kind of work. Their indorsement of an issue is a guaranty that every legal requirement has been met. Insist upon this kind of opinion before you invest your money, especially in a municipal bond.

When a house of the best type underwrites an issue of municipal bonds it

Fills Right-Writes Right

Filled instantly by dipping pen in ink and pressing Crescent-Filler. *Writes* the instant pen touches paper—smoothly and evenly, without a blot, skip or scratch.

CONKLIN'S
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

alone has the Crescent-Filler. Eleven years of constant satisfaction-giving proves its practicability and superiority.

Ink reservoir guaranteed for five years.

Finest 14-K gold pens in all points and for all special uses—manifolding, bookkeepers, stenographers, etc. At dealers everywhere—$3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00. Interesting literature on request.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.,
218 Manhattan Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS MAGAZINE FREE?

Here, Investors, is a magazine you have long been looking for—a magazine of real investment information—the kind that's worth dollars to you—the kind that's of real help to you. Will you accept this magazine free for three whole months?

The Investor's Magazine

is issued every two weeks—each number is brimful of timely investment pointers and suggestions—tells you all about investments—how to judge an investment intelligently—how to pick the good from the bad—tells how and where to invest your money so that it will earn the highest interest—gives you facts you must know to intelligently invest.

Will you accept this timely investment magazine three months absolutely free? Then today on a postal say "Send me for three months free, The Investor's Magazine." Be sure to be sure you write today, for this liberal offer is very limited.

S.W. Straus & Co., (Inc.,) Dept. H, Chicago, Ill.
Investment Brokers.

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Municipal Bonds rank next to Government Bonds

Most Government Bonds pay less than 2%. Municipal Bonds pay 4½ to 6%. We will send you free our "Safe Investment" book—a valuable guide to wise investment

SPITZER & COMPANY,
Oldest Municipal Bond House west of N. Y.
1 Commercial Nat'l B'k Bldg., Chicago
1 Spitzer Bldg. Toledo Ohio
1 Hanover Bank Bldg., New York City

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

SAFE FARM MORTGAGES

The 6% rate of interest is not the dominant feature of my North Dakota Farm Mortgages—It's their safety. For 28 years I have handled farm mortgages without a single default. Banks loan 60% on their face value. This shows how they are regarded by the leading financial men—Compare my farm mortgages with other forms of investments by getting my new book "Investment Facts." It will throw new light on the investment question. It's free. Write for it today

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON Box 341 Lisbon, N. D.

6% NET

For 15 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $500 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 745.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery
"Look for the Watermark"

THE man at a distance seldom or never sees your face, or your office, but he sees your stationery frequently, and judges your house by its character.

If your letterheads bear the stamp,

Old Hampshire Bond

they will be above criticism.

It is a paper of distinction and conveys an impression of good taste, solidity and strength.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed, and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Address

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.

Say it "A Little Better than Seems Necessary"
"Look for the Watermark"

HAVE YOUR HOME ARTISTIC

HYGIENIC KALSOMINE
Adams & Elting Co.

"HOME DECORATOR" FREE

This book will be a great help whenever thinking of decorating. Gives many artistic schemes in *colors* for every room.

Hygienic Kalsomine goes furthest, looks best and lasts longest. *Ask your dealer or* write us for the "Home Decorator," *free.*

ADAMS & ELTING CO.
Dept. 38 Chicago

POPULAR WITH EVERYBODY

Mississippi to the Front If you want a small farm, or a big one, at from $7 to $12 per acre, send for my free, illustrated Mississippi booklet. Facts vouched for by State Department of Agriculture. Investors and Land Co. parties wishing cotton mill sites at wholesale prices also please address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Northern Representative, G. & S.I.R.R., 279 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

obtains a complete legal record of the investment, and this is kept in its vaults. It forms what might be called the chain to the title of the bond.

But even legal opinions must be watched, because sometimes unscrupulous bond houses furnish a lawyer with misinformation, and on this he prepares a decision attesting to the legality of the bonds. When these bonds finally get into trouble as most of them inevitably do—the investor has no recourse.

In view of the many dangers attending the issue of municipal bonds, the investor very often takes a chance when he buys such bonds direct from the municipality. He runs the risk that they are illegally issued and may be called into question any time during the life of the bonds. They may pass unnoticed through various administrations and then a set of inquiring officials will come along and root out the flaw.

Another objection to this kind of buying is that very often such bonds have a very narrow market, and should the investor be called upon to sell them he would have to do so at a sacrifice.

With a railroad or corporation bond there is not so much opportunity for illegality of issue. One of the dangers lies in guaranteed bonds. It sometimes happens that the company making the guaranty has no legal right to do so, and this is usually not discovered until the bonds guaranteed default interest.

There are details to watch in receivers' certificates which are issued by order of court. The principal solicitude of the investor here is to see that the court orders are followed. For example, if the court authorized a five-per-cent certificate and six-per-cent security is issued it becomes invalid. Again, the court might authorize quarterly interest payments and the certificates might be made out for semi-annual payments. This would also invalidate the issue.

Another important precaution to be observed is to see that the conditions of the mortgage are fulfilled. If the mortgage is a claim on something, be certain that the claim is valid and that the property is there. Recently there was a case in point. A certain issue of coal bonds claimed to be a mortgage on the mines. In reality the mines were only secured by leases.

Very often a mortgage provides that bonds be issued in batches and only as the specific work for which they are issued is completed. Thus there is security for each group of bonds. When there is no such provision extravagance and loss result. Here is a concrete illustration: A railroad out West had issued bonds to build an extension. There was no provision in the mortgage restricting the manner of issue. The company brought out all the bonds at the start, spent the proceeds loosely, and the result was that the funds gave out when the road had scarcely been started. There was no security on which to issue new bonds and the road went into bankruptcy.

The Loopholes in an Open Mortgage

The so-called unrestricted open mortgage provides another legal pitfall. Happily these are passing, but now and then you encounter them. This kind of mortgage permits the company to issue new bonds without increasing the security. This, of course, wipes out the security of the original issue. Any corporation that is in a populous and growing community and that has opportunities for expansion should have an open mortgage, but one that has legal safeguards.

There is a menace to bonds in mergers. Some time ago there was a merger of gas companies in a Southern city. One of the merged companies later issued some bonds for improvements. The court held that this issue was illegal because, with the forming of the merger, it had ceased to exist, and that the only purpose for which it could issue bonds was to refund old bonds.

The whole lesson for the average investor conveyed by the pointing out of defects in the structure of bond issues is simply this: Since there is a chance that there can be a legal flaw, especially in municipal bonds, be sure to buy your bonds through those agencies that have the best facilities for the discovery of that flaw. This means careful consideration and investigation before investment, and it is a good rule to observe.

Ask your tailor to show you the beautiful Shackamaxon Serges

These serges are all pure wool, and are made in over 250 staple and fancy weaves.

Every thread is examined *in the yarn* before it is woven. We weave it on slow-running looms; so that no flaw is allowed to pass. We examine every piece repeatedly throughout all stages of its manufacture. It *must* be perfect before it can leave our mill.

We take out *all* the shrink, by our improved cold-water process—the only thorough process known.

We dye these serges—not with antlines, but in permanent colors. No rain, sunshine, salt air, nor any other exposure will shrink nor fade them.

How will your new suit look next month?

How will it look in six months?

That is the thing to think of when you buy clothes.

Unless your tailor uses high-grade fabrics he cannot give you *lasting* satisfaction. He cannot tailor into a garment the wearing and shape-holding qualities that depend on the fabric. He cannot give it permanent color.

That is why so many of the most reliable merchant tailors throughout the United States use

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE

Guaranteed fabrics for men's wear.
All pure wool. Thoroughly shrunk.
Made only for merchant tailors.

No fabrics made anywhere in the world are more perfect in finish, in wearing-qualities, or in color.

We make Shackamaxon fabrics from beginning to end in our own factory.

And we guarantee them in every particular.

We design over 4000 styles of worsteds, cheviots and serges every year; in all weights, and many attractive colorings and patterns.

We sell them from the factory direct to merchant tailors. And you can obtain them of merchant tailors only.

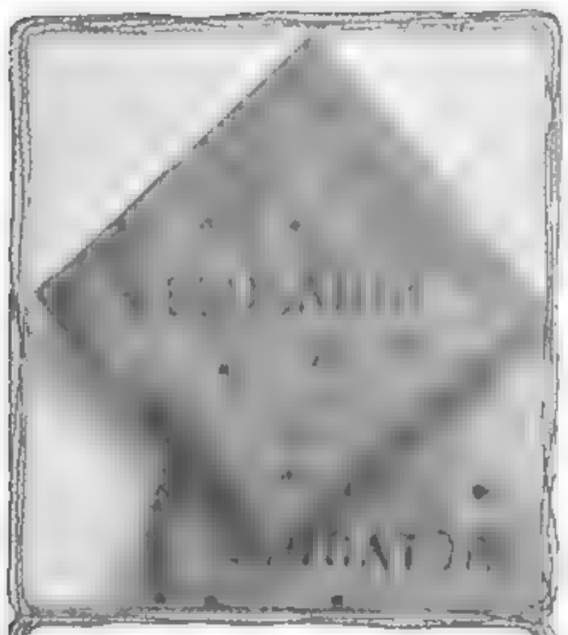
Any good tailor who hasn't Shackamaxon fabrics will get them for you, if you ask him. It is for his interest as well as yours to insist on having them.

The name "Shackamaxon" is stamped on every suit-pattern. And that is your guarantee.

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric—no matter how long you have worn it—write to us; and we will make it good.

Write anyway for our little booklet "A Well-Dressed Man." It will interest any man who aims at "good form" and the finer points of dressing.

J R KEIM & COMPANY, Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

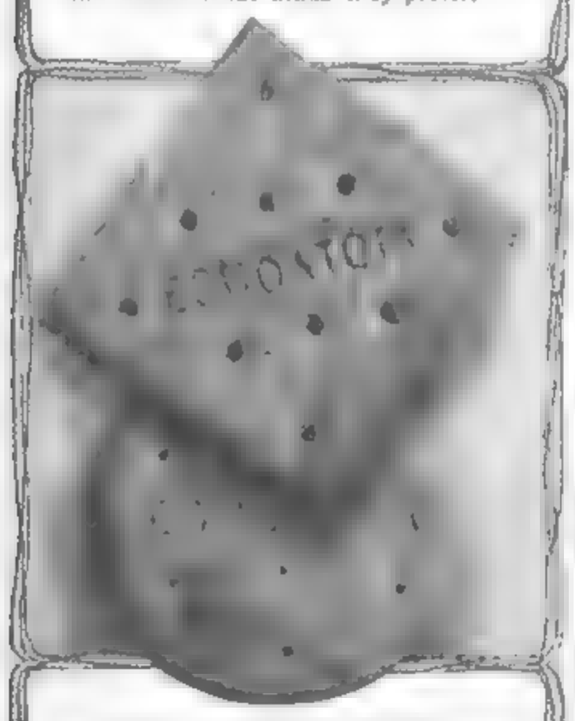


A Box of Assorted

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

For you to try

Send us your name and address, and two two-cent stamps, also your grocer's name, if convenient, and we will forward you a box containing some of the best liked kinds. We want you to realize how far superior Educator Crackers are to other crackers, and that you and every member of your family may try them and decide what kinds they prefer.



The name EDUCATOR is on every Educator Cracker

There is a variety of Educator Crackers and the most popular kinds are packed in the box we'll send you. Among them you'll find the Educator Wafer, a crisp, thin, entire wheat water cracker, unequaled when served with tea or ices. The Educator Toasterette, the only cracker of its kind made—toasted, buttered and salted—and others of equal nutrition and delight. Won't you

Try This Box

Leading grocers everywhere sell Educator Crackers. If yours doesn't, and won't get them for you, order from us direct.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
209 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

THRIFT

Shop and Office Saving

YEARS ago an employee of one of the great telegraph companies was transferred from Philadelphia to the New York office. His new job gave him better opportunities to advance in the service. Yet, at the same time, he found a distinctly different atmosphere in the metropolis. Operators came and went with a frequency unknown in the Quaker City. Nobody seemed to work for a steady job or to value one. Many of the employees were chronic borrowers of money, victims of loan sharks, and a canvass of the force showed that practically all were living in rented flats or houses. In Philadelphia, on the contrary, the telegraph office was a center for thrift, three-fourths of the operators owning or buying their homes. This transferred employee had been an officer in a building and loan society maintained by the telegraphers themselves. He ultimately decided that the difference in conditions between the two cities was wholly a matter of thrift. So he took the initiative in organizing a building and loan society among the New York operators, interesting them in buying homes through its agency, and in a year or two the new way of looking at life and work revolutionized the office. A steadier class of men was developed, borrowing almost ceased, and the general effect upon the service was so marked that the officers of this company, recognizing the value of thrift in giving stability to a work force, were for years thereafter interested in encouraging the building and loan work.

Today the value of thrift in giving tone to a force of employees is being very widely recognized by employers.

Office, shop and factory savings plans are usually of two kinds: those conducted entirely by employees without assistance or advice on the part of employers, and those in which the employer helps, giving the benefit of his business experience, making investments, undertaking the work of collecting and bookkeeping, and frequently adding money of his own to that saved by employees.

Employees' schemes may be very simple. Half a dozen girls in an office will punch holes in typewriter-ribbon boxes and enter into a solemn compact to save five or ten cents each day, each keeping her own funds and depositing the accumulation to her own credit in a savings-bank. As simple a scheme as this limits extravagance and puts an end to promiscuous office borrowing. From such a plan the trend of shop and office thrift goes upward into sick or death benefits, and loan and building organizations of considerable magnitude.

Eliminating the Collector

Telephone girls are fairly well paid. But they are also given to enjoying themselves. Savings accounts are not the rule among the operators in a large exchange. Financing the summer vacation is often quite a problem, as leave of absence may be granted on short notice, according to conditions in the service, and a girl may suddenly find that her vacation is a week off, with no pocket money saved toward it. To meet this emergency it has become common in many exchanges for the girls to form early in the year vacation clubs of fifteen or twenty members who elect a treasurer. Each member begins paying in a dollar weekly. The first member who takes her vacation is handed a little fund of as many dollars as there are members in that particular club. When the last member has drawn her vacation money the club comes to an end. Each member, of course, pays her dollar in weekly as long as it exists, even after she has returned from her own vacation.

Telephone exchanges are open night and day, as well as Sundays and holidays. Lunchrooms are maintained, food being sold to operators at cost. In one large exchange the girls were fond of ice cream, for which they paid five cents a brick. As the caterer sold six bricks for a quarter, however, there was always twenty cents surplus on every dollar's worth the operators bought. No convenient way of selling this dainty at cost could be devised, because at four cents there would be a deficit. The odd nickels were, therefore, kept until ten or twenty dollars had accumulated, with which the caterer provided a free luncheon on a given day, or bought some delicacy which figured on the menu free until the fund was spent. It was found that the accumulation of these nickels ran to a couple of hundred dollars yearly, whereupon the girls devised a plan to have the money paid over to a loan association formed among themselves, the funds of which were lent to any operator in sums of five to ten dollars, loans all being secured by the operator's wages and made for short terms on moderate weekly interest.

In most shops and factories are found men who carry small life-insurance policies in industrial companies, paying premiums of ten to twenty-five cents a week. These payments are collected by insurance solicitors, making a costly charge upon the insurance itself, for it is not possible to give as much insurance for a dollar, where the company has to send a man to collect each week, as could be given were the payments made by the policyholder at its office.

Not long ago Massachusetts empowered its savings-banks to sell such insurance to depositors who would come to the bank with their payments, thus making it possible to give more protection for the money. This new plan seems to be succeeding, with the aid of employers who make collections among their men. Consequently the regular insurance companies are devising ways to meet the new competition.

When to Give Advice

One of the most promising new company schemes is called "group insurance," under which, if a hundred or more men in the same factory or neighborhood band together and attend to the collection of their own payments each week, handing them over to the company in a lump sum, the company can give them between one-quarter and one-third as much more insurance as is possible where a collector is sent around each week. It is expected that, as this new kind of insurance becomes familiar and certain formalities of insurance law in different states are gone through, it will have wide growth over the country.

Among employers there is sometimes considerable distrust of employees' thrift enterprises, on the ground that many of the schemes place considerable sums in the hands of workmen who are not used to managing money. But dishonesty and mismanagement in this connection are very rare, and the good effects of properly-directed thrift enterprises are such that every employer ought at least to give his interest and advice, if not his financial support.

The general manager of a certain large factory has, for years, made it a point to talk thrift to his men, both among salary and wage earners. But he seldom talks to men collectively, and there are no mutual thrift enterprises in his plant. He finds that as soon as thrift is put before three or four different individuals at once there is a tendency for it to become general—something that looks good for some other fellow to do. To get men to act, he says, the best method is to sit down and have a chat with one salesman, or foreman, or machinist, perhaps at some time when that man's wages or salary have just been raised, or promotion is coming, and the boss wants to strengthen interest and the personal relation. He knows what the man makes, and asks what he is doing to get ahead financially. Some men have more necessary outgo than others, so that no hard and fast percentage for saving can be laid down for all alike. But where a good business mind studies the employee's earnings and expenses for a few minutes some practical way of saving is found, and almost invariably acted upon. This quiet work has been a pronounced factor in the stability of that concern.

Other employers, and especially large corporations, offer their people savings facilities, pay good interest on employees' deposits, and in some cases pay considerable bonuses to each employee who deposits money to remain at interest over a period.

A Wholesome Meal

Without cooking—

Snider Pork & Beans

are ready on the instant whenever needed.

Simply open a can and serve cold, or steaming hot by placing the can in boiling water before it is opened.

For building up and sustaining health and vigor, **"Snider-Process" Pork & Beans** contain a greater percent of true, usable food-material than any other vegetable or flesh food.

Scientific analysis shows that good Beans contain 84% nutriment and this large food value is easily utilized because the exclusive **"Snider-Process"** makes every bean mealy and porous and in a condition to be quickly digested and absorbed.

The irritative, gas-forming element in beans cooked the ordinary way is entirely removed.

"It's the Process"

Only the choicest materials are used, and they are cooked and packed in airy, sun-lighted, spotless kitchens that more than comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The Tomato Sauce with which they are generously blended is made from the famous **Snider Catsup.** It is not simply poured over, but is cooked into every bean and gives that delicious, snappy flavour which can be had only in

Snider Pork & Beans

Let a can from Grocer tell the story of Snider Superiority. Money back if not pleased with your trial can.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Model 4-50—50 H. P., Four-Cylinder, Seven-Passenger Touring Car—$4,200 (F. O. B. Kokomo, Ind.)

THE APPERSON—THE CAR THAT IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

Your trust in the reliability of the car you drive must be stronger than mere faith. You must *know* that it is perfect in every part.

The only thing of which you can be sure, in an assembled car, is that an even balance of strength is not simply improbable—it's impossible

The time is now at hand in this country when buyers will decline even to consider an assembled car—for the very best of reasons.

An assembled car is not a desirable car. This must be so apparent upon the briefest consideration, that it is amazing that the public has so long ignored the fact.

The Apperson is the speediest stock car in America because the Apperson Brothers—since they built the first American-made automobile, seventeen years ago—have always designed and built—not merely assembled—*All Apperson* cars.

You can't get away from this question of speed, whatever may be your likes or dislikes in the matter, because it's the supreme test of a thoroughbred car.

There is no other automobile factory in all the world which carries to a higher degree the specialization of its workmen; none with so large a proportion of experts.

That makes clear the astonishing speed qualities of the Jack Rabbit—speed with safety—with peace of mind.

This comes home to the conservative driver with telling force. He knows that the racing expert is *not* taking long chances when he sends the Jack Rabbit at its amazing 75 mile per hour gait.

He knows that the car that can win over and over again, at this great speed, will never fail him under the ordinary emergencies of road and street.

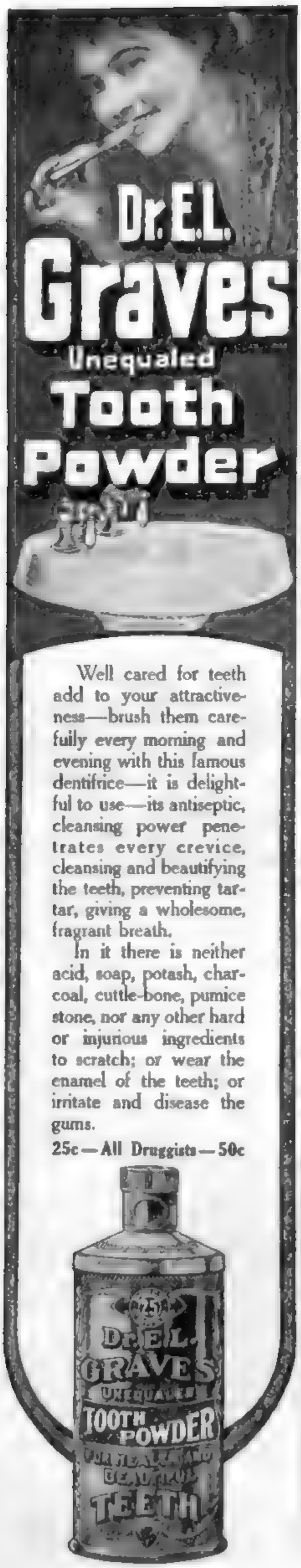
Fifty Apperson models—each one a consistent winner—paved the way for our nine splendid cars of 1910. Choose an Apperson for any and every purpose—prices, $2,000 to $4,250.

We are now in a position to make selling agreements for 1911 with live, reliable dealers in open territory.

Write today for free book—it gives you full information about Apperson cars

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE CO. KOKOMO, INDIANA

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT


Dr. E.L.
Graves
Unequaled
Tooth
Powder
Well cared for teeth add to your attractiveness—brush them carefully every morning and evening with this famous dentifrice—it is delightful to use—its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, cleansing and beautifying the teeth, preventing tartar, giving a wholesome, fragrant breath.
In it there is neither acid, soap, potash, charcoal, cuttle-bone, pumice stone, nor any other hard or injurious ingredients to scratch; or wear the enamel of the teeth; or irritate and disease the gums.
25c—All Druggists—50c
Dr. E.L. GRAVES
UNEQUALED
TOOTH POWDER
TEETH

Sense and Nonsense

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Standard oil—flattery.

¶ Pity the bill collector. He is your fault.

¶ Today's visions may be financed tomorrow.

¶ Marrying a man to reform him is a life occupation.

¶ American shirt-sleeve diplomacy in knee breeches is a misfit.

¶ At the Pole it was as it is elsewhere. The Cook soon left.

¶ While the money lasts the foolish spender is a trump; afterward a chump.

¶ All the bankers want a new banking system provided it doesn't change anything.

¶ The automobile plow shows that even the farmer may have to return to the simple life for a change.

¶ Those South American republics import their goods from Europe and their Monroe Doctrine from the United States.

¶ Uncle Sam is a fine old business man who despoils the forests three hundred and sixty-four parts of the year and then plants a tree on Arbor Day.

Extras for Company

ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN, editor of the Boston Transcript, is a great admirer of the thrift of the Vermonters, but thinks sometimes they carry it too far.

O'Brien was up in Vermont last summer and went to dinner with a friend who has some political aspirations. As they came in the door he heard the lady of the house say to the hired girl: "I see Mr. Jones has somebody with him to dinner. Take these two big potatoes down to the cellar and bring up three small ones."

Up-to-Date Shopkeeping

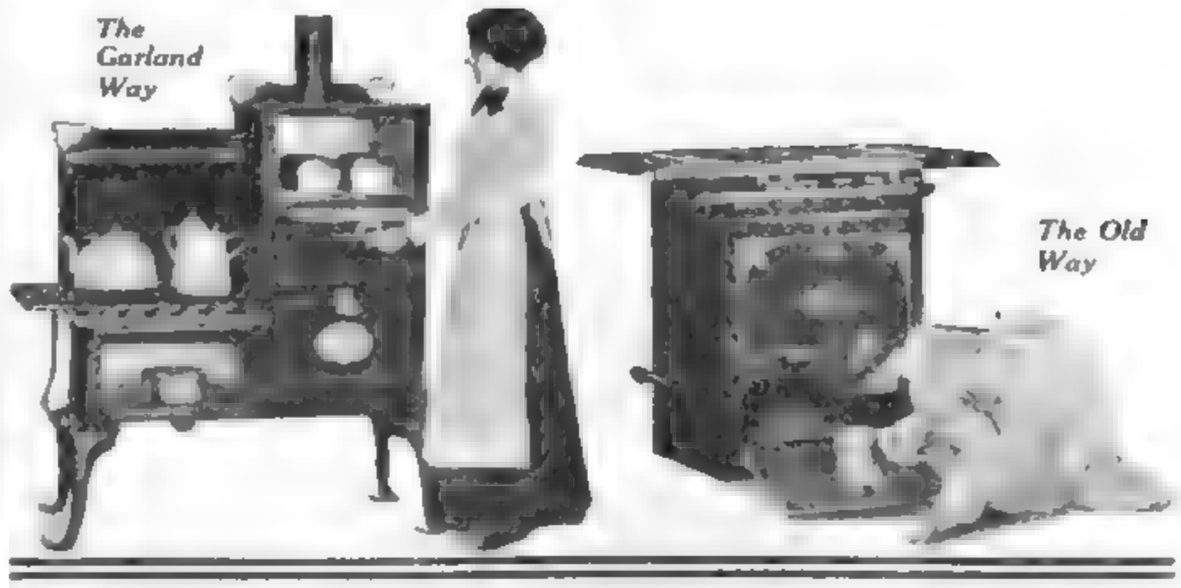
ON A CERTAIN block in Boston are two rival candy stores, each doing a considerable business and each trying to outshine the other in artistic and striking window displays. The manager of one of these stores scored heavily on his rival recently when he resorted to a regular dime museum trick to attract the crowd. The exhibit was a young woman who arose out of the middle of the show window and was apparently cut off at the waist. Thousands flocked into the store to buy candies and find out, if possible, how the trick was worked.

A somewhat different exhibit was a young lady in a picture hat and a pink ball-gown, rocking herself in the show window of a drugstore and holding a lap full of a brand of new perfume. Again, a different exhibit was the human automaton used by a big fur company to draw crowds to its windows.

The human automaton was dressed in the garb of a Roman gladiator, sword, helmet and metal shield included. His act consisted simply in assuming picturesque poses befitting the character he represented. By long practice he had mastered the infinitely difficult trick of staring an almost indefinite time without winking his eyes. To this feat add the extraordinary attire and a marvelously true imitation of the awkward, jerky motions of an automaton, and you have an idea of the interest this display created along a crowded street.

Thinking up a good show-window exhibit may seem like a tremendous feat. As a matter of fact, the only difficulty is that the problem is so simple. One little wide-awake cigar and tobacco dealer in Newark, New Jersey, simply tears the pages out of funny papers and pastes them on the inside of an upright sidewalk showcase. Another dealer in the same line in the same town makes his own cigars and advertises this fact, and attracts attention by having his workbench right in the show window where hundreds a day stop to observe the play of deft fingers of a rarely-seen mechanic.

Not infrequently the up-to-date merchant finds upon search that he himself or else one of his friends has some sort of exhibit connected with a hobby that would be sure to draw attention. One all-round



Easy way to bake and broil

You don't have to stoop in using a *GARLAND* Gas Range. It permits you to stand in the natural position to do your baking or broiling.

There are many exclusive patented features that the *GARLAND* alone possesses.

GARLANDS should be used because the *GARLAND* has a safety lighting attachment. When the oven door closes or opens, a shutter over the lighter closes or opens with it.

No gas can escape or reach the flame. The oven burners cannot be lighted until the oven doors have been opened. Any gas that may accumulate flows out, and no flash or explosion could possibly occur

On every oven door of a *GARLAND* Gas Range is our patented Safety Latch—another safety feature found only on the *GARLAND*. If any gas should leak into the oven and ignite while the oven door is closed, the force alone opens the door slowly—just enough for it all to escape.

The whole oven is aluminized, making it absolutely clean and sanitary

GARLAND Gas Ranges or any *GARLAND* Stove, with proper care, will last a lifetime. Over 50 varieties to choose from.

Garland
Cabinet Gas Range

GARLAND
Copper Coil Water Heaters

The most satisfactory to use—efficient and economical of fuel. The water is as clear as crystal. For two cents one can have a most luxurious bath

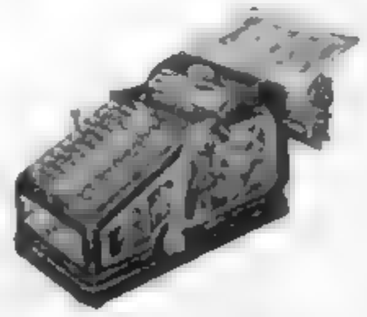
38 Years Old
GARLANDS
have been continually made by us since 1872. They have for years commanded the largest sale of any stove in the world. Using only the best quality of materials, employing the most skilled mechanics, combined with our unequaled facilities and 38 years' experience, insure an exclusive standard of perfection in all *GARLAND* products.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Write us for booklet and choice recipes.

The Michigan Stove Company
Detroit *Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World* *Chicago*

The Compliment of Competition

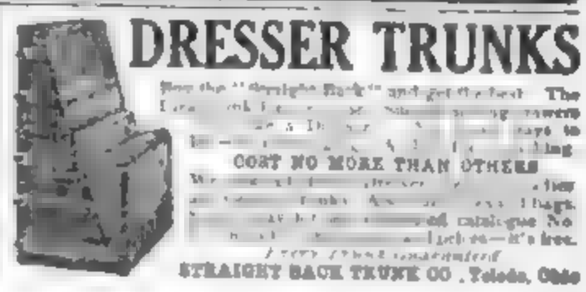


WALES
Visible Adding and Listing Machine

A RECENT decision of the Supreme Court has finally put a quietus on the attempts of a competitor to secure control of the Wales. Approximately $400,000 was spent by this competitor in unsuccessful efforts to obtain such control. What higher compliment could be paid to the practical value of the Wales? The Wales Visibility and other exclusive features, with the Wales mechanical excellence, have made its superiority acknowledged.

Write for details.

THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Experience Plus.

From the most inexpensive Brownie to the 3A Special Kodak with its high speed Anastigmat equipment, every camera that leaves our factory is tested with rigid care—tested by those who have a pride in maintaining the honor of Kodak.

"Made by Kodak Workmen" means unequalled facilities; means more than a quarter of a century of experience in camera building; means the focusing of the best photographic thought of the world on the perfecting and simplifying of the Kodak Idea. It means all of this plus the most painstaking care—a minute attention to detail that has made Kodak stand for all that is best in photography.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.,
The Kodak City.

Catalogue free at the dealer or by mail.

Pointers On Pencil Economy

The "U. S." Automatic Pencil Sharpener

Is the best Practical Pointer Ever Produced—Try It for 10 Days At Our Expense. Our Free Book explains fully. Send your dealer's name and we will send you free book.

Accept this offer today

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co. (Inc.)
70 Spring St., New York City
32 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Write at Once

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES, 2½c EACH

Send us your dull double or single edge blades for re-sharpening by our wonderful process. We make them sharper than new. 50 per dozen.

CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 66 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

clever merchant who sells shoes in a New Jersey town is widely known as an expert chicken fancier who exhibits at poultry shows throughout the country. His chickens take many prizes. Whenever cups and ribbons are awarded to him he exhibits these in his show windows.

Simple schemes by which show windows are made to attract attention number legion. Many are time-honored. An installment piano store in Baltimore one day took its pianos out of its show window, draped it scarlet and placed a three-foot-high jar of dried lima beans in the middle of it.

The idea was that the public should come into the store and register in a big book their names and addresses, together with one guess each as to the number of beans contained in the jar. Upon a certain date the contest was to close, when any one who had guessed the exact number of beans in the jar would be presented with a four-hundred-dollar piano, while those coming within one hundred of the right number would be presented with coupons good for one hundred dollars on any piano in the store. More than four thousand persons entered and made the acquaintance of this store inside of three weeks, and thereafter, for a time, this agency sold an unusually large number of pianos.

Incidentally, this same window display is used with the slight variation of substituting for the jar of beans a heap of pennies or, in agricultural districts, instead of a prize being offered for guessing, the contest consists in seeing what lady brings in the biggest hen's egg or the longest ear of corn. But these various schemes, however effective, are almost too simple to mention.

Who is Simpson?

"THERE was an old chap out in my country," said Senator Carter, of Montana, "who was not regular in his church-going, and he was jacked up about it by the minister. So next Sunday he slipped into church and sat it out.

"As he was coming home he met a friend. 'Say,' he said, 'did you ever hear of this man Simpson?'

"'Simpson?' asked the friend. 'What Simpson?'

"'Well, he was a mighty man. He took the jawbone of a mule one day and went down and killed fifty thousand Philadelphians before noon.'"

Home Truths

JAMES E. WATSON, of Indiana, former Republican whip of the House of Representatives and unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Indiana in 1908, has, since his retirement from public life, devoted much of his time to lecturing.

The lecture bureau that engages him put out a circular containing comment of the press and public on Watson's ability as an orator, he being a fine speaker. There were commendations from various public men also, and a nifty line of testimonials.

Watson's young son found one of the circulars and read it carefully, without comment during the perusal. After he had finished the boy looked up at the father and said: "Huh, pop, they don't know you as well as we do, do they?"

Not in the Family

MICHAEL McCARTHY was suing the Swift Packing Company in a Kansas City court.

A negro witness was called. "Did you work at the plant?" he was asked.

"Yassir."

"Do you know the foreman and the other officials?"

"Yassir."

"What were your relations with them?"

"Now, look yere," said the witness, "I'm black and they's white. They ain't no relations of mine."

The Age of Discretion

EASTERN tourist on train going through Arkansas. Train stops at small town. Natives are running around frantically, some with bundles, others with ropes, grab-hooks, and the like. Tourist's curiosity is aroused and he asks one of the hamleteers what is cause of commotion.

Villager replies: "Wall, Judge Smith's son is twenty-one years old today. We're goin' to ketch him and put some clothes on him."

It Is the Individual Attention of the Merchant Tailor that Counts

Merchant Tailors do *more* than fit you. They express your individuality—your class. They set you apart from the man whose clothes merely fit his figure.

Merchant Tailor Clothes give you an air of success. Clothes that are made for No Man in Particular cannot serve as well as clothes made for *You*.

The Merchant Tailor is the style exponent of men's wear. He studies *you* and your *personality*. He aims to fit *both*. He gives you his *individual attention*, his personal care and skill.

He advises you what is correct and becoming. He gives you the benefit of his judgment in the selection of reliable materials. He makes your garments express individuality and emphasize character—garments that every man can see *were made for you*.

Such garments give a satisfied feeling of Confidence that is entirely unknown to wearers of clothes that are made and sold in bulk lots.

Merchant Tailor clothes are a business investment not an expense.

S. Stein & Co. Woolens

Both you and your Tailor know very well that good clothes demand good fabrics

Our Tag is Your Protection

For 46 years S. STEIN & CO. have been selling their reliable woolens to careful and conscientious Merchant Tailors

Our tag is a GUARANTEE, to you and to your Tailor, that our fabrics are *all pure wool—free from Shoddy and Cotton*—and that they are *absolutely fast in color*.

— and they cannot be made to hold "shape."

To protect yourself against woolens that contain either Shoddy or Cotton, always ask to see the S. STEIN & CO. tag on the goods.

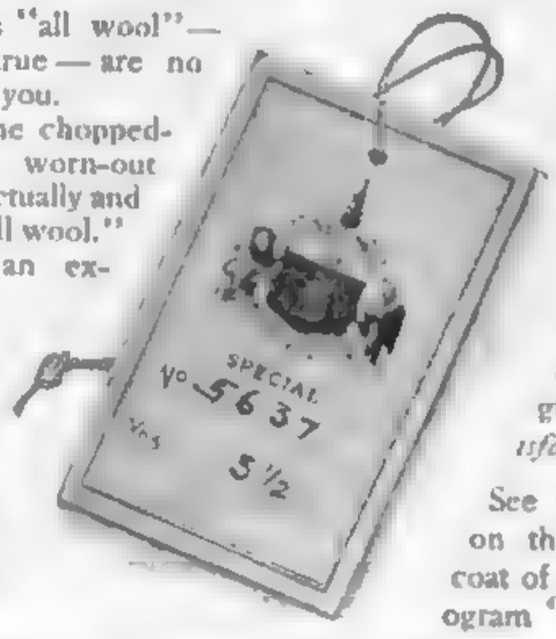
Nowhere in the world is there a body of woolen experts that can compare in skill with our staff of buyers.

Year in and year out, these men secure the pick from the best woolen mills of America, England, Scotland and Ireland.

What "ALL WOOL" Really Means

The words "all wool"—even when true—are no protection to you.

Shoddy—the chopped-up fibres of worn-out woolens—is actually and chemically "all wool." To all but an expert, Shoddy goods, when new, *look* and *feel* like fine woolens. But they *cannot wear*—they soon lose their finish and brilliancy

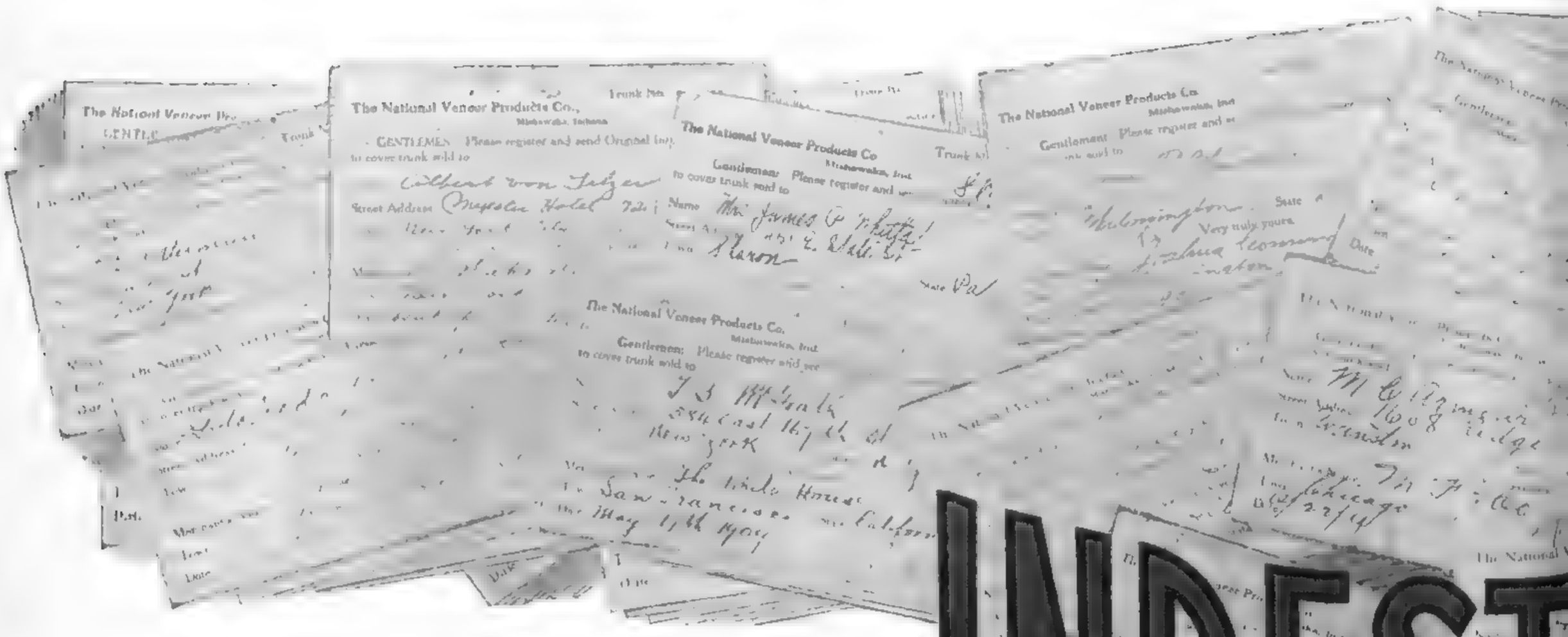


How to Get S. Stein & Co.'s "Specials"

Woolens bearing the tag shown here with the word "Special" are designed by us solely for Merchant Tailors. This tag insures *distinctive* and *exclusive* patterns and guarantees *fabric satisfaction*.

See the word "*Special*" on the tag, and, on the coat of arms, note our monogram "SS&CO."

S. STEIN & CO., Fifth Ave. and 18th St., New York

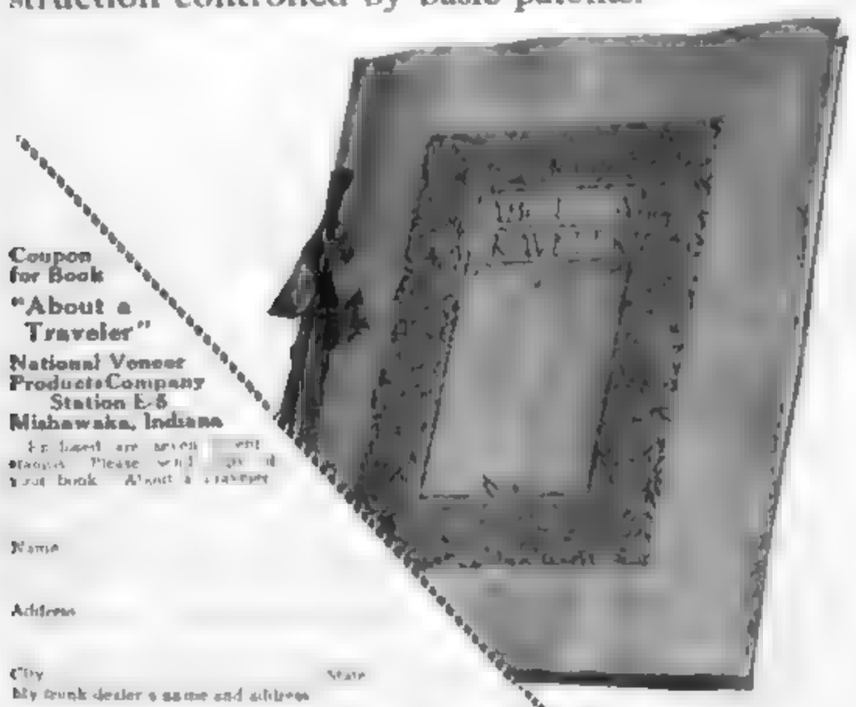


This is a Truthful Advertisement of the Greatest Trunk Value Ever Offered

THE story of the Indestructo DeLuxe Trunk is so big—so vital—so compelling in interest—that every reader of THE POST owes to himself a knowledge of this wonderful trunk—

A close inspection of its merits.

You cannot compare the Indestructo DeLuxe with *any* other trunk. None other can possess its splendid—*different* construction controlled by basic patents.



Coupon for Book "About a Traveler"
National Veneer Products Company
Station E-5
Mishawaka, Indiana
Enclosed are seven cent stamps. Please send me your book "About a Traveler"
Name
Address
City State
My trunk dealer's name and address
Name
Address
City State

Think of it! A trunk that in less than two years' time has captured the country—and taken the lead over *every* other trunk in sales. There are *reasons* back of the success of the Indestructo.

No other trunk in the world can compare with the wonderful strength, elasticity and lightness of the six-strength hardwood construction of the Indestructo.

Thickness after thickness of this marvelously resisting material is joined under enormous pressure, held by a special moisture-proof cement which unites all together into a single piece that resists the hardest travel use.

Round, cold-rolled steel corners, heavily brassed, hardwood runners and steel shoes form added protection No nails. All steel rivets.

That is why the Indestructo DeLuxe Trunk will stand the hardest handling and violent accidents—that is why the makers *dare* to guarantee the Indestructo—to insure it against destruction for five years. If it is damaged beyond repair within that length of time the owner secures a new trunk free.

If the Indestructo Trunk is injured while traveling and needs repairing within the five years, we will make the repairs without charge, at our factory.

Did you ever hear of an offer so liberal—one which so clearly proved the maker's full confidence in his trunk!

Every Indestructo Trunk is registered against loss. If your Indestructo goes astray, we trace it and secure its prompt and safe return.

There's simple wisdom in buying a trunk *for a lifetime*—in securing a trunk that will give you the maximum of service—that will add to the beauty and dignity of your traveling equipment.

There's the best kind of economy in purchasing an Indestructo Trunk at the right, fair price—a trunk of guaranteed quality—of tested strength—of proved value

See the Indestructo DeLuxe Trunk. Examine its construction—note that it is put together *for all time*—like a reinforced steel building.

Remember that a *cheap* trunk—and the risk it carries—is the *most expensive* thing on earth.

The cards shown in this advertisement represent actual sales of Indestructo Trunks and were taken from among thousands—the result of our widespread advertising and the real selling merits of the Indestructo.

Indestructo Trunks are sold by the store class in each city. Among our leading sell

New York City, Saks & Company
Chicago, Marshall Field & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., N. Snellenburg & Co.
Saint Louis, Mo., The Grand Leader
Pittsburg, Pa., McCreery & Co.
Baltimore, Md., Slevenger & Son
Cleveland, Ohio, Bennet & Fish
San Francisco, Cal., Roos Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
St. Joseph, Mo., F. Endebrock Trunk Co.
Richmond, Va., O. H. Berry & Co.
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Savannah, Ga., Edward Mayle
Duluth, Minn., The Gray Tallant Co
Minneapolis, Minn., Powers Mercantile Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. Bullock's
Atlanta, Ga., Chamberlin-Johnson-Dubose Co.
Seattle, Wash., Stone-Fisher Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Luce Trunk Co.
Dallas, Texas, Wilkins Trunk Co.

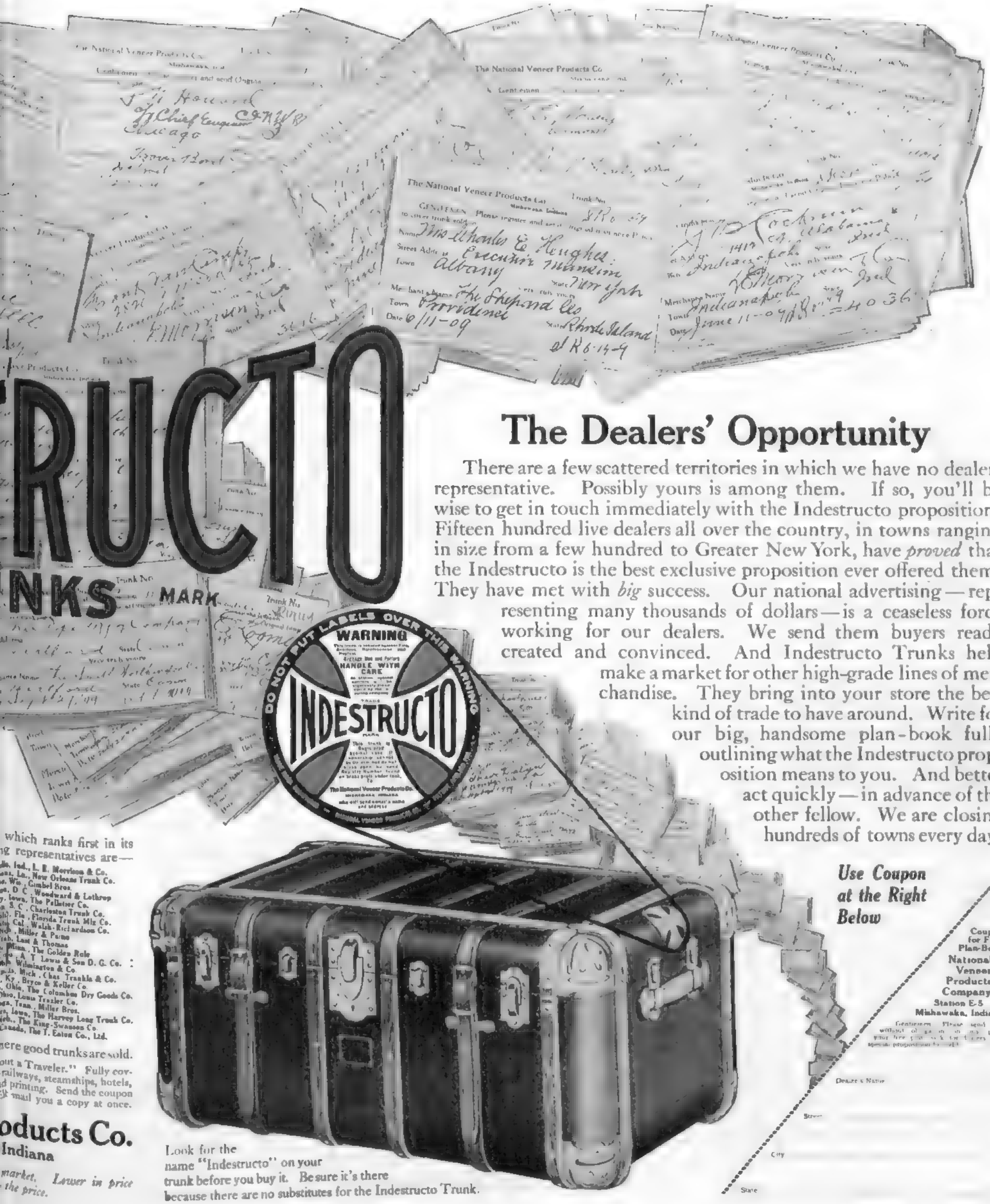
-also sold by the best store in every other city w

Write today for our Handsome Travel Book "Ab
ers important advice and hints on every travel subject
service, tips, expenses, etc. A gem of fine illustrating a
in a letter enclosing seven two-cent stamps, and we w

National Veneer Pr

Station E-5, Mishawaka,

The Indestructo Tourist Trunk—just as the
than the Indestructo DeLuxe. The best trunk fo



The Dealers' Opportunity

There are a few scattered territories in which we have no dealer-representative. Possibly yours is among them. If so, you'll be wise to get in touch immediately with the Indestructo proposition. Fifteen hundred live dealers all over the country, in towns ranging in size from a few hundred to Greater New York, have *proved* that the Indestructo is the best exclusive proposition ever offered them. They have met with *big* success. Our national advertising—representing many thousands of dollars—is a ceaseless force working for our dealers. We send them buyers ready created and convinced. And Indestructo Trunks help make a market for other high-grade lines of merchandise. They bring into your store the best kind of trade to have around. Write for our big, handsome plan-book fully outlining what the Indestructo proposition means to you. And better act quickly—in advance of the other fellow. We are closing hundreds of towns every day.

which ranks first in its
ng representatives are—

lis, Ind., L. E. Morrison & Co.
ans, La., New Orleans Trunk Co.
e, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
n, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
y, Iowa, The Pallister Co.
n, S. C., Charleston Trunk Co.
lle, Fla., Florida Trunk Mfg Co.
nto, Cal., Walsh-Richardson Co.
ver, Miller & Paine
lt Lake, Lust & Thomas
Minn., The Golden Rule
ton, A. T. Lowe & Son D. G. Co.
ton, Wilmington & Co.
apolis, Mich., Chas Trunkle & Co.
ville, Ky., Bryce & Keller Co.
bus, Ohio, The Columbus Dry Goods Co.
Ohio, Louis Trexler Co.
phis, Tenn., Miller Bros.
ort, Iowa, The Harvey Long Trunk Co.
ukee, Wis., The King-Swanson Co.
Canada, The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

here good trunks are sold.

out a Traveler." Fully cov-
railways, steamships, hotels,
d printing. Send the coupon
k mail you a copy at once.

oducts Co.
Indiana

market. Lower in price
the price.

Look for the
name "Indestructo" on your
trunk before you buy it. Be sure it's there
because there are no substitutes for the Indestructo Trunk.

Use Coupon at the Right Below

Coupon for Free Plan-Book
National Veneer Products Company
Station E-5
Mishawaka, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free [illegible] and special proposition to [illegible]

Dealer's Name

Street

City

State

Twenty Shaves FREE

A Trial Size Tube of

JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

Containing 20 delightful shaves will be sent upon receipt of your address

One shave out of this trial tube will convince you that

The Lather's the Thing

This lather makes all the difference between a quick, comfortable shave, and the slow, "pulling," smarting shave you have been used to. It makes the quickest, creamiest, and most lasting lather you ever put on your face.

Softens the Hardest Beard,
Soothes the Tenderest Skin.

Every Druggist Sells It

PRICE 25 CENTS

Each Tube Containing 150 Shaves

These trial tubes have converted thousands of shavers from old style shaving soaps to this superior shaving cream.

Send at once for the trial tube.

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 2 K.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

GARFIELD AND ARTHUR

(Continued from Page 17)

Crump, the steward, was a tireless and devoted assistant; he strained himself in lifting and turning the invalid and has never been well since. Colonel Rockwell, superintendent of public buildings and public grounds; General Swaim, the Judge Advocate General and the President's personal friend, and Colonel Henry mounted guard over the White House, the "kitchen cabinet" the public grew to call them. The campaign against death was on!

It was a fearfully hot July. It was soon evident that the heat would prove a serious obstacle to recovery. To reduce the temperature of the sick-room the cellar of the White House was turned into a refrigerating plant; it was piled high with crates on crates of ice. A pipe led from the cellar to the President's room and conveyed the cooler air in a never-ending stream. Everything that the vigilance of the physicians could compass was done to assist him in his struggle for life.

There was one pathetic feature of the President's martyrdom—his loneliness. From the day when the cordon of physicians closed about him to bear him away to his chamber of suffering he was denied his friends. This, of course, was quite the proper thing to do when there was danger of fever; but, in view of the fact that it was to end fatally, this pain added to the physical agony of a man who suffered with a heroism that has rarely been equaled seems heart-rending. "Royal Bob" and Blaine were banished with the rest. Those of us who were about the White House know how constantly he begged to see his friends. Crump has often told me how the President begged him to get Blaine to his bedside—Garfield loved Blaine like a brother. And it is easy to understand how, in exhaustion, his heart longed for the glow and vitality of his friend. But a military cordon surrounded the White House and no one got through. There was one time when even the man's children were sent away.

Garfield's Letter to His Mother

How his thoughts dwelt where his eyes could not is shown by the letter he wrote his old mother:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 11, 1881.

Dear Mother: Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true that I am still weak and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through.

Give my love to all the relatives and friends, and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary. Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Hiram, Ohio.

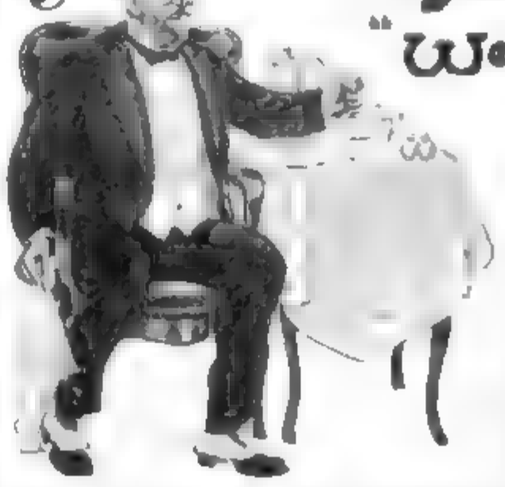
Beginning strongly and steadily, the handwriting records the fast-ebbing strength until the last word, more a weary driving of the pen than a word, shows only too clearly how soon exhaustion came.

The last view we had of him alive was on the sixth of September when he was being moved to Elberon in the hope that the air and the sight of the sea might do for him what the doctors could not. We crowded to the windows and were rewarded by seeing the prostrate figure on the stretcher feebly wave its hand—a last token of amity from a man who loved the world and the people in it.

Very little was known in Washington regarding the Vice-President, now become President. And that little identified him with Conkling, the Stalwart element. But Mr. Arthur at once proved himself to be not only a man of kindly and humane feeling, but possessed of a singularly high conception of personal dignity.

Mr. Arthur did not occupy the White House as a dwelling until the ninth of December. In the interim repairs and refurnishing went on vigorously. The President, although Mrs. McElroy, his sister, acted as the nominal feminine head of the household—Mr. Arthur had lost his wife but a short time before his election—had the machinery of entertaining definitely in his own hands. He was a man of artistic taste, with decided ideas in the matter of interior decoration. Every detail of the changes wrought he scrutinized; he made almost

THE UNDERFEED SONG



"We get all the Heat we want When we want it."

A New Jersey Below-Zero Experience

BELOW ZERO means *comfort* with an UNDERFEED. Writing from Haddonfield, N. J., under date of February 7, 1910, C. D. Stackhouse, happy over UNDERFEED efficiency, wrote us:—"Last night was coldest in years—below zero—accompanied by high winds, yet we had no difficulty in keeping *the entire house* splendidly warmed all day and all night. Some of my neighbors confined all their heat to one room. WE could use every room alike. The UNDERFEED is a grand success. *We can get all the heat we want when we want it*, and when weather is moderate can shut it off absolutely and at the same time, the fire will not go out. I am burning hard coal screenings (resifted) at $3.50 a ton, and ten tons is ample for my winter supply."

Hundreds of others have enjoyed this same sort of heating satisfaction. They *know* that

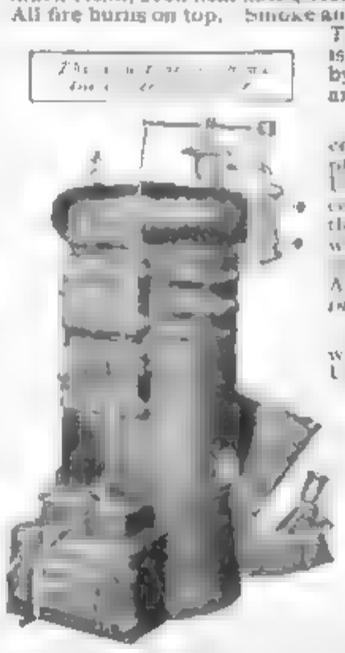
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR **FURNACES** - STEAM-HOT WATER **BOILERS**

Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

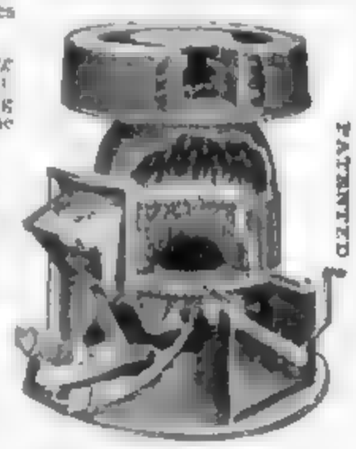
And 50% to 66⅔% is an item worth saving. The UNDERFEED *soon pays for itself* and then *keeps on saving*. Pea sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack—which would *smother* the fire in ordinary furnaces and boilers—yield in the UNDERFEED as much clean, even heat as *highest priced* coal. Coal is easily fed from below. All fire burns on top. Smoke and gases *wasted* in other plants are *consumed*. That's more heat and *better* health for smoke is injurious. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

The Underfeed Furnace with casing removed, coal away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top



Last winter's experience with *extra big* coal bills and *little* heat brought into emphatic withstread prominence the satisfying UNDERFEED heating system. During the coming summer months many will replace their old-fashioned unsatisfactory heaters with this *modern* system which provides *most* heat at *least* possible cost. An UNDERFEED is really a *paying investment*.

We've *hundreds* of cheerful letters which we'll gladly send in fac-simile, with our Underfeed Furnace Booklet or Special Catalog of Steam or Water Boilers. ALL FREE. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps—FREE. Write *today*, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.



THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY

329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Men are invited to write Today for our Summer Proposition.

"Mum"

the easy way to take all the odor out of perspiration

Its effect lasts a whole day—from bath to bath.

Has no odor of its own. Does not check perspiration. Does not stain nor injure clothes.

25c at drug- and department-stores.
If your dealer hasn't "Mum," send us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Channon's 1910 Camp Guide Now Ready! FREE.

Send your name and address if you want one of these new 1910 camping books—a complete catalog of tents and camp supplies. Enables you to buy direct from the largest manufacturer in the country. Protects you against frauds. Everything we make is the best.

Our Prices are Absolutely the Lowest

This catalog contains a valuable collection of hints on camping, fishing, hunting, etc. An authority on buying and a mine of information—and we send this catalog and camp guide free. Start reading now and write for a copy.

H. Channon Company, 32 Market St., Dept. 4015, Chicago

$180,340.00$

MADE BY MY CLIENTS
YOU Ought To Have My FREE BOOKS
telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THIS COUNTRY. "WHAT and HOW to INVENT" BOOK FREE!
E. E. VROOMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, 356 F, Washington, D. C.

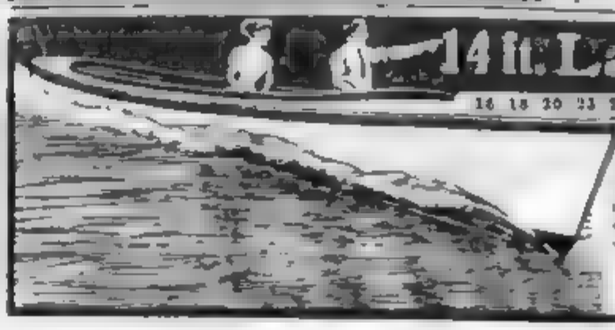
Indian Girl Canoes

Steady, strong and dependable. For greatest safety, most comfort, smartest appearance and longest service. Built on Rush Bottom, years of experience and a guaranty of satisfaction. Free book gives full details and prices. Shipped direct from factory at dealers. Write today.

J. H. Rushton, Inc.
674 Water St.
Canton, New York

Free Maps We will send a complete, fully correct, complete map of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Nevada. Send 10 cents in stamps for postage. Maps size 15 inches square. Most map agents charge $1.

JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING COMPANY
443 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.



14 ft. Launch $94.50

16 18 20 23 27 and 30 footers at proportionate prices. Speedy Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers of the latest design. Many different models in all sizes ready to ship. Even the complete motors made right without waiting on years of delay. Our motors and engines fully guaranteed. Let us send you testimonials from over 2,500 satisfied owners. We are one of the world's largest power boat manufacturers. Our free consultation department can give you valuable, money saving information. Write today for Free Illustrated Catalog and Demonstrating Agents' Proposition. (42)

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1133 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

If you wear

Peck Clothes

your comrades will never criticize you for "bad form." On the contrary they will be led, involuntarily, to compliment your tailor. So much for *class*.

Attractive Dress-Guide and Art Calendar sent to you upon request.

W. S. PECK & CO.

MAKERS OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Hastings

Pedestal Dining Tables

Equipped with all the Tyden patented features without extra charge. The latest is **The Tyden Removable Top.**

You can take it apart easily to go through doorways and up stairways. No screws to take out. It is as easy as putting in a leaf. The Tyden Duo-style Table Lock is on, of course.

Ask a dealer to show them to you. We will tell you the nearest one. Dining Table Style Book mailed free on request.

Hastings Table Co., Hastings, Mich.

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

for six months and a copy of my new book

100 PLANS
Bungalows
Cottages
$400 to $3000

No. 87 $2000. One of the 100 cottage Homes. $1.50 year. New ... 10 page issue gives 8 to 12 modern ...

My other books for home builders are:

...	$1
...	2
...	1
...	1
Any one of these books and "Keith's" one year	$1.00
Any 3 of these books and Keith's one year	$2.00

M. L. KEITH 930 Lumber Ex. Minneapolis Minn.

daily hours of inspection, and they were more than perfunctory. This was a matter of real importance to him, and he gave it both time and thought.

When the President and his household took possession of the private apartments of the White House it became evident what sharp contrasts there are in the social standards held together under a political organization in this big country of ours. During the preceding Administrations the White House had been full of vigorous, overflowing life, often of the noise and laughter and romping of young children. The Presidential family had been in essence democratic, with a certain respect for the opinions of the masses that had placed them where they were. Their private life they had often conceived as belonging, in some part, to the public, their children were the nation's children, their social functions but rendered to the public what was the public's due.

With Mr. Arthur a change took place. Whether, as I have said, he was influenced by the cruelties the public had heaped upon him, or whether it was his own idea of the fitness of things, a sharp line was drawn between the public and the private life of the White House. The newspaper impertinence which made a great furore over the flowers daily heaped before a woman's portrait in the President's own room—only to be discomfited to find the portrait that of the dead wife—may have confirmed his determination that the public should have as little as possible of his family life. Mr. Allan Arthur was a student at Princeton. But little Miss Nellie was brought up in as scrupulous retirement as the most exacting Continental requirements for the education of a young girl would have dictated. We saw occasionally a sweet-faced little girl walking or driving by her father's side, or with him in the halls. As far as I know she was photographed only once, when, during one of her brother's visits home, he put the little sister, of whom he made a great pet, on a pony and had a picture taken then and there. Once or twice, during the last years of her father's Administration, she appeared for a short time at an afternoon reception, dressed in schoolgirl cashmere or muslin. But that was about all the public knew of the family life of President Arthur.

The President's Social Side

As for the social life, it again had two distinct phases. Mr. Arthur never lost sight of the idea that the White House was in truth the court of the American people. Nothing could have been more scrupulous than his observance of set form and precedent in the formal social entertaining at which he presided. There was no possibility of heart-burning over the question of precedence at state functions. Mr. Arthur gave the subject careful consideration and then organized a system of precedence that was always maintained. That being done, he knew how to take such entertaining out of the realm of mere political necessity where it had always been and, by his exquisite courtesy, tact, and skill in keeping the conversational ball rolling, make them social functions as well.

But for his private affairs he demanded the liberty that any citizen may command. He had his own intimate personal friends and those he preferred to entertain in his own way. There were reports that the White House, so staid and so orderly during the day, was gay and even convivial at night. The President loved late hours; he loved to entertain his friends in the small private dining-room, made, under his direction, into a snugly luxurious setting for one of the best of bon-vivants and raconteurs; there was special attention paid to the viands that were consumed and the wines that were drunk. All this, of course, was magnified by popular report. I remember there used to be a little tradition among us that the President had installed a "property basket" filled with official-looking documents with which he was wont to enter the office for a delayed business appointment, and on which he made no more progress than the embroidery which some ladies like to reserve for occasions when a touch of graceful domesticity is to be produced.

The truth is, the President was not a generally popular man. He was always courteous in his official relations—with just a suggestion of distance. We had all become accustomed to the sort of a man who, whether he were aware of it or not,

BEAVER BOARD
Walls and Ceilings

have proved their practical and artistic value. They have been in successful use for years in clubs, offices, factories, garages, stores, and other types of buildings.

BEAVER BOARD is made entirely of selected woods, reduced to fibrous form, and pressed into panels of uniform thickness, with a pebbled mat surface.

It takes the place of lath, plaster and wall-paper in every type of building, new or remodeled. It is as perfectly adapted to the Colonial as to the Mission, modern or any other style of treatment.

The above illustration shows what an artistic result may be obtained by using beautiful BEAVER BOARD *walls and ceilings in your dining-room*

The wide popularity and increasing use of BEAVER BOARD are due to the following significant facts:

BEAVER BOARD is made in panels of all convenient sizes.

These are nailed directly to the studding (wall and ceiling-beams of new rooms or on the walls of old rooms without removing plaster—the seams are covered with decorative strips of wood, allowing the widest scope for artistic design. The pebbled surface of the panels gives soft and pleasing reflection to the light, when painted in beautiful color-schemes.

BEAVER BOARD is easily put up and very durable.

Any carpenter can do the work quickly, economically and without the dust, dirt, litter and confusion of lath, plaster and wall-paper. It is a very simple operation.

BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings will not crack.

They will deaden sound; resist heat, cold or fire. They will stand shocks, strains or vibrations that bring plaster down in ruins. In a case where heavy gun-fire destroyed plaster, the War Department used BEAVER BOARD with complete success.

Residence of Mr. S. G. Pelicolas of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co. BEAVER BOARD *is used throughout.*

Oakfield Country Club on the Niagara River. Every wall and ceiling in this large club is made of BEAVER BOARD.

An interior in the offices of Green and Wicks, Architects, illustrating the use of BEAVER BOARD *in office-buildings*

Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers and decorators everywhere. For your protection **every panel is stamped on the back with** the BEAVER BOARD Trade-mark.

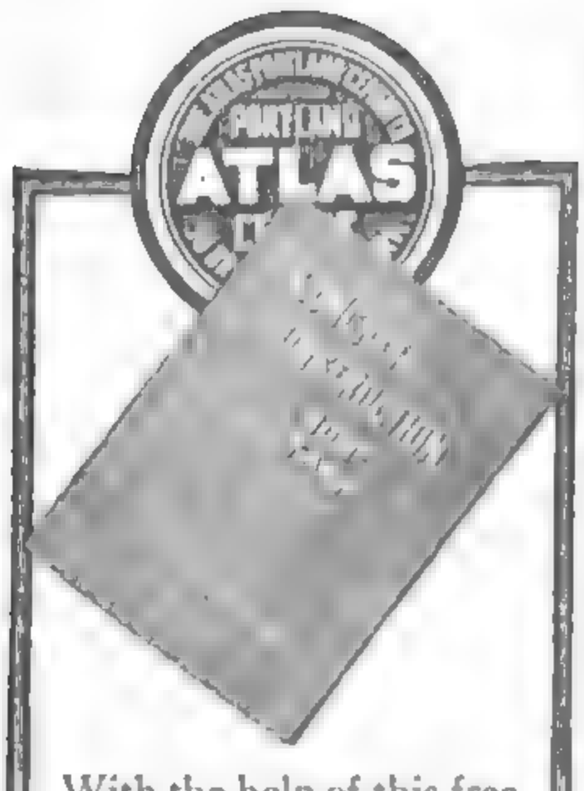
Send for BEAVER BOARD Booklets, free upon mention of your dealer's name. They tell all about BEAVER BOARD and how to use it. One of them, "BEAVER BOARD HANDICRAFT," tells how you and your boys and girls can make useful and decorative household articles, like those shown at the left, at surprisingly low cost.

The BEAVER COMPANY
of BUFFALO

General Offices and Warehouse, 124 Beaver Road

Mills and Factory
Beaver Falls, N. Y.

Canadian Factory
Ottawa, Ontario



With the help of this free book, **"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm,"** you can make your home more livable.

It is filled with suggestions for improving any place, even though it has but a small plot of ground. It shows the advantage of concrete construction, explains how easy it is to execute, and gives plans, molds and dimensions for fences, walks, steps, gate posts, clothes posts, watering troughs and other useful things which are easily made and are permanently enduring. Everyone who owns a home should understand the value of concrete construction, and everyone who uses concrete should realize that

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

MAKES THE BEST CONCRETE

It is pure and uniform; it is made from genuine Portland cement rock. It contains no furnace slag; it is being used by the United States government for the Panama Canal. Other books in the Atlas Cement Library.

Concrete Houses and Cottages	
Vol. I—[illegible]	$1 00
Vol. II—Small Houses	1 00
Concrete in Highway Construction	1 00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction (delivery charge)	.10
Concrete in Railroad Construction	1 00
Concrete Cottages	Free
Concrete Garages	Free

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

Dept. 62, 30 Broad Street, New York

[illegible] active capacity of any cement [illegible] the world [illegible] 000 barrels per day

desired the approval of the men he met as sincerely as any would-be Congressman stumping his district three days before election. But there must have been something haughty in President Arthur's belief in himself, something of "The King can do no wrong." He took no trouble to contradict rumors or to ingratiate himself with those who had started them. He was a handsome man, generous in his proportions overtopping most men and as straight as a rail—with a suggestion of richness in the coloring of his hazel eyes and fresh colored face. As there are always social cliques and rivalries, there were various reports about him.

The fact is, Washington was not accustomed to just the type of man that President Arthur represented. Because he was somewhat of an epicure, because he believed that social life and the arts are factors in life of equal importance with political primaries, his recreations were exaggerated out of all proportion and his statesmanship ignored.

It is for other people to discuss these topics. I can say this, however. An Administration that had promised to be torn by dissension, the prey of spoilsmen, defeated by the quarrels of Republicans among themselves, somehow straightened out into order, efficiency. That is the sort of thing that becomes apparent to an office force. Somehow everything that had to be done was done, without regard to party or personal friendship. Conkling, Star-Routers, Navy—all could affirm that. There were no more colloquies between disaffected officials behind screens; there was no more question of the President's policy being dominated by this politician or that. Whoever did it, there was more work done, more order created, less of political scandal during Arthur's Administration than the White House has often witnessed.

The Evils of the Spoils System

But it was not recognized at the time. If the tragedy of Garfield's Administration called attention to the evils of the spoils system, this Administration and the election that followed showed to what an extent the dissemination of scandal could be permitted among supposedly decent people. And it was only when a life or so had been hurt by it that the evil was stayed.

One little incident stands out in my mind in the midst of other very different things. An old colored man journeyed to the White House to see the President. While he was waiting to be received he told me all about how he had belonged to the family of President Arthur's wife, and how he had carried his "little Miss" in his arms to school. I suppose he expected that the President would bestow upon him a pension for life because of the service, but I never heard of this having been done.

It was but natural that President Arthur should have wanted the renomination. It would have been the authoritative assurance that his choice for Vice-Presidency was not a mere political chance. But he made singularly little effort to obtain the nomination in '84. I suppose he was under the impression that his Administration might speak for him; there was again something almost haughty in the way he disregarded some of the powerful politicians, with their following. I know personally that John A. Logan was waiting for an audience with the President. Had it been given he would have turned over to him the votes he controlled—and Arthur might have received the nomination instead of Blaine. But the President steadfastly refused to see him—and the votes went elsewhere. The only time I ever saw Mr. Arthur show any personal emotion was when he said good-by to his office force at the coming in of Cleveland. Then he was very evidently moved.

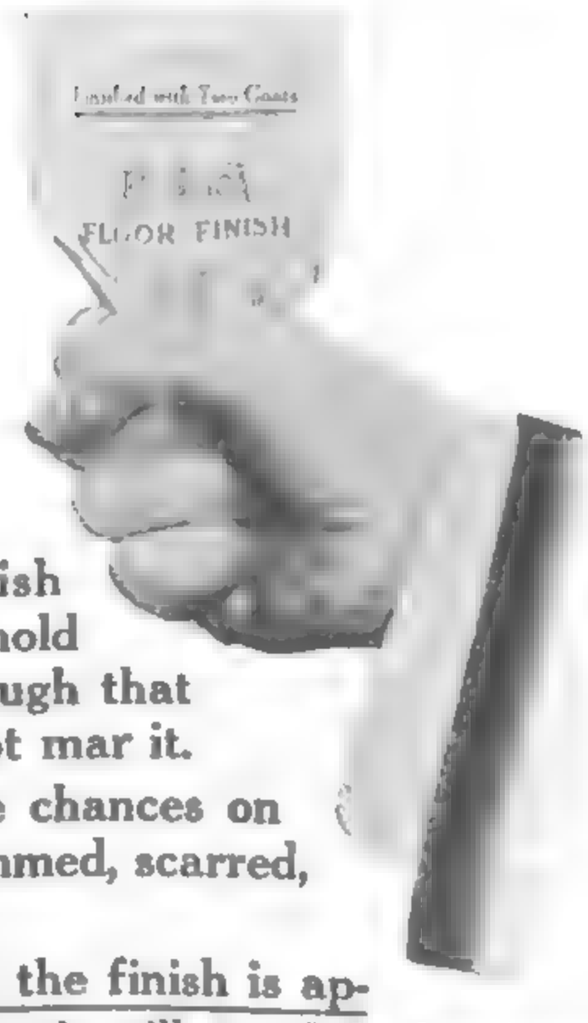
An Easy Old Age

A HOTELKEEPER in Indiana was building an addition to his place. He stood with a friend near the excavation being made for the cellar of the addition. Among the laborers digging was an old man with a long, gray beard, who seemed to be over seventy and rather feeble.

"Isn't it a shame," said the friend, "to see an old man like that forced to work with a pick and shovel? It's pretty hard."

"Yes," replied the hotelkeeper, "it's pretty hard, I admit that; but, then, that old geezer hasn't got any notes coming due."

Prove ELASTICA Floor Finish in This Way



You want a floor finish that will last. That will hold its lustre. A finish so tough that heels and furniture do not mar it.

You don't want to take chances on a varnish that will be dimmed, scarred, cracked in a month.

Know absolutely before the finish is applied to your floors whether it will stand the hardest use. You can prove ELASTICA Floor Finish to your complete satisfaction.

Write us and we will send you a sheet of paper like the above, finished with two coats of **Elastica** Floor Finish.

Crumple this sheet in your hand, wad it into a ball, stamp on it with your heels, twist it tightly. Then smooth the paper out. *You will not find a crack in the finish.*

Soak the sheet in water and it won't turn white, for the finish is water-proof.

Think what it means to have such a coat on your floor. No other floor finish ever created will stand such amazing tests.

TRADE ELASTICA MARK.

Look for the Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

FLOOR FINISH

What a Year's Test Shows

Here is another way by which we have proved the difference of floor finishes.

A sheet of glass was coated with **Elastica** Floor Finish. Then numerous other sheets of glass were coated with finishes called "elastic."

We let them all stand a year. Then we scrape the finish off with a knife.

Elastica Floor Finish comes off in a strip like a ribbon. Most other floor finish cracks and flies to pieces.

There is just that difference between **Elastica** and others when the finish is used on floors.

Elastica Floor Finish is the perfected product of our forty years' experience in the manufacture of floor finish.

We have scientifically overcome every objection. That is why **Elastica** Floor Finish on the floors doesn't mar. When it doesn't show marks of castors, heels or claws. When it doesn't turn white when you wet it. Why it does not need constant retouching.

Most all floor varnishes are brittle. They crack and show unsightly marks with first use, and need such constant replacing, that your finishing is never done.

they are branded with names which sound like **Elastica**.

But they are not like **Elastica**. They will not stand the test which **Elastica** stands. They will not give you durable floors. They are simply imitations, designed to make you think that they do what **Elastica** does.

Free Paper Cutter and Book "How to Finish Floors"

You can easily get the genuine, for we will ship it direct, express prepaid, if your dealer will not supply you.

We issue a book which tells every fact about floors. It tells the right woods and how best to protect them. It deals with all sorts of floors, old and new, painted and natural wood, linoleum and oil cloth. It tells how each should be treated to get the utmost effect.

Every home should have a copy of this book. Write us to send it—a postal will do. As an inducement for you to write at once, we will send with the book a handsome paper cutter and book mark combined, handsomely lithographed in ten colors. This is something you want and use daily. Sent free with Book No. 53. Write today. Address Standard Varnish Works [illegible] International Varnish Co. [illegible]

Beware of the Word "Elastic"

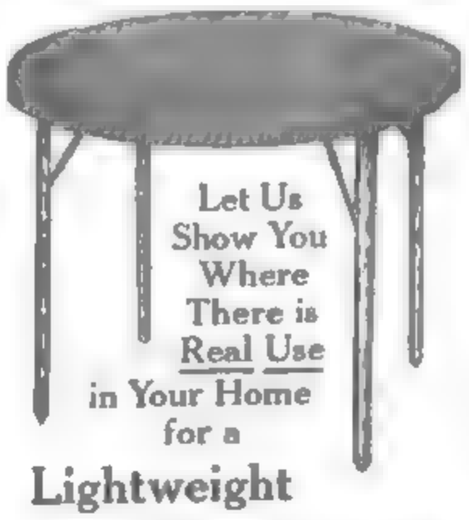
Other floor finishes are called "elastic." And they are branded with names which sound like **Elastica**.

"Elastica Stands the Rocks"

Elastica Floor Finish is made only by the

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Ask Your Dealer



Let Us Show You Where There is Real Use in Your Home for a

Lightweight

PEERLESS

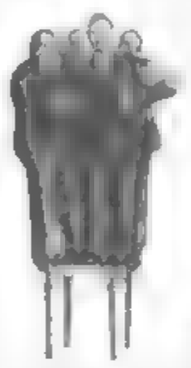
Folding Table

This folding table is one of the most beautiful, graceful creations ever offered in furniture, yet do not think of it as merely an ornament; but as a staunch, serviceable, *real* table for the hardest kind of everyday use in the home, on the porch or lawn—*anywhere*.

It is as substantial as any table with *stationary* legs—with the *convenience* of being folded up into a very small space and carried about by a child

The Peerless is folded or unfolded in an instant—no pins or bolts to bother with. Simply raise each leg and a patent steel brace automatically locks it in place, rigid and immovable.

It is so solid that a table weighing only twelve pounds will support five men aggregating over a thousand pounds.



Ideal for luncheon or [illegible] for dining room.

Round or square models; cloth, leatherette or beautiful, natural wood three-ply veneer top. Every table fully guaranteed

[illegible]

An Actual Photograph 12 Pound Peerless Table Supporting 1002 Lbs.

Carrom-Archarena Co.

136 Rowe St., Ludington, Mich.

Concord—with Ara-Notch

Evanston—with Buttonhole

THE NEW

ARROW COLLARS

FOR SUMMER. High enough for looks—low enough for comfort and plenty of room for the tie to slide in.

15c each, 2 for 25c

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers Troy, N.Y.

GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA $1

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats more popular than ever all the rage this summer [illegible] these are wonderful genuine [illegible] Panamas and [illegible] Panamas and [illegible] these [illegible] Assorted sizes [illegible] Sent prepaid, in receipt of $1.00. Order today Satisfaction assured. Supply Limited

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 230 Broadway New York City

Counting the Cash

A BUSINESS man, whose chief expenditures are made by check, lets his daughter keep books on the change he spends out of pocket, largely with the purpose of teaching her something about accounts. Every night after dinner he counts his cash and compares the amount with last evening's amount, also specifying any money that has been added to his pocket money through the day. Then he enumerates all his expenditures for the day, item by item, and the girl sets them down. Ten per cent of what he has spent each day is credited to her and deposited to her account, while for the amount of every item that he is unable to remember he adds a like amount.

Pocket schemes are adaptable to the man or woman who receives money as well as to the one who spends it.

There is an old story of a merchant who had two pockets for money, into one putting all that was paid him, and out of the other paying all bills. This yarn is frequently told to illustrate the success of rudimentary bookkeeping, and to point a moral against too great detail in accounts, the narrator usually adding, vaguely, that that merchant died a millionaire.

A news-stand proprietor in New York keeps money in three pockets. His stock of goods is varied, consisting of daily papers, magazines and novelties. There are returnable goods to be sent back, and the nature of his trade in daily papers makes it difficult to use a cash register. So he divides the stock into three groups—newspapers, periodicals and novelties. There is a pocket for each. Receipts are put away in the proper pocket, and payments for new stock in that particular group made out of it. No matter how fast he works, the money is all sorted and accounted for with no delay. Every night, by counting cash on hand for each group and roughly estimating stock on hand, he knows where he stands

A Messenger's Mile-Posts

A successful business man's whole life has been governed by a pocket scheme he devised as a telegraph messenger. When he got a hundred dollars, he said, he would look around and see what could be done with it to better himself. All the change he got in tips, therefore, together with what he saved from his small wages, went into a special pocket. When there was a dollar in that pocket he deposited it in a savings-bank. It took more than two years to amass his hundred dollars. Then he looked around and found that the best investment he could possibly make would be a course in a business college. This landed him in a better job in an office, and he began saving again, this time to get two hundred and fifty dollars. When he had that, he said, he could look around once more. This took about two years, and he found that he could buy a small business of his own with that sum. So he candidly asked his employer's advice, and the latter was as frank as he, saying that a young fellow of his enterprise would undoubtedly make such a business pay, but that if he would take an increase in wages instead, and stay in his present job, he thought it might be more profitable in the long run.

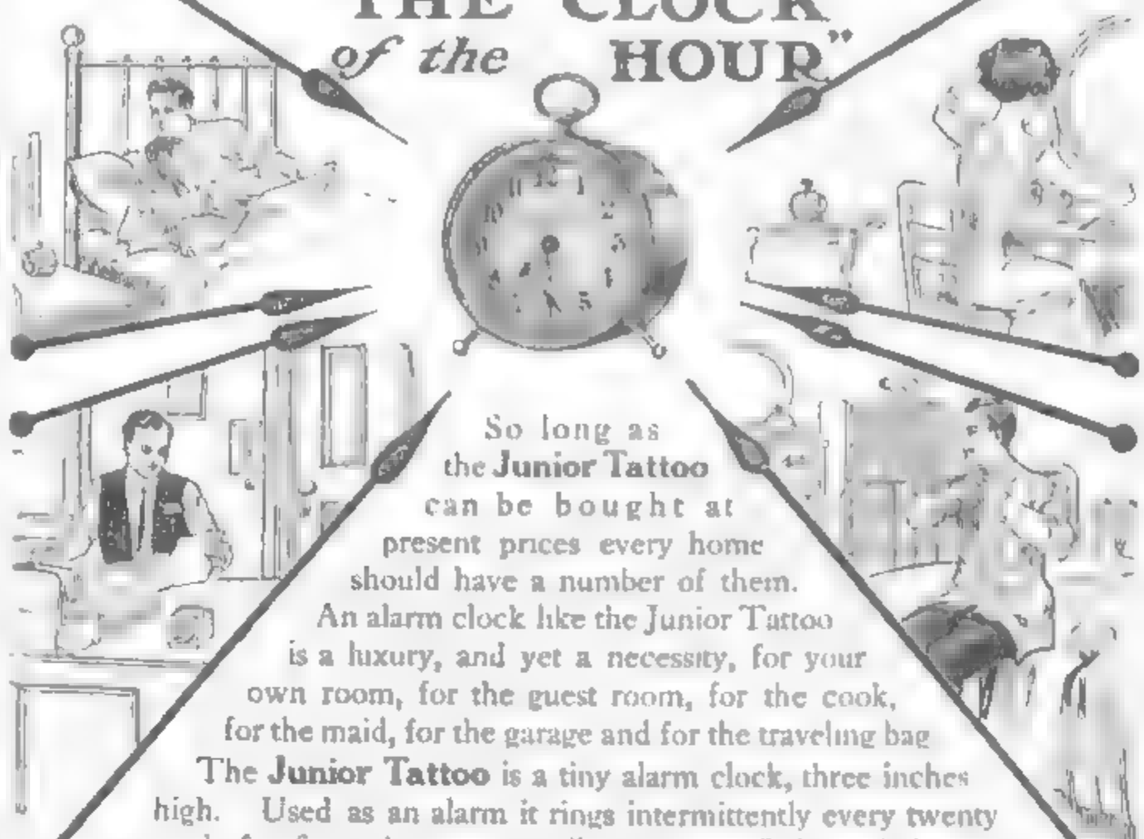
"All right," said the lad; "I'll stay until I have a thousand dollars saved."

By that time he had charge of a department. When he had five thousand dollars he bought an interest in the business and began to work for a hundred thousand Today he owns the business, and it has been his policy, roughly, to look ahead, set a certain mark to grow up to, saying: "When we have so much, or have done such-and-such, it will be time to look around and set a new mark."

A bookkeeper places seven one-dollar bills in his collar box each Saturday, and puts one in his trousers pocket each morning as he takes out a clean collar. From this he meets all the day's ordinary expenditures, such as lunch, carfare, cigars, newspapers. At night he counts remaining change, drops it into his baby's savings-bank, and enters up the items from memory. All larger expenditures are met from his wallet, in which he carries ten or fifteen dollars, and these items are entered separately

UP ON THE *MINUTE*

"THE CLOCK of the HOUR"



So long as the **Junior Tattoo** can be bought at present prices every home should have a number of them. An alarm clock like the Junior Tattoo is a luxury, and yet a necessity, for your own room, for the guest room, for the cook, for the maid, for the garage and for the traveling bag

The **Junior Tattoo** is a tiny alarm clock, three inches high. Used as an alarm it rings intermittently every twenty seconds for five minutes or until you turn off the switch. It is durable Nothing about it can be injured with ordinary usage. You can carry it in your traveling bag with safety It is reliable and precise. It always keeps excellent time. You can depend absolutely upon its alarm, knowing it will arouse you at the exact time desired.

The alarm does not awaken everybody in the house The Junior alarm is **insistent**, not loud. When it rings the first time you may not get up If you do not, in a few seconds it will ring again. Get up if you wish and turn it off; otherwise its persistent call will ring every twenty seconds for five minutes.

The Junior Tattoo is sold by jewelers everywhere. We are manufacturers for the jeweler. If you cannot buy the Junior in your own town, send us $1.50 for each and we will deliver as many as you want, all charges paid, [illegible] your dealer's name. Send for interesting short story called "The Uprising of John Hancock

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
139 Hamilton Street

Sent free with a full description of the clock if you send your dealer's name.

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 7

Why Goods Grow Stale

WHEN a grocer buys more of a perishable product than he can sell quickly and it gets stale, the grocer is to blame.

When a manufacturer forces him to buy beyond his needs to get as low a price as his competitor with a big outlet, the manufacturer is to blame.

When his price-cutting competitor, enjoying special buying privileges and willing to throw away his profits, forces the grocer to do likewise, they're both to blame.

The only way to make sure of a living profit for the grocer and perfectly fresh goods for the consumer is to buy on the Kellogg plan—the way KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES is sold—at one price only, whether you buy a case or a car-load—the way that has no favorites and treats the big and little grocer alike—the way that looks out for the interests of the consumer, all along the line.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

The Overland

Delivery Wagon—Price, $1,100

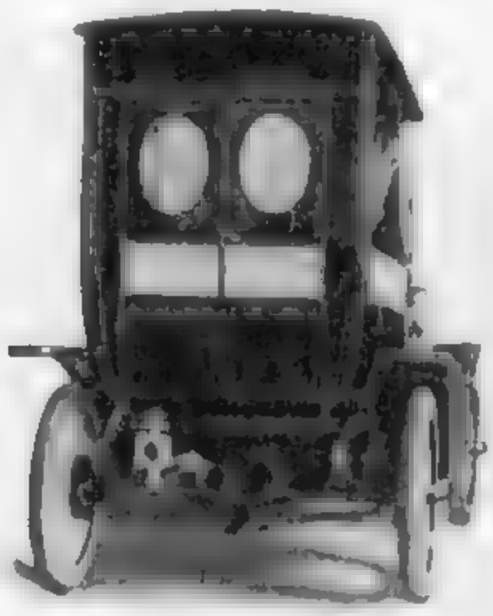
Power	25 horsepower
Wheel base	102 inches
Speed	4 to 40 miles per hour
Capacity	Two passengers and 800 pounds
Gas lamps and generator	$25 extra

How the Overlands Carry the Mails

For 18 months, four Overland Delivery Cars have been employed in the U. S. Mail Service in Indianapolis.

They were selected largely because of their utter simplicity. They are cars that any novice can run.

But reliability was the most essential requirement. Mail cars must cover their daily routes, winter and summer, in all sorts of weather. They must always be ready and always keep going. The mails cannot be delayed.



(36) Rear View

The Result is This

Each of these cars—for a year and a half—has covered from 60 to 70 miles daily. In over 500 days not a trip has been missed.

Each has done the work which before had required three men and three horse-drawn vehicles.

There has never been a moment's delay in the service. There is nothing more certain, more constant, more reliable in the whole post-office service than these Overland cars.

Delivery Wagons

We stopped making delivery wagons because of the over-demand for Overland passenger cars. We have not been able, until this year, to fill even half of our orders.

Now we have four factories with a daily capacity of 140 cars. We are including in this output a few delivery wagons—such as we picture above. During the coming summer we expect to build hundreds.

They are built on the regular chassis used for our $1,000 car, but the wheels and springs are made larger and stronger to meet the extra requirements. The Overland delivery wagon will carry 800 pounds in addition to two men on the seat.

The car has the Overland pedal control. Push one pedal forward to go ahead and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

A child can master the car in ten minutes. Any novice can keep it in order. Many of these cars have run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug.

The engine is 25-horsepower. The wheel base 102 inches. The speed, 40 miles an hour. Price, as illustrated, $1,100.

Your Sort of Car

Whether for business or pleasure you will find the Overland exactly your sort of car. It needs no expert to operate or care for it. The cost of upkeep is trifling. And the car is almost trouble-proof.

The price is amazingly low. Our new machinery and multiplied output has cut the cost of delivery wagons $200, and the saving is offered to you.

We invite correspondence. There are thousands of storekeepers who would use these delivery wagons if they only knew the facts. And they would save money and men and time. We can offer immediate delivery on a limited number. Please write us today.

Note the Percentage of Overlands

The Overland

Next Sunday afternoon note how Overlands predominate among the new cars on the street. You can see for yourself—wherever you are—that the Overlands are now the leading cars of the day.

$200,000 Per Day

The average sale by dealers on Overland cars now exceeds $200,000 per day. We believe that never in the history of automobiles has there been a record approaching this.

The four Overland factories, employing 4,000 men, are now turning out 140 Overlands daily. That's more than we promised. It is five times our output of last year, and twenty times our output of two years ago. Yet the demand keeps ahead of supply.

Judge what a car this must be. Two years ago it was almost unknown. Today an output of 140 cars daily fails to keep up with the call.

Matchless Simplicity

Overland cars are the choice of hundreds of experts. But they appeal above all to men who run their own cars. That's why you see so many on Sunday afternoons.

There is no other car which is nearly so simple. Three of the models operate by pedal control. One simply pushes pedals backward or forward to get on low speed, high speed or reverse. It is as simple and natural as walking.

The designers of the Overland have immensely reduced the usual number of parts. One piece is made to take the place of many. This reduces the danger of trouble.

All the usual complexities have been eliminated. One has nothing to think of but the road, and the hands have nothing to do but steer.

Almost Trouble-Proof

The veriest novice can handle and care for the Overland. It needs only oil and water. We have run one of these cars for 7,000 miles, night and day, without stopping the engine.

The parts are made like the parts of watches—by automatic machinery. They are exact to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

During the making the various parts are subjected to more than ten thousand inspections. Then every chassis is proved on the road—proved to be utterly perfect—before it goes out.

As a result, every Overland owner gets pure delight from his car. And he tells others the facts. Those are the reasons why Overland cars are so amazingly popular.

The Minimized Cost

Our enormous production and our modern machinery enable us to make cars for much less than others. In the past year alone we have cut our costs 20 per cent. No other maker attempts to give what the Overland gives for the money.

The 25-horsepower Overland Roadster sells for $1,000. It has a 102-inch wheel base. The same car with a tonneau costs $1,100.

A 40-horsepower Overland is sold for $1,250, with single rumble seat. Other Overland models sell for $1,400 and $1,500, according to size, style, power and finish.

The Marion-Overland—our finest production—sells, with touring body, for $1,850. And each of these prices, from the lowest to the highest, includes five lamps and magneto.

You'll Want One, Too

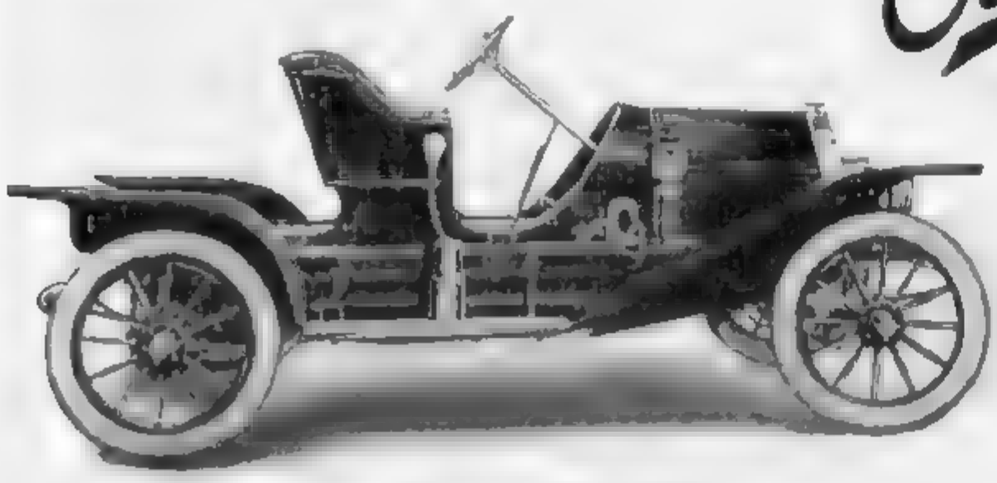
You will agree with the thousands buying Overland cars when you see and compare them with others. Do this in fairness to yourself. There are now Overland dealers in 800 towns, so you can see the cars anywhere. Send us this coupon now for our catalog, picturing all the styles and giving all the facts.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

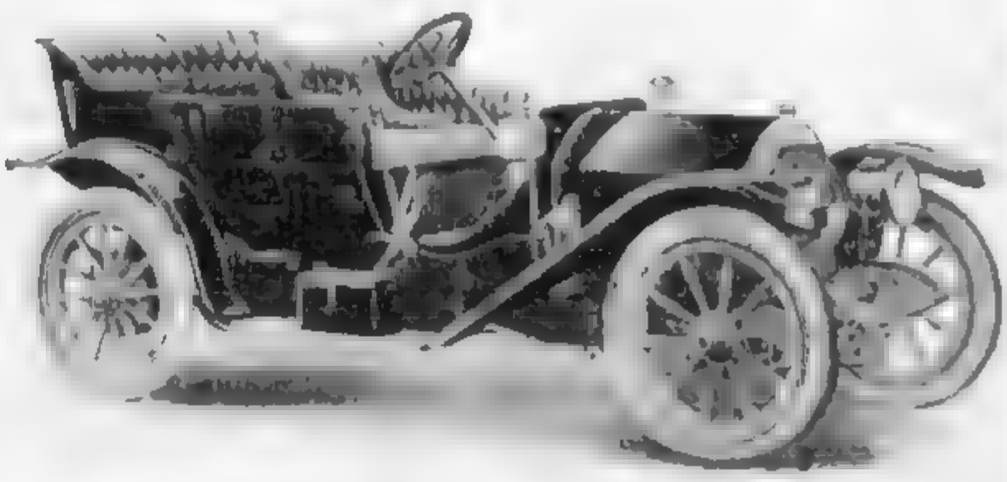
Licensed Under Selden Patent.

Please send me the catalog free.

The Overland



Two of the many Overland Models



Overland Model 38—Price, $1,000
25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, $1,050
—double rumble seat, $1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, $1,100

Other Overland Models, from $1,250 to $1,850
All prices include five lamps and magneto

BALLYHOO BILL

(Continued from Page 15)

and campchairs, lounged the proprietors of shows and their helpers, and the red glow of cigars and cigarettes and pipes marked where they sat. To the right, beyond Carnival Lane, were the long stables where the highbred horses were housed, dark now and quiet except for the occasional moving lanterns of the stablemen and the whinny of nervous steeds; and the prize-livestock buildings to the left were dark, too, now, except for the faintest of streams of lantern light from doors and windows. There was human life in those barns, but not human companionship; for these men and the street fair crowd let each other strictly alone. Their worlds were different, their interests were different, and there was little temptation for them to mix.

As he passed his own front Bill could hear the hoarse voice of Professor Skybo and the querulous one of Joe Richards, and with a shrug of distaste he hurried on. The Tattooed Family were inside their tent with a little, wheezy road organ they carried, and that they had company was evinced by the fact that the chorus of Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes was taken up by a volume of no fewer than eight or ten voices; across the way the owner of The Four-Legged Hen, a farmer never able to become used to these strange people, sat in solemn loneliness enjoying the evening air, which now, however, was beginning to turn a trifle crisp; Helen the Fat Beauty was already sound asleep—he could hear her snoring; for her the days and nights were not long enough for this accomplishment. Out from the tent of Ajax the Strong Man came the plaintive notes of a flute which that eminent performer was endeavoring to master with but small success.

A sense of gloom oppressed Hoover, which was not dispelled by the sudden attack upon Sunday-school songs in the tent of The Tattooed Family, nor lessened until he turned into the tent of The Little Polish Count, where, in the light of a mirrored carriage lantern hung upon the front wall, The Little Polish Count, his father, a huge German named Schmidt, his spieler and the manager of The Fat Beauty were playing poker upon a folding table.

"Hello, Bill," invited the spieler. "Set in."

"I'm leary," returned Hoover, nevertheless looking interestedly down upon the chips.

"This won't put a crimp in you," piped up The Little Polish Count. "It's only penny ante, five megs limit, half a check stacks," and little Schmidt, who was acting as banker, began counting out fifty of the dingy paper chips, all colors at the same price.

Hoover brought forward a box and "sat in." He played with them an hour and a half, and then, having contributed thirty-five cents to the exchequer of wee Schmidt, he wended his sober way homeward

With reluctance he climbed the platform of the Hee-na show and looked down into the pit, where Skybo and Joe Richards lay wrapped in their blankets asleep. Quietly he secured his own blanket and prepared for a night in the open, upon the platform, a luxury he gave his lungs whenever he could, and which probably accounted for the healthy glow of his skin. His shoes, rolled in a newspaper and then in his coat, made a comfortable pillow, and the hard boards were no harder than his muscles. In ten minutes he was snoring.

VII

BEFORE any one else was astir Hoover produced from his pocket a bit of soap wrapped well in paper. Back of the tent, between the trunks, he had noticed a pail and a tin washbasin, and, taking the pail, he went up to the water-barrel he had located during the day, brought back some extremely cold water and bathed himself from head to foot, taking such simple pride in his lithe self as an athlete of old Greece might, then changed into gratefully clean linen and scoured his collar vigorously. That was the first decent "wash-up" that he had enjoyed since he came from the railroad, and he felt much refreshed by it. It was rather a chill, raw morning for the time of year, and he took a brisk walk around the race-track until there were signs of breakfast about the Colonel's tent.

"Ham and"! It brought cheer and joy into the world again; and besides, there was May, who was restful to the eye.

Lallah and Ameena were in more or less slatternly kimonos and with their sparse hair in papers and pigtails, but May was in a neat-fitting kitchen gown of gingham which was protected by a clean checked apron, and her wealth of hair, without any artificial aids just now, was caught up in a neat coil. Conversation, however, was barred during housekeeping hours, as Bill quickly discovered; so, with a certain project, both business and social, in his mind, he walked out with the Colonel.

"Where do you go from here?" he asked

"Higgenstown," replied the Colonel with a sigh; "a pumpkin stand worse than this one, but it was the best date I could get. Next season I'm goin' to get a fancy front and play strong for the big dates."

"Going to keep on making your own openings?"

"I should say I am," emphatically declared the Colonel. "A good opening is the makin' of any show. I'd rather have a good spieler with a bum attraction than the best attraction on the circuit with a rotten talk."

Bill nodded in approval of this wisdom.

"I wish you could sign me on," he said.

"I sure would sign you if I needed a spieler," the Colonel assured him; "but there's nothin' doin', Bill. The old lady and me's been puttin' down the kale in layers ever since we done without outside help. With me on the platform and her on the door we got nothin' to poke up for but the priv and the talent, and every meg we pay out means it's just that much longer till we can retire to the chicken farm. But what's the matter, Bill? Ain't it comin' strong enough for you with Skybo?"

"Good enough, I guess," said Hoover, "but I want a change. I don't like boozers, for one thing. This fake of Skybo's is due to get the Willies any time, and them two are liable to murder each other any minute. Anyhow, I don't like to travel with an outfit that don't seem to need any soap."

"Oh, well, dirt ain't ketchin'," the Colonel philosophically comforted him. "I'd stick with Skybo and clean up all I could. He works all winter."

"On the gitney route?" replied Hoover in scorn. "Not for me. I ain't been on the cotton circuit since my first year out."

The Colonel nodded his head. He knew the pride of the good showmen, which prevented them from taking the Southern winter trip. There was not much money in it at a "gitney," or five cents, admission, and to "keep away from the cold in Georgia" meant, upon the face of it, that a man had not saved any money during the summer season.

Hoover and the Colonel presently walked up to the gate and back, and then the Colonel went over to the office of the Fair Association. Bill met the Professor coming in with a fresh supply of whisky, and a sudden impossibility of continuing longer in this company came over him.

"I'm going to blow," he announced. "I can't stand for your freak."

"We got a state fair next week," stated the Professor, playing his one trump card without delay.

"A state fair!" and Bill glanced incredulously down the lane at the disreputable front of the Hee-na show. "How did you ever break in?"

"I got a drag with a friend of mine that's got the privilege for three concessions, and he wrote me to come on."

"Has he seen this show?"

"No."

The Professor himself looked dubiously down toward the dingy banner.

"Well, you take my tip," advised Bill. "You want to freshen up that front before you go."

Skybo shook his head.

"No chance," he said. "Joe won't do it. I been at him all season to kick in for a new front, but he won't stand for it. He says he's made a livin' with this one for ten years, and it's good enough."

"You'll get a cancel, I tell you," insisted Hoover.

"No, I got a drag," said Skybo.

Hoover thought it over.

"All right, then," he agreed; "but you have got to give me more."

UTICA
TRADE MARK

The Why of UTICA Pliers

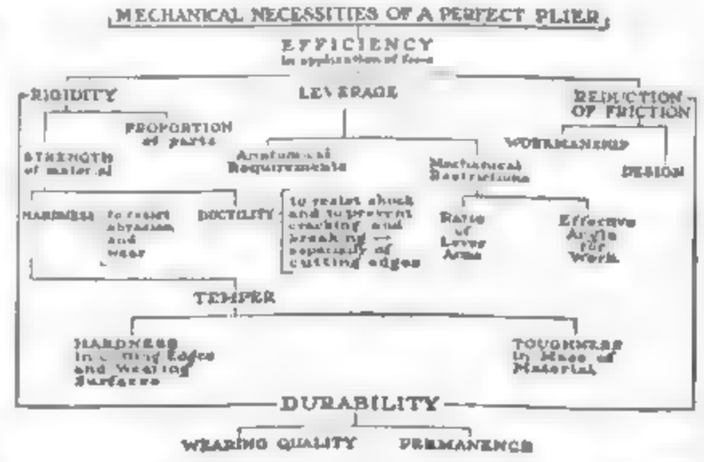
The value of a tool depends upon its efficiency. A perfect plier or nipper must meet the three general requirements of rigidity, proper leverage and the minimum of friction. For rigidity, the strength of the material and the proportion of the parts must have a positive return. We determined, by experiments, that tool steel, drop forged, is the right and only material that is capable of being tempered to the degree of hardness necessary to retain the sharpness of cutting edges, and that enables the wearing surfaces to stand the great amount of work that Utica tools are guaranteed to perform.

In tempering a plier or nipper there must be sufficient ductility maintained in the material to resist the shock, and to support the keen cutting edges, preventing cracking and breaking. There must be toughness in the mass of the tool to resist the strain on the lever arms. Our special process of hardening and tempering accomplishes all this.

This brings us to the consideration of the leverage. Through exhaustive study we have ascertained exactly the proper ratio of lever arms and effective angle of work necessary for applying the maximum of force with the minimum of energy.

A good tool must exert power, and the origin of this force, in the case of pliers and nippers, is the natural construction of the hand, wrist and arm. All these have been taken into account. The handles of Utica Pliers and Nippers are designed to fit the hand, and to transmit, in a natural way, the force exerted directly to the working parts of the tools. Utica tools are really a metallic extension of the arm, and allow perfect freedom of use without crushing or bruising the hand. This permits of the use of Utica tools under conditions of work that usually require special appliances. They adapt themselves to a variety of work. This quality makes a pair of Utica pliers a necessity in every household. They save sending for a mechanic on every little repair job that occurs.

MECHANICAL NECESSITIES OF A PERFECT PLIER



We have reduced the friction and abrasion on the wearing parts to a minimum. There is no wasted force. There is no sticking or jamming of the tool to overcome. The force exerted by the hand is applied directly and instantaneously without loss or reduction of any kind. This is the case for perfect workmanship, finish and fitting—and it's there in Utica pliers.

Utica tools are durable—we have records of Utica pliers that have been in constant use for seven years, and are still in service.

We guarantee absolutely every plier and nipper that bears our trade-mark. Each Utica plier and nipper before it leaves the factory must pass the closest inspection of intelligent workmen who are instructed to break every tool they can in making the tests. Every Utica plier or nipper that you buy has stood up under greater strain and strain of work than can be possibly put upon it during usage. That is why Utica pliers and nippers are styled "perfect" by all who have used them.

We make pliers and nippers of various designs for special work. Pliers for { Householders, Blacksmiths, Shoemakers, Wire Workers, Jewelers, Farmers, Milliners, Plumbers, Electricians, Mechanics, Autoists, Linemen

Utica Pliers and Nippers are manufactured by

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL COMPANY, Utica, N. Y.

and are for sale at hardware and electrical supply stores. If your dealer does not keep them, let us know, and we will see that you are supplied.

No. 700 Household or Tradesman Plier costs 85 cents at dealers', 15 cents extra for postage from us. We will be glad to send you, absolutely free, our handsomely illustrated booklet—"Plier Palmistry"—which covers the entire subject of the plier and its uses. Send your name and address.

UTICA
TRADE MARK

¶ *"The Measure of a Man" is a Guide to Good Form in Dress. Ask for it.*

PERHAPS you have certain *ideas* about good clothes. Or, should we say *ideals?* When you realize that we are making clothes for thousands of style experts, and pleasing them in *every* detail of fabric, fashion and fit, why not test the merit of **Michaels-Stern Clothes** *yourself?*

Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

For Baby's Safety—For Mother or Grandma's Comfort—For Husband, Father or Son's Luncheon at Office or Factory.

Thermos the nursery need in every home; Thermos the labor saver; Thermos the sick room necessity; Thermos the aid to physicians and nurses.

Mother, ***you need*** Thermos for the comforts assured and which can be obtained in no other way.

Think seriously, therefore, while we tell you of the "Thermos way"—the new way of saving everything you want saved; of doing the work of stove and icebox.

Thermos keeps liquids—and solids—the way you want them—until you want them. Any liquid from baby's milk to breakfast broths; any solid from gruel to dinner roasts can be kept piping hot. Any liquid, or solid, can be kept icy cold until needed. Not a particle of trouble or worry; not a step to take; not even infinitesimal danger from germ contagion.

There are Thermos bottles (pints, quarts), Thermos Pitchers, Pots, Jars and Humidors (priced reasonably) an assortment of Carrying cases for Travelers, Sportsmen and Automobilists, from simple single bottle cases to elaborate tire trunks for auto use. Every need every taste and every hope of all classes of persons will be found in Thermos equipment at 50,000 good stores. But, please be cautious. **Look for the name "Thermos" on the bottom of every genuine article.**

American Thermos Bottle Company,
Thermos Building, 243-247 West 17th St., New York.

THERMOS
KEEPS HOT KEEPS COLD

Hammo-port
TRADE MARK

The improved 1910 **Hammo-port** is better in every way. Back rest adjustable to any position—use as a wind shield or back rest. The patent spring cannot sag and will support 450 lbs. Use as a hammock or bed for outdoor sleeping. Solid colors and handsome stripes, positively fast colors. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Buy from your dealer or we will ship complete, east of Rockies for $9.75. Ask for Booklet G—FREE.

Carnie-Goudie Mfg. Co.
Kansas City, Missouri

How You Can Make Money

Send us the names of a few families in your town who need a piano. If we sell them a piano we will pay you liberally. Write today and we will send Information Form for you to fill out.

LYON & HEALY
Dept. I-4018 Chicago
World's Largest Music House (66)

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters for all purposes and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅔ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D
Typewriter Emporium, 23-24 Lake St., Chicago

"You won't get it. Let me tell you, Hoover, Joe wants to give you the screw number as it is. You ought to drink with him and jolly him along, then you could get anything you wanted."

"I wouldn't drink with him to save him from the chair," declared Bill. "I had my education on old man Red-eye the first year I went in the business, and none for me. You talk it over with Richards and come across with twelve per cent, and I'll go with you to the state fair and mop up for you; otherwise I skid right now."

"Quit, then!" snapped Skybo. Twelve per cent was an unheard-of payment.

"That's a bet," said Hoover.

He vainly made the rounds of the various shows to see if by any chance a ballyhoo man had quit over night, and went back to the Colonel's tent rather discouraged.

"For two megs," he told May, "I'd lay me in a stock of canes and screechers."

She only laughed.

"You'd look well sellin' the slum stuff," she said. "No; you go back when Skybo comes after you, but don't you ever sleep in that pit. How would you like to have some veal cutlets for dinner?"

"I could die scoffin' veal cutlets," declared Bill.

"Then you take this basket and drill into town for 'em. Wait! Here's a deuce spot, and I'll make out a list of some other things," and she gave him a two-dollar bill.

When he returned Skybo was making an early opening and was deep in a clumsy attempt to use the arm of Pharaoh; and Bill, with a smile, stopped down in front of the girl-show banners to see the effect of it. The attendance was pitifully small, and with satisfaction he went in with his provisions and kept out of sight until dinner, which was early today because the Colonel wanted to make a twelve-o'clock opening.

He followed May back to the cook tent to watch her light the gasoline stove and get the hasty noonday meal of working-days. In all his time upon the road he could remember no experience like this, and it made him homesick for the first time in years. There was very little talk between them, but the mere joy and peace of being there was sufficient for Bill, and more and more every moment he wished that he could "join out" with the Colonel. He told May about it just as she handed him the meat to carry in to the table. She was quite silent until he came back, and then, as if he had not been gone, as if a bare second or two had elapsed since his remark, she shook her head and said:

"No chance."

While they were eating dinner, Skybo, who had looked in vain over the grounds, made his way into the tent.

"Well, Bill, you win," he said. "I just had a talk with Joe—it was close to a riot—he's nervous as a cat this mornin'—but he finally said you get your percentage."

"I'll be over and make an opening as soon as I finish my Java," returned Bill.

The Professor waited for him outside.

"I got somethin' I want to talk with you about," he said.

"All right," said Bill.

"Well, you ain't takin' down enough, an' I ain't. Joe's stewed usually and he don't know what's comin' up. Are you wise?"

Hoover faced him with narrowing eyes.

"No, I ain't wise," he said. "I'm hep all right, though. The days you've run the show yourself you was gettin' a little bigger tear-off than the other days, and you want me to play in with it."

"Well, I might pass up a few phony tickets to you," admitted the Professor.

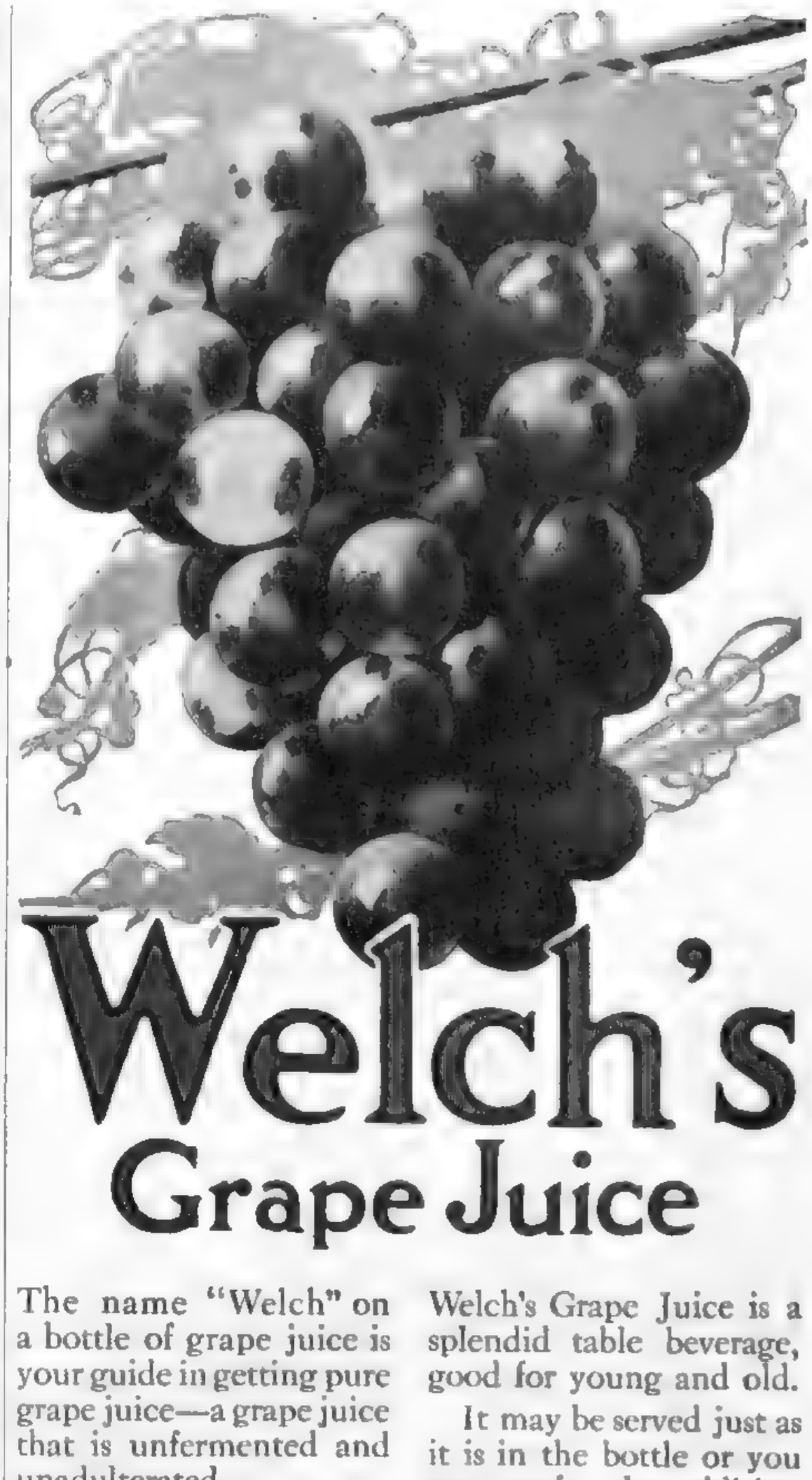
"Nit," said Bill. "I'm going to come across clean or quit the business. Anyhow," he added after a moment of reflective calculation, "it wouldn't pay. You needn't think Joe can't count. He can tell a shillaber from a boob the minute a guy pokes his map over the pit, and he counts every dime on the platform."

"Yes, he does that," admitted the Professor; "but he's always claimin' I knock down, anyhow, so I might as well get the game as the name."

"Not for me," said Hoover. "Come on. There's a good crowd," and he hurried up to the platform, from which, in a few moments more, his persuasive voice was telling the story of poor Hee-na.

VIII

"GETAWAY DAY" was bright and clear and not too hot—an ideal Saturday; and early in the morning the Rodney County Fair was a hive of industry. Shillabers were scarce today, for



Welch's
Grape Juice

The name "Welch" on a bottle of grape juice is your guide in getting pure grape juice—a grape juice that is unfermented and unadulterated.

Welch's is the juice of fresh picked, full-ripe Concord grapes, pressed and sealed in glass within a few hours from the time the grapes are picked.

Avoid grape juice having corn syrup (glucose) added. This is done to give it body and make it palatable. Its use means inferior grapes.

Welch's Grape Juice is a splendid table beverage, good for young and old.

It may be served just as it is in the bottle or you may prefer the addition of water.

See that it is served cold.

Try adding a tumbler of Welch's to a quart of lemonade made rather sweet.

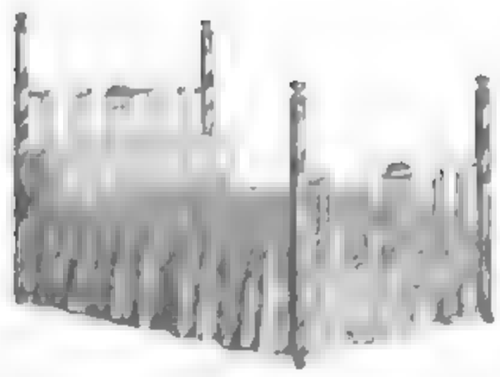
Here is the recipe for a fine sherbet taken from our booklet:

Welch Grape Sherbet

Welch's Grape Juice, one and one-half pints; water two pints, sugar one and one-half pounds, juice of three lemons. Freeze medium stiff, then add the whites of one or two eggs and freeze as hard as possible.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.



OUR Brass Bed Style Book will please you, and the sample of brass bed tubing we send with it will amaze you. Send for this booklet and see these new beds which are suited in design and size to harmonize with the furniture of every period for your bedroom—Bungalow Beds for small country houses and city apartments, Flanders Beds, Colonial Beds, Four Post Beds, Louis XVI Beds—from the simple to the splendid. You can choose between 94 styles of

Kimball & Chappell Brass Beds

They are solid brass quality—age-proof, climate-proof, sanitary, permanently beautiful and strong.

Tap them with a pencil and they will ring like a bell—the "Kimball ring"—that shows they are all brass and not veneered iron pipe.

The satin golden surface will be beautiful and untarnished for 20 years, because it is made by twelve coats of English Rylamber lacquer, put on hot, which is absorbed deep into the brass. See the difference between our tubing and others—the sample will astonish you.

Style book and samples mailed free.

Kimball & Chappell Company

28th and Loomis Streets · Chicago, Ill.

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

The latest innovation in men's fashionable neckwear.

One-piece	Pin Proof
Tubular	Non-binding
Seamless	Tie Easily
Reversible	All Silk

These qualities make Cheney Silk Cravats superior to all others. Thirty-two colors and designs. Price, 50c. Four-in-hands and bow ties.

Avoid inferior imitations offered as Cheney Silk Cravats. You are SURE of the original if you see the name

CHENEY SILKS

stamped plainly inside the neckband.

At all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. State colors desired.

PONCET & NEESER
Selling Agents
58 Greene St., New York

Penmanship
BY MAIL
I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better
C. W. RANSOM,
968 Reliance Building Kansas City Missouri

the lid was understood to be off and they had business of their own; but they were not needed, for by nine o'clock the simple-minded public began thronging in at the gates, dripping with small coins, and the erstwhile shillabers, now appearing in their true guise as "grifters" of various sorts, prepared hungrily for their only harvest of the week. The two dark men who had been running the "dart joint" at small profit suddenly blossomed out in fezzes and baggy knee-trousers and upturned slippers and red-embroidered jackets, and as full-fledged Turks with zither and drum appeared in front of the girl show, where the Princess Houkaa and Lallah and Ameena were already in evidence, in fleecy draperies of many colors, as languishing beauties of the Orient.

The lid was removed completely. Over on the edge of the grounds, down near the stables, a shell-worker tempted the feeble-minded to locate the elusive little pea. The proprietor of the quick-photo tent put that entire outfit into the hands of his assistant, and from some mysterious recess produced a glittering spindle-board with three arrows, and stacked up in front of him a tempting pile of silver dollars and halves and quarters, which steadily grew. All the shows cut their acts, made openings as fast as possible, and did profitable grinding all the time betweenwhiles; but none of them did the business that Colonel Freestone attracted, for the girl show was open full tilt. Every thirty minutes Bill, from his Hee-na platform, saw the Salome and the fire and the snake dancer appear upon the platform in a quick ballyhoo and rush inside, followed by eager throngs, most of whom paid for the two-bit blow-off.

It was not until the end of the big and profitable day had come that Bill had an opportunity for the exchange of a single word with May, and even then it was but limited, for now all was greater bustle and confusion than ever in Carnival Lane. Fronts were coming down and frames were folding up and there was much packing to do; there were wagons to load and peevishly temperamental freaks to handle; but at last the work was done, and, leaving Joe Richards entirely to the care of Professor Skybo, Bill went back and joined Colonel Freestone's outfit for the break-up. They were to take trains in opposite directions from the same depot, but at nearly the same time; so, having an hour or more to spare, they walked the short distance into town together.

"I'm sorry I can't go with you to Hoggenstown," said Bill as he took May's permanent address. "I tried my best to get the Colonel to take me on."

"You must be dippy," she informed him. "Why, we're going to about the worst pumpkin town on the circuit, and you're going to a state fair! Your next week's stand ought to be a mop-up."

"I certainly need the coin," admitted Bill, "but, just the same, I'd rather have good pals than a pocket full of cash."

He was surprised himself to hear such a declaration of principles from his own lips, for it was a direct contradiction to everything he had ever previously said upon that subject. "A pal will leave you in a minute, but a dollar don't go till you tell it to," had been one of his favorite axioms.

"I've been a little too busy for pals," said May. "You know, I want to get enough ahead to quit the business as soon as I can and start a swell moving-picture show. I'd like to have a string of about a dozen of them, and a place of my own to use a suction carpet-sweeper on a fancy parlor rug."

Bill considered that idea with becoming gravity.

"What I've always thought I wanted," he said, "after I have my own good show on the road a few seasons and get enough of the mezuma together, is to own a string of small cigar stores and a home with chickens and a garden in the back yard."

"Yes, of course you'd want that," admitted May. "Anybody would."

"Well," suggested Bill, "it wouldn't be any trouble to join out the two shows under one top."

"You're certainly right there with the salve, ain't he, Colonel?" demanded May, and with high glee she related to the Colonel Bill's neat turn of the conversation as an example of ready-witted blarney, whereat Mr. Hoover felt some foolish and a bit disappointed.

Afterward he chided himself upon growing sentimental when in this girl's company. She was a fine girl, to be sure. There were

29 years in service, without repairs is the record of this PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER.

THIS is not the *only* "Pennsylvania" with such a record, there are thousands of others like it.

Most mowers are worn out by the repair man rather than by actual service. A "Pennsylvania" Lawn Mower lasts because the blades are made of the highest grade *crucible tool steel*—hardened and tempered in oil. It's the *one* mower in which *all* blades are of crucible tool steel. They're self sharpening. Castings are ground *true*. A "Pennsylvania" represents the highest grade workmanship and material.

Every mower is tested, adjusted and inspected before leaving the factory. As light and easy running as a watch with the sturdiness of a locomotive.

If you want the "final word" on lawns and mowers, send for a **copy (free)** of our book—"THE LAWN—ITS MAKING AND CARE." It's from the pen of a well-known authority, and is as interesting as it is instructive.

PENNSYLVANIA Quality LAWN MOWERS

SUPPLEE HARDWARE COMPANY, Box 1578, Philadelphia

HAYDEN FILM TANK $1

Takes all sizes up to 4x5. The best, simplest and most improved film tank on the market. Does perfect work.

Hayden's improved 6-in printing frame—75c
Hayden's convertible plate frame with post attachment 6½ x 8½—$1.50; 8 x 10—$1.75.
Hayden's convertible plate tank, 3 sizes—5 x 7 and 8 x 10—$3.50 each.
Hayden's tank developer, 6 packages for 25c.
Hayden's dry plates, the best for studio and amateur work.

Send for catalog No. 1, giving full description of our qualities.

A. C. HAYDEN & CO., BROCKTON, MASS.
U. P. Stores, Montreal, Canadian Agents.

BIG GASOLINE SAVER!

The most power comes from a perfect mixture—lots of air, little gasoline. But it requires a fat, white hot spark at high voltage to ignite it. Batteries won't give it. So you have to use one-quarter to one-third more gasoline than you should or no explosion. All this wasted gasoline is SAVED by the

Motsinger AUTO-SPARKER

NO BATTERIES NEEDED TO START
A White-Hot Spark for a Lifetime

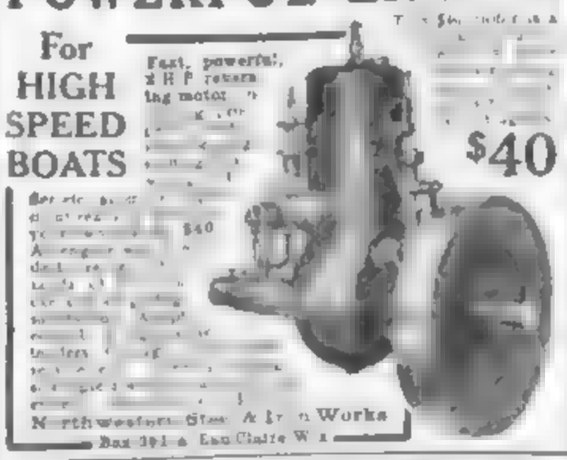
It delivers from 4 volts 2 amperes to 15 volts 4 amperes [illegible] while running; [illegible] to five [illegible]

Live Dealers Wanted
Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.
Box 464 Pendleton, Ind.

Attached to Stationary Gas Engine

POWERFUL ENGINE

For HIGH SPEED BOATS



Fast, powerful, 2 H.P. reversing motor [illegible]

$40

[illegible] $40

[illegible]

Northwestern Gas Engine Works
Box 291 a Eau Claire, Wis.

Boom Your Trade With
STATESMAN WEATHERproof Signs

Tack on trees, barns, anywhere—"wax pencils" makes them proof

Our signs possible to hang on wire fences

Pulling Advertisements

[illegible] in signs" HIGH CLASS SALESMEN [illegible]

THE STATESMAN CO., 72 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.

NOT in any MILK TRUST

HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted grain extract in powder
A quick lunch

Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Others are Imitations—Ask for Horlick's—Everywhere

Are you going to build or remodel your old building? If so, write today for FREE sample and convincing proof that

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Is Cheaper and Better Than Lath and Plaster

This practical substitute for lath and plaster is easily nailed to studding. Being applied dry, it is at once ready for decoration—paint, paper or burlap. Saves time and labor; is clean and sanitary; proof against cold, heat, dampness, vermin.

Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4x4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap.

Guaranteed Proof Against Moisture, Heat, Cold, Sound and Vermin

Will not swell, shrink, warp, crack, flake or blister; is clean, sanitary and odorless. Being a non-conductor, saves fuel and keeps out summer heat; also deadens sound.

USE MANY USES — Bishopric Wall Board is used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new and second hand buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries and garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f.o.b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING

Cheapest and Best. Ideal Material for Cement Exterior Work

Bishopric Sheathing is made of same materials and in the same way as Wall Board, but being of coarser fibre costs less. It is proof against heat, cold, dampness, sound and vermin. Makes the best insulation. Cheaper and better than lumber. Does away with building paper. Our free booklet fully explains its many uses and advantages over lumber in both frame and cement construction. Also used with excellent results as a lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables or other outdoor buildings.

Price $2 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $5.12 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f.o.b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Bishopric Roofing

Composed of felt and Asphalt Mastic flaked with mica. Never needs paint. Makes a neat, clean, artistic, durable roof. Guaranteed proof against cold, heat, moisture, wind and weather; will not crack, curl or break.

Price per square: 3-ply, $2.50; 2-ply, $2.25; 1-ply, $1.75. Freight prepaid East of West line of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas.

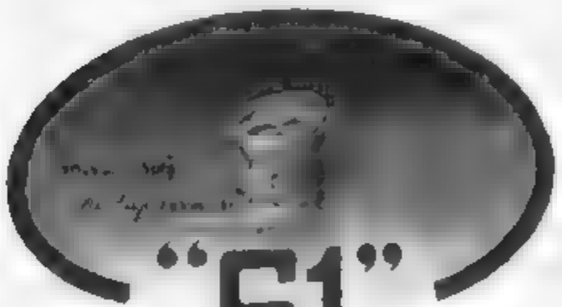
Write today for free samples and booklet describing Bishopric Asphalt Mastic Products — Wall Board, Sheathing, Roofing.

DEALERS, WRITE FOR PROPOSITION

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.

22 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

It's Waterproof



"61"

FLOOR VARNISH

Pour boiling water on it, and it won't turn white. Stamp on it with your heel, and it won't crack. Move heavy furniture over it, and it won't scratch, mar or chip off.

You may dent the wood, but you can't crack the varnish.

Send for Free Sample Panel

finished with "61." Test it, and prove our claims. Your dealer should sell it. Ask for our Booklet on Floors.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Buffalo, N.Y. Established 61 Years Factories in Seven Cities

The Deaf Can Hear

The Electrophone is an electrical wonder. This wonderful instrument is perfected to such a degree that a deaf person can hear the faintest sound. Can be used at home before deciding to buy. No treatment required; gives instant assistance. Thousands in use. Write for particulars. STOLZ ELECTRO-PHONE CO., Dept. P, 92 State Street, Chicago.

lots of other fine ones in the business, but she had them all trimmed to a leafless branch, so far as he could see. For all that, marriage was the least part of his calculations, especially for the present. He could not make enough to carry a wife around with him, nor to leave one at home; so, taking her lead, the rest of the way into town he relied upon solid "kidding" for conversation.

In the heart of the town, however, a couple of country cut-ups recognized May as the dancer. She was then walking ahead with one of the other girls, and Hoover was back some little distance, talking business with the Colonel, when one of the young men ranged alongside of her and made some offensive remark. She shrank away and looked back. He lurched toward her and grabbed her by the arm. In about one second Mr. Hoover was right up in front, exhibiting a very superior article of fistic skill, and the nucleus of a handy little crowd was gathering. The fellow's companion had slipped away, and Bill was "trimming" the fresh young man to the Queen's taste when a gruff voice said, "Beat it, kid! Beat it while the beatin's good"; and, looking quickly, Bill recognized the big fellow, and at the same time saw a "Johnny Tinplate," or country constable, making in his direction.

A moment later the big man had bumped squarely in front of the constable so hard that it nearly threw that official off his feet; and then further detained him with awkward apologies, while Bill darted down a side street to the next block, taking then a less suspicious gait toward the depot, his retreat being covered by a solid phalanx of grifters and shillabers and ballyhoos who had sprung up, apparently, out of the ground. Even Ajax the Strong Man, renowned for his absurdly peaceable disposition, was among those prepared to block the way of any further pursuit. Bill, with experience born of years, hid behind the coal-shed until his train came in, and then made a run for it just as it was starting out, joining Skybo up in the smoking-car, where he received a virtuous lecture upon the folly of "roughing it."

IX

BALLYHOO BILL had been right. The state fair was a failure so far as the Hee-na show was concerned. The minute Hoover walked on the grounds and saw the clean preparations which were being made and the high grade of the shows already in place he anticipated trouble, but he said nothing. He pitched in with a will and helped Skybo build his platform and make his pit and put about it the canvas decorations and the "top," which Skybo carried in one of his trunks. The front was late in arriving and did not reach the grounds until Monday morning. At nine o'clock Joe Richards was in the pit. He had been acting strangely for days, and was now both nervous and sullen, but the Professor and Mr. Hoover paid little attention to him. They were having troubles enough of their own. All the other fronts were in place, or, at least, being hurried to completion, and twice the secretary had come down, with vast impatience, demanding to know when their show would be ready. The last time he came the dingy-looking rolls of frame and canvas had been delivered upon the ground, and Hoover and Skybo, their coats off and every energy strained, were preparing to unroll them. The secretary looked at the unpromising bundles with a scowling brow.

"Hurry up with that stuff," he ordered. "I don't want to take a single paid admission into these grounds until everything is in place. How long will it take you?"

"We can have it up in twenty minutes," Skybo said, "complete."

"All right," agreed the secretary; "be sure you do. I'll be back in exactly half an hour to look at it."

"It'll be all right," Skybo assured him.

"I'll tell you more about that when I see it," said the secretary.

He was a square-faced and a square-shouldered man, and he had angular corners on his conversation, and, as he walked away, Hoover, untangling a refractory knotted rope, looked up at Skybo with an ominous shake of the head.

"Here's where we get our card hung up," he said.

"That's all right," grunted Skybo with confidence. "I got a pull at this stand."

"You better see to it, then, because you're going to need it," prophesied Hoover with gloomy conviction.

Buy a "JEWEL" and Save Fuel

This is the Ball-Bearing, Double-Acting Grate that saves money for the thousands who use "Jewel" Furnaces

Please examine it carefully. It's different from any other furnace grate—simpler, stronger, easier to operate because it works on ball-bearings; lasts longer—and it does save fuel.

With this Grate the fire burns from circumference to center—you can shake the fire without disturbing the center. And that is something you cannot do with any other grate. Every other grate shakes the center and leaves the dead ashes on the sides. You can't get best results from any furnace while you have dead ashes banked against the side of fire-pot.

Get our book—it tells in detail how and why this point affects your pocketbook. Here's another point:

The "Jewel" Warm Air DOME Gives *Most* Heat from *Least* Fuel

It is the only warm air DOME that in form, size and thickness of materials, is scientifically exact in its relation to the fire-pot, grate and other parts.

To come right down to facts, there are only three important points in any Furnace—the **Grate**, the **Fire-pot** and the **Dome**. On the size, shape and thickness of material in the dome depends entirely the heat-producing efficiency of the furnace. So you see why it is important for you to know all about these three points.

You never get any BURNT or SCORCHED air from a Jewel Furnace because the warm air DOME is exactly right in its relation to every other part. The warm air from a "Jewel" is always stimulating, healthful, pure, invigorating. The best heat for grown-ups and the best heat for children.

The "Jewel" Two-Piece Fire-Pot Lasts Forever

and is the right shape, size and capacity for highest efficiency. Ask any heating engineer; he will tell you that these points make Jewel Furnaces the most economical and efficient of all furnaces. If you are going to build or want a better way of heating.

Send for *FREE* Book

"How I Saved Money with my 'Jewel' Furnace"

Shows plans for new home building; tells all about warm air heating; shows its many startling advantages over any other system and explains Jewel construction and features in detail. If you are interested in getting the best and most efficient heating system for your home, you will send at once for this valuable free book. Just sign the coupon below and mail to us.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

"Largest Stove Plant in the World"

1322 to 1400 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit

Buy a "JEWEL" and Save Fuel

JEWEL WARM AIR FURNACES

DETROIT STOVE WORKS, Detroit, Mich. 5 H P May 14

Please send me your FREE Book.

Name _____

Address _____

"Hickey will be along by-and-by," stated the Professor loftily. "I seen him yesterday and he says everything's all right."

Hickey did come back by-and-by, a cadaverous-looking gentleman with lean jaws and a shifty eye, and he, too, gazed dubiously at the banner as it was unrolled.

"Has Nolton seen that?" he demanded.

"Not yet," replied Skybo. "He was back a little while ago, but we hadn't flashed it."

"You want to cover it with the American flag when he does come around," advised Hickey, "because I don't think anything less than that'll protect it. Gee, Skybo, I didn't suppose you'd set foot on the big circuit with a banner that had seen so many pumpkins."

"Get to him, Hick," begged the Professor, running his hand into his pocket. "Slip him this sawbuck," and he reluctantly separated a ten-dollar bill from a none too plethoric roll.

"Take it away!" said Hickey. "Don't show it to me. If anybody'd even see you flash that 'X' and noise it to Nolton he'd send me to the electric chair."

"Can't he be fixed?" demanded the Professor, aghast. "Then why's he runnin' a fair?"

"Money ain't his bug," declared Mr. Hickey. "He's got it stacked away in bales in his cellar, and now he's making a play for United States Senator. No, Skybo, I got you here. That was the best I could do. I swore you was all right. As I remembered your old games you used to have the cleanest-looking frame-ups in the business, but you've gone to seed. You're fat. I hardly knew you. What's the matter with you? Are you boozin'?"

"I got a freak that's a boozer," the Professor explained with a backward glance at the pit, from which at that moment came a short yelp.

"Richards always was a rummy freak," agreed Hickey; "but even he used to have a clean banner. I'm afraid you're in bad, Skybo. As I say, I got you here and that's all I can do for you, and it's up to you to make good; and if Nolton orders you off the lot you'd better make a quick getaway or he'll have you pinched."

"Pinched!" said the Professor with scorn. "He can't do that. I ain't done nothin'. Oh, Hick!" the Professor went on, and this time there was deep anxiety in his tone. "Can't you get to him first and give him a spiel—sing him a hard-luck song?"

"I don't dare," asserted Hickey convincingly. "I'm going to keep away from him. I'll get mine, as it is, for bringin' you here."

An extra loud yelp from Richards caused Hickey to run up the steps to the platform and look in. He came back again immediately.

"Good-night!" he said, and walked rapidly away.

The Professor looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock," he said. "Say, Bill, you'd better finish puttin' up this front. Get somebody to help you. I think I'll go down and locate a spot and fix the bulls to make a store pitch."

"You'll stay right here," said Hoover. "I ain't going to take the rough of this. You'll make your own opening to Nolton, believe me!" and he looked in distaste at the growing frame, feeling a sense of shame as he looked about at the other splendidly-clean banners.

Two of the shows from the Rodney Fair were already on the ground: The Little Polish Count and The Palace of Illusions, which latter had red plush curtains and a shining brass rail around its ballyhoo stand, a luxury which it had not been deemed worth while to expose to the elements at the last stand. Everything on the grounds was as spick and span and clean as if it had been newly painted, and in glum silence Hoover helped the Professor until at last the front was up and the show ready for business.

Secretary Nolton saw that banner from afar, the one dingy spot in the fresh-looking array of shows upon his much-prided "Hilarity Avenue," and when he arrived in front of the stand his face was purple.

"Tear that down!" he bellowed. "Get off the grounds!"

"Now look here, Mr. Nolton," began the Professor in the peculiar whining tone which was certain to be the preliminary to a hard-luck story.

"I've looked enough," declared Nolton. "I don't want to see any more, and if that front's up here in thirty minutes I'll have it torn down. Get right outside the gates as quick as you can, you and your freak!"

"But, Mr. Nolton ——"

"Hey, Peters!" called Nolton, and a constable with a shining tin star and a hat of the Grand Army type hurried over to him. "Peters, these people are not to be disturbed for half an hour. If they are not ready to go off the grounds by that time throw them off."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Nolton," said the constable with a profound salaam. "I'll see to it"; and the contemplative smile with which he licked his lips showed that Mr Peters would take great pleasure in the job and would do it thoroughly.

"Well, that's the blow card for me," declared Bill, putting on his coat. "Served me right for hooking up with a rum outfit like this."

"Look a-here," said Skybo. "You ain't going to put the skids under me when I'm down for the count, are you? We'll get right out of here and go downtown and make a pitch in an empty store and cop just as much coin as we would here."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," declared Bill. "I'm through with you right now. I'm on my way."

With tremendous earnestness the Professor turned his entire energy to the task of "bawling out" his departing spieler, and performed a job so thorough and artistic and with such careful attention to the least small detail that Mr. Hoover delayed his going to listen in admiration and approval.

Just what exquisite variations he might have thrown into the fantasie will never be known, for at that moment the long delayed attack of delirium tremens hit Mr Richards full force.

"This is the rumble!" declared the Professor, mopping his heated brow and cooling his wrath in a hurry. "But it's no surprise party. I've been lookin' for this any time the past week. On your way, Hoover, if you're goin' to blow. On your way!"

"No, now I got to stick," said Mr Hoover in profound disgust, and running up to the pit with the Professor they both jumped in together. It took the addition of a constable and two volunteers to hold Mr. Richards until the ambulance came, and then Hoover stayed to help the Professor tear down the front and pack up, and secured a wagon for him, and started to leave the grounds with him, taking his share of the general contumely and scorn and all-round disapprobation with such philosophy as he could.

Near the gate they met Nolton and Hickey talking together, and the Professor stopped abruptly.

"I'd like to say just a word to you, Mr. Nolton," he said, ignoring his one-time friend Hickey with the just anger of a disappointed man.

"Well, be quick about it," said Nolton.

"My spieler here, Mr. Hoover, is a good, square kid, and one of the best ballyhoo men in the business. He had nothin' to do with my outfit. I only joined him on last week. If you let him stay on the grounds and get a job you'll find he's all right."

"Certainly," said Nolton, subjecting Mr. Hoover to a keen and experienced scrutiny. "If Mr. Hoover can find employment at any of the shows he's perfectly at liberty to do so, and to stay so long as he behaves himself."

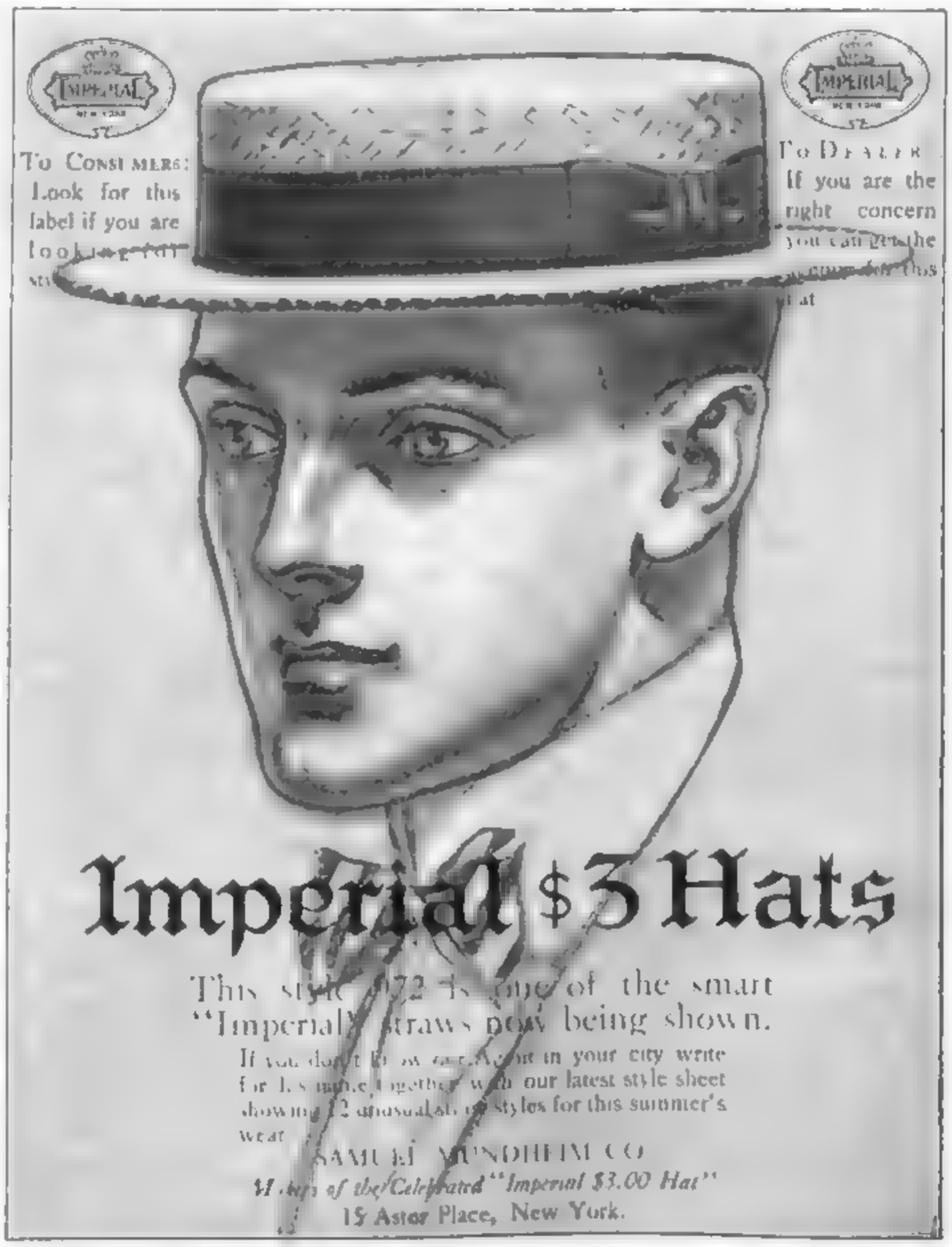
"No, I think I'll pull my freight," decided Mr. Hoover. "I can't stay and feel good where my show's been bawled out," and he passed on outside with Professor Skybo. "You done me a good turn, pal, even if I wouldn't let it stick," he acknowledged to the latter as they separated in the city, "and I'll remember it on you."

"Same here," said the Professor, and they parted with more mutual esteem than they had felt at any previous time.

Skybo hurried on to the hospital, but Mr. Hoover, turning into a quiet café, sat down at a little table with a glass of beer and a sandwich, and thought things over. He had been rather foolish to leave the state fair grounds without an attempt to "locate," he now saw, but still he felt no impulse to go back. He was strangely restless, strangely unsettled, strangely puzzled as to himself, and he spent the entire afternoon in profound cogitation and equal uncertainty; but at night he took his overcoat upon his arm and wandered down in the direction of the freight yards. Before he started, however, he dropped into the express office with his suitcase.

"Where to?" asked the clerk.

"Higgenstown," directed Ballyhoo Bill.



Imperial $3 Hats

This style 072 is one of the smart "Imperial" straws now being shown.

If you don't know our Agent in your city write for his name, together with our latest style sheet showing 12 unusual hat styles for this summer's wear.

SAMUEL MUNDHEIM CO.
Makers of the Celebrated "Imperial $3.00 Hat"
15 Astor Place, New York.

The Greatest Triumph in Typewriter History

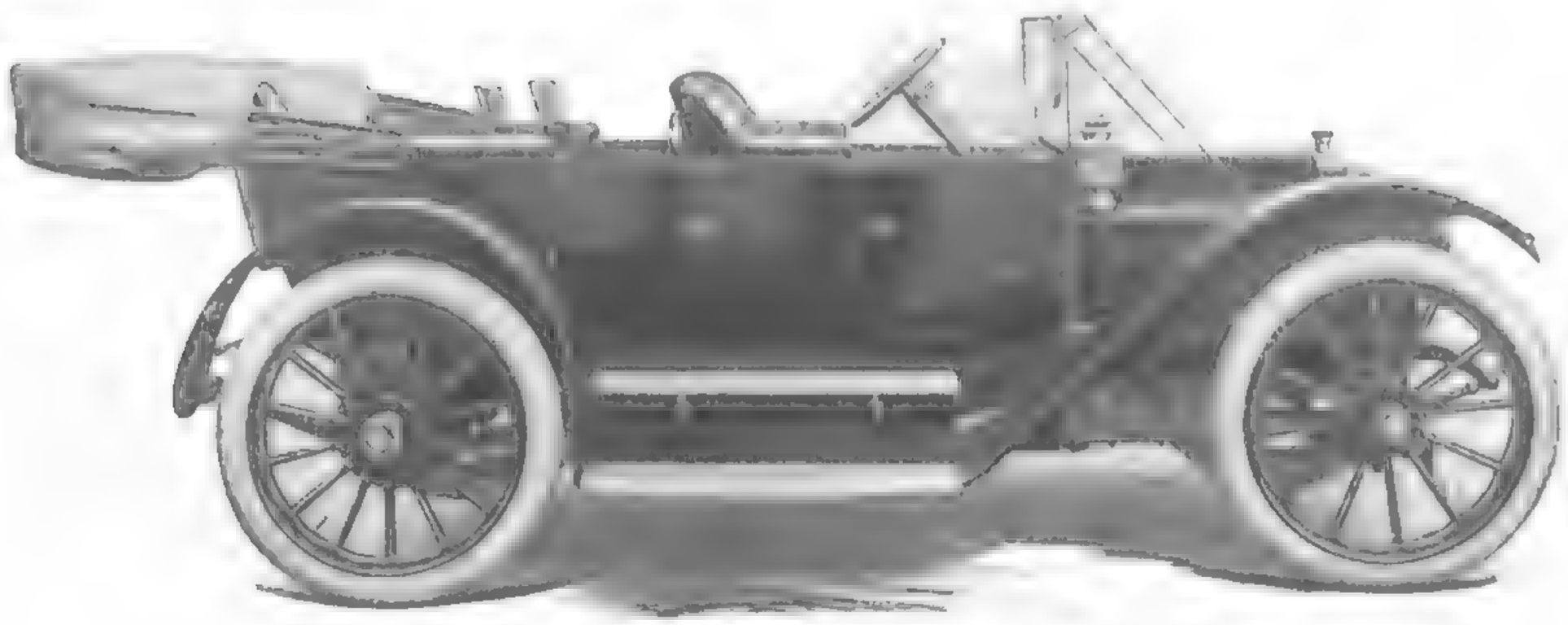
VISIBLE MODELS OF THE

Remington

These new models represent the sum total of more labor, more experience, more accumulated knowledge, and greater resource than all other typewriters combined

That is why these new Remingtons have given such complete satisfaction to typewriter users, and why their sales have broken all records since the invention of the writing machine.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere



Why the Owen Has 42-Inch Wheels

Low Center of Gravity

The Owen is made to fit 42-inch wheels. The center of gravity is even lower than on ordinary cars, because of the double drop frame and underhung rear springs. Yet the clearance is ample for the worst country roads. The low center of gravity increases the easy riding qualities wonderfully and almost eliminates skidding.

Tire Cost Much Lower

42 x 4-inch tires wear from three to four times longer than 36 x 4 tires. The wearing surface is greater. Children's shoes wear out quicker than grown people's because children take shorter steps. 42-inch wheels, we may say, "take longer steps" than 36-inch wheels. 42-inch tires don't puncture or blow out as easily as 36-inch, because there is less friction, less heat, less strain on the tire fabric.

Easier Riding

42-inch wheels glide over road depressions that 36-inch wheels drop into like lead. They reduce jolts and jars and make touring even over rough roads a pleasure. The sensation of riding in an Owen is cradle-like. 42-inch wheels make boulevards out of country roads.

Less Vibration—Longer Life of Whole Car

Vibration wears out metal more than natural use. A 42-inch wheel automobile gets less vibration and jar than the ordinary kind. The Owen, on account of its double drop frame, low center of gravity, underhung rear springs, and superb spring suspension, gets much less vibration from rough roads than other cars. Longer life for the whole car is the result.

$4,000 Fully Equipped

"The 1911 Owen"

"Two Years Ahead"

Designed for Touring Comfort

Specifications—

PRESENT-DAY tendencies in automobile construction strongly mark the 1911 Owen "two years ahead" of other cars

Left-Hand Drive – [illegible] is on the left side. Every argument is in favor of this position, since on the 1911 Owen the gear shifting lever is at the driver's right with no levers outside the body. The left-hand drive permits of driving to the curb on the right side of the street and dismounting on the sidewalk. The right-hand gear shift is natural and leaves nothing new in the operation of the car to be learned

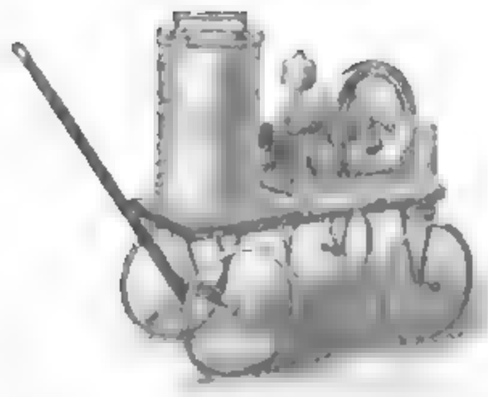
Long-Stroke Motor, 6-inch—[illegible], 4-cylinder, 4¾ inch bore with 6-inch stroke gives the 1911 Owen motor every advantage. It will throttle to two miles per hour and pick up quickly on high gear to sixty. The long stroke means [illegible] or pulling power at slow speed—great hill climbing ability—least wear on working parts—quietest [illegible] of vibration

High Front-Door Body—This type will be much favored in 1911. The high front doors offer protection and add class. The Owen is not a freaky torpedo, but a stylish, roomy, touring body.

Full Touring Equipment—The 1911 Owen is fully equipped for touring. No necessity or luxury has been overlooked. The car is complete—*nothing left to buy but fuel.* The [illegible] equipment includes finest quality mohair top with side [illegible] cover; folding wind shield; clock; speedometer [illegible] combination gas and electric head lights; [illegible] side and tail lights; Prest-O-Lite tank [illegible] out; tire carrier irons, robe rail, [illegible] oil gauges; tire chains; one extra inner [illegible] tubes

Write for De Luxe Catalog. Get the fact[illegible]out this 1911 car "two years ahead" of the times before you pay more or less for some other. They are contained in the Owen De Luxe Catalog now ready and sent on request

OWEN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1608 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.



This Little Money Mill Has Earned Ten Dollars a Day for Others—Why Not for You?

Operating and Renting Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners is a *brand new way* to *make easy money.*

Scores are making small fortunes with scarcely any capital invested. *As little as $25.00 will start you.*

Machines rent like *hot cakes every day in the month.* Rental prices with operator, $1.00 to $1.50 per hour.

Plenty of room for everybody. You can *be your own boss* with a

DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC CLEANER

"In the past 41 days my Duntley Cleaner has netted $477.25—an average of over $11 a day, doing splendid [illegible] entire satisfaction to the people for [illegible] Hancock, Seattle, Wash.

We have started scores of men in business with Duntley Cleaners who have made big money. We will do the *same* for you.

We will print unique and attractive advertising matter in *your own name*, that *will get the business.* You can use the machine long enough to *prove* it will do what we claim, before purchasing on *small monthly payments.* We take all the risk.

Reap the *harvest* in your town by being *first* in the field. *Fill out and mail coupon TODAY.*

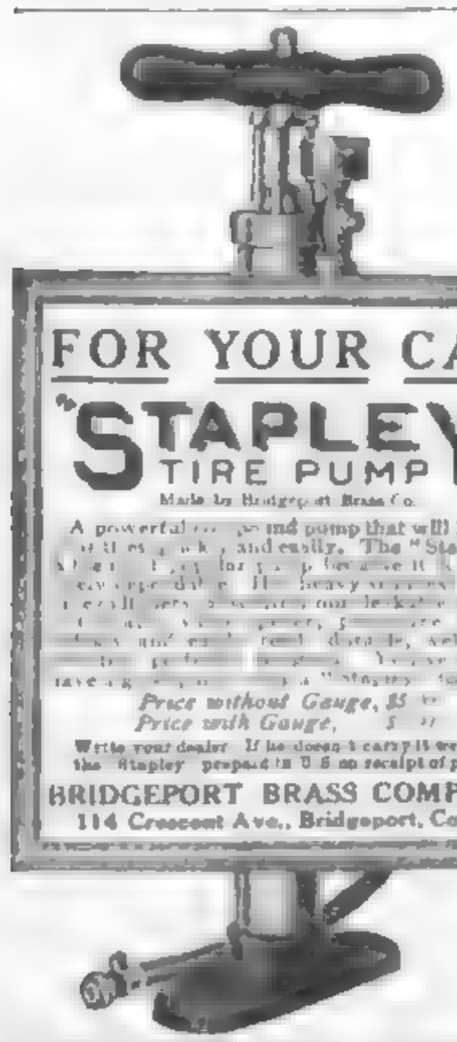
Duntley Manufacturing Co.,
460 Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Tell me how I can make $10.00 a day or more Renting and Operating a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____



FOR YOUR CAR

"STAPLEY" TIRE PUMP

Made by Bridgeport Brass Co.

A powerful [illegible] and pump that will inflate [illegible] quickly and easily. The "Stapley" [illegible] for [illegible] for [illegible] it [illegible] every [illegible] day. It [illegible] heavy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

How did Julius Cæsar keep his trousers up?

We have prepared a little pamphlet telling how Julius Cæsar, Peter the Great, Lord Nelson and other great Men of Action kept their trousers up. You can get this pamphlet at the leading Men's Furnisher's of your city. Go there and ask for it. Or write us and we will send it to you. It is FREE. There is all the difference between ancient and modern times in the difference between the old trouser supports and

Plexo Suspenders
For the Man of Action

In PLEXO SUSPENDERS all strain is taken up by a small stout bit of cord that runs so freely in its little pulley that whatever motion you make, however you twist your body, you would not know you had suspenders on.

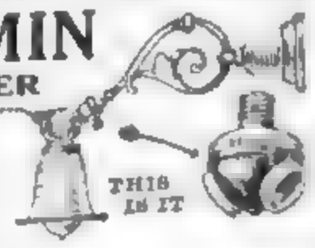
Pat. April 30, 1907

At all leading Haberdashers or of the Makers— 50 cts.

KNOTHE BROS., 120 5th Ave., N.Y.

Know This! You can have an extra Socket in your room without expensive Extra Wiring

BENJAMIN PLUG CLUSTER



requires no wiring—just screws into the outlet—and you have *two sockets instead of one.* You can burn two lights or burn one light and run an extra wire for some electrical device—fan, curling-iron, vibrator, warming pad, etc., at the same time.

Much simpler than Rewiring. Much Less Expense.

For sale by all Electrical Dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 75c.

Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co.
847 W Jackson Blvd. Chicago

Ask Your Stationer

If your Stationer is a "Koh-i-noor Quality" Stationer, he sells and recommends Koh-i-noor Pencils because he knows.

17 different degrees of Hardness and Softness—6B to 9H. An exactly right one for every purpose and Paper

KOH-I-NOOR Pencils

are the world's STANDARD of Pencil Quality—the best that can be made irrespective of price 10c. each—$1.00 a dozen. Pay less and you get less.

L. & C. Hardtmuth
New York

MR. SHAKSPERE COMES TO TOWN

(Continued from Page 21)

illegality and private treachery, but he has always stood forth as a public benefactor, a champion of morality—a pillar of society Indeed, he has persuaded himself that this is his true character. With the opening of the play his sins begin to come home to roost—just as he is completing the great work of his lifetime. He struggles, twists, writhes, sinking always deeper into the abyss of public illegality and private perfidy. The selfishness and hypocrisy of conventional morality has never been more unsparingly displayed. In the end he makes a very dramatic confession before his fellow-citizens, who have assembled in his house to honor him. One is to believe that he stands forth thereafter a monument of civic virtue.

The means of working this moral regeneration is Lona Hessel, and Mrs. Fiske's representation of the character goes far toward making it all plausible. Returning to Norway from an American farm Lona brings into the pestilential Old-World community the open-air freedom and candor with which Ibsen somewhat generously credited us. In the first act she confronts the local sewing-circle, scouts 'em and flouts 'em and routs 'em. In the last act she is at Bernick's side, inspiring him to his courageous confession. Here Mrs. Fiske is at her characteristic best, tense, vivid, impassioned—a white flame of spiritual exaltation. If anything could convince us of the happiness of the ending it is the uplifting force of her presence—an effect all the more remarkable because it is achieved by sheer magnetic suggestion, without the aid of dramatic action and with scarcely a spoken word.

Mrs. Fiske is ending her New York season with a double bill of Hauptmann's Hannele and Schnitzler's Green Cockatoo. The latter is a one-act picture of tavern life in the French Revolution, a striking bit of dramatic genre picturing very ably stage-managed. Hannele is, perhaps, the most poignant and tenderly poetic of the prose plays of the modern school in Germany Mrs. Fiske's part is that of a young girl who dies in the poorhouse as the result of a life of brutality and starvation—starvation of the body and of the affections. The chief characters of the action are the creatures of her humorously, pathetically warped childish imagination; and one realizes in them all the suffering and aspirations, the vanities and the loyalties of her dreary life. It is a play well suited to Mrs. Fiske, both as actress and stage manager.

A Strong Scene in Madame X

The serious critics who find that American taste in the theater is unhealthily sensitive, weakly sentimental, will do well to see Madame X, which is crowding one of the largest theaters in the metropolis. It is a French play, quite frankly a melodrama, the central figure of which is a woman who has been cast off by her husband for infidelity and who, when the play opens, is leading a dissolute life, the victim of absinthe, morphine and ether. She has still one noble instinct, love of her son, whom it has been her lifelong purpose to keep in ignorance of her degradation. To save him from a knowledge of it she commits murder. The long arm of coincidence arranges that in her trial she shall be defended by her son, each being at first ignorant of the identity of the other.

It is the trial scene that has made the success of the play. At first sodden, imbruted, despairing, with no thought except the wish to die, the mother's attention is caught by the eloquence, the genuine human sympathy in her legal defender's plea. By chance she discovers that he is her son, and her maternal yearning struggles poignantly, fiercely with her resolution to keep him in ignorance of her shame. But he, too, learns the truth, and there follows a scene of eruptive natural feeling. The son forgives her, takes her in his arms. The joy of this is too strong; the mother dies in an exaltation of heart and spirit.

Miss Dorothy Donnelly spares us no detail, no suggestion of the woman's physical degradation. The pallid face, the watery eye, the weak, loose lips and the facial twitch are all there. But she shows us also the woman's nobler shame and her agony of heart, which redeem the portrait

Get out that old jimmy pipe—light up a load of real tobacco

Don't blame that pipe for scorching your tongue, *blame the tobacco.*

That's what made you pipe shy!

Don't say "I CAN'T smoke a pipe!" YOU CAN—if you smoke Prince Albert tobacco, because it *simply can't bite your tongue!*

Prince Albert is the grandest pipe tobacco ever put on the market—grandest because it has had the "bite" taken out in the patent process by which it is produced!

You're fond of a pipe; so is every ardent smoker, but *you* know, all pipe smokers know, that every puff of ordinary tobacco stings the tongue.

Take our word for it, men, you'll get real pleasure and satisfaction with

PRINCE ALBERT

You can smoke all you want of it—four or five pipefuls or more—and smoke it fast! *It will not burn your tongue!*

We want you to know the joys of Prince Albert to-day—even down to the "sweet heel" that tickles the palate of every true pipe-smoker.

Can we make this advertisement any stronger than to add that it took three years and a fortune to perfect Prince Albert tobacco? We *know* it is right; we want *you* to know what we say is right!

Send eight cents for our special introductory tin if your favorite tobacconist does not have Prince Albert. Send his name, too, and we'll see he is supplied, so that hereafter you can buy from him direct. This offer applies only in the United States and is just to get Prince Albert into your hands quickly. Send 8 cents to-day!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Enclosed find 8c for which kindly send me your introductory tin of "Prince Albert" tobacco.

Name

Address

Kleanwell
The Kleanwell is made by the best brush makers of France. And the bristles are ANCHORED in the back. They come in many shapes with soft, medium or hard bristles, clean and fresh because they are
Sold in a Sealed Box
The Brisco-Kleanwell Seal on the box and the name Kleanwell on the handle guarantee the genuine. Ask for and insist upon them.
For Sale Everywhere
35 Cents Each
Send 4 cents for Daisy's Kleanwell—a toy toothbrush
Brisco
HAIR BRUSHES
are the standard by which all other brushes are judged
$1.25 to $5.00
ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
84-86 Chambers Street
New York

Arco Metal Polish (Spotzoff) polishes motor car brasses into solid sunlight.

ARCO SPOTZOFF

is the name of the quickest, cleanest, easiest, mappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples—especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

Atlantic Refining Co.

Cleveland Ohio

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

Almanac for 1910 ... Incubators ... Only 25c.

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 813, Freeport, Ill.

MEXICAN PECAN CANDY

A real sweetmeat treat—different from other candies. 1 lb. 2 lb. ... postpaid, delivered to any address ... The A. D. L. Candy Co. Sherman, Texas

from any effect of mere physical sensationalism. It is the most notable character impersonation of the past decade.

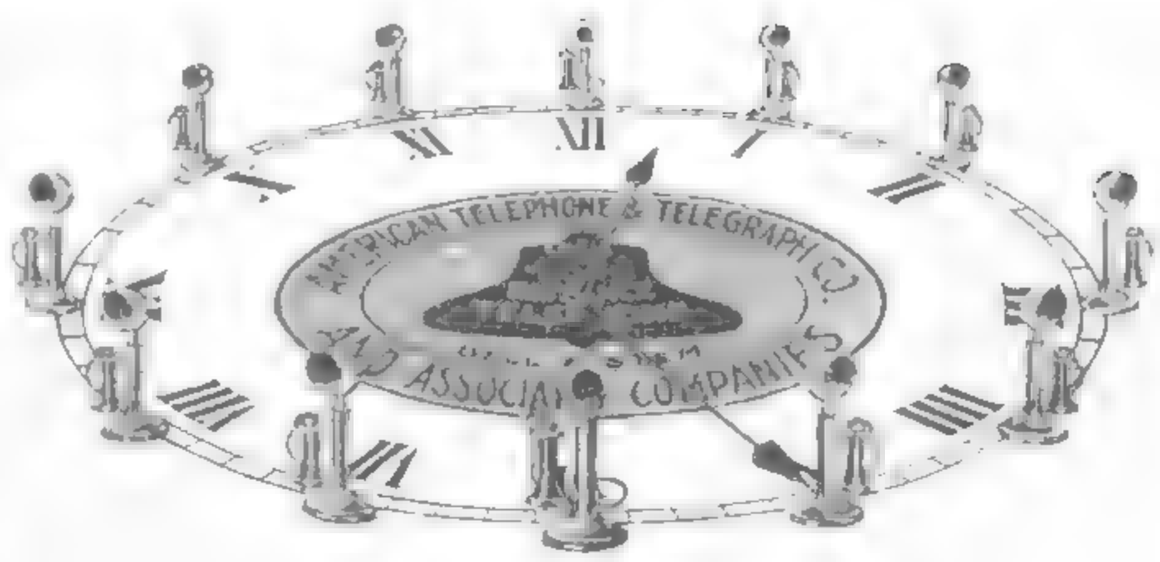
In electing to appear in Pinero's latest masterpiece, Mid-Channel, Miss Ethel Barrymore showed a rather magnificent courage, and has justified it magnificently. The play had scant success in London, partly because the English public is little inclined toward themes of unpleasant realism, however artistically presented, and partly, it is said, because the English actress who interpreted the leading part emphasized its more unlovely traits. In the middle of the English Channel is a sunken ledge over which the sea is choppiest. There, if nowhere else, travelers succumb to the weather. But once on the other side of the ledge they revive and make the shore in comfort. *Mal de mer* is Pinero's simile of the middle years of married life.

The husband and wife of the play, if the truth be told, are of a rather undistinguished sort—undistinguished in mind, in manners and in heart. As in the case of so many of his characters, they are swayed by no passion, by no normal emotion, but by unstrung temperaments. As they say themselves, they get on each other's nerves. The most human moment of the play comes when the wife realizes that if they had children there would be at least one bond between them. But in early life they had decided that no "ugly brats" should jeopard their worldly success. They see where they are tending and make an effort to regain the illusion of their youth; but the sad result is only an aggravated explosion of nerves—at a mere difference in taste. Each goes off with a new affinity. This state proves worse than the first. They attempt once again to renew the companionship which, if far from satisfying, is still made endurable by old affection and long custom. But the husband, while admitting his own sin, revolts at what his wife has done, and the cat-and-dog life begins again, this time because of a serious difference. The wife throws herself from a nine-story window and the play ends with a mess on the pavement.

Fun in Unrealities

As always, Pinero's technic is masterly, and his observation of life and character unflinching. His outlook upon life is as honest intellectually as it is unlovely. It is Miss Barrymore's good fortune that her personality and her art make the tortured wife command a very real and thoroughly human sympathy. And it is our common good fortune that she has found a public willing to look life courageously in the face in the theater. Miss Barrymore is struggling heroically with the mannerisms of her early years; her art has gained in finesse and flexibility, though still not without monotony, especially in her longer speeches. Play and actress have scored a very real success and a success for which we should all be grateful.

Those who do not care for middle-age realism will find a welcome palliative in Alias Jimmy Valentine, which Mr. Paul Armstrong has fashioned out of a detective-cracksman story by O. Henry. Unflinching intelligence has no part here; but by the same token the authors have given us far the most plausible and most captivating play of the kind we have been permitted to see. Practiced cracksmen are not as a rule reclaimed by love for a banker's daughter; but this cracksman is. Bankers do not as a rule put ex-convicts in charge of their deposit vaults; but this banker does. And we all ought to be mighty glad of it; for the resulting play is full of amusing scenes and sympathetic character, of dramatic exritement and full-blooded, ingenuous romance. It must be a hard heart that is not softened, a dry eye that is not filled with welcome tears. The play has established Mr. H. B. Warner as a star, and a star who is very welcome both for his attractive personality and his very considerable resources as an artist. It has also proved the stepping-stone by which Miss Laurette Taylor has ascended to stardom—in another play. It is many years since Broadway has discovered an artist of finer and more genuinely simple methods, or a personality of greater native distinction and charm. The moments in which she makes love to the proudly humbled Jimmy and forces him to confess his adoration of her are about the most amusing, the most touching, the most wholly delicious and captivating of which the art of the stage is capable.



The Always-on-Duty Telephone

Your Bell Telephone is on duty 1440 minutes every day. So is the telephone exchange; so are the toll lines which radiate through the neighboring communities; so are the long distance lines which connect you with far-away cities and other radiating systems.

The whole Bell System is on duty 1440 minutes a day—and if any of these minutes are not used, their earning power is irrevocably lost.

Like the Police Force or the Fire Department, the telephone is not always working—but it is always on duty and always costing money. But you would not be satisfied with the fire department if your burning house had to take its turn; nor with the police force if you had to wait in line to receive protection.

You want service at once. That is exactly what the Bell System endeavors to give you—immediate attention, instantaneous service. It strives to be always ready to receive your call at any point, and connect you with any other point—without postponement or delay.

It would be much cheaper if telephone customers would be content to stand in line, or if their communications could be piled up to be sent during slack hours; or if the demand was so distributed as to keep the whole system comfortably busy for 1440 consecutive minutes a day.

But the public needs immediate and universal service and the Bell System meets the public's requirements.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

FOR Home Baked Beans & Boston Brown Bread, as in all cooking where sweetening is required, use—

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Karo is a pure sweet that blends naturally with other foods. A tablespoonful to every half-pint beans, poured over *after* cooking and *before* baking, gives a rich brown and a delicious flavor.

Use Karo for	Eat Karo on
Ginger Bread	Griddle Cakes
Molasses Cookies	Waffles
Fudge and Taffy	Hot Biscuit

... free.

Corn Products Refining Company
Dept. B
P. O. Box 161, New York

The sweep of an idea is not a matter of geography. Start something in Boston and you get the echo in Bombay. It is an idea that makes neighbors of us all.

In the farthest corner of the world you find the Gillette Safety Razor—introduced by Army and Navy officers, tourists, capitalists, business men.

The Gillette now has great sales agencies in India and China. Men there have been stropping and honing for five thousand years. It's time they were awakening. How long will *you* cling to obsolete shaving methods?

Seven hundred thousand men bought Gillettes last year. We expect a million new customers in 1910.

Wake up! Get a Gillette! Make a good front. Look the world in the face. A Gillette shave every morning is more than a material comfort—it's a moral brace—gives you a new grip on the Day's work.

The Gillette is for sale everywhere. It costs $5, but it lasts a lifetime.

Write and we'll send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston

New York, Times Building — Chicago, Stock Exchange Building — Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London — Eastern Office, Shanghai, China — Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Real Hot Weather Comfort

ROXFORD Underwear. Made of the satisfactory, long-wearing knitted stuff that absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling. Your size fits you—never binds at arm holes—drawers ample and easy at seat and crotch.

Roxford does not shrink—fits after months of wear and washing. Cut in the *new styles*—short-sleeve or sleeveless shirts without buttons, knee drawers. *There's a little book on*

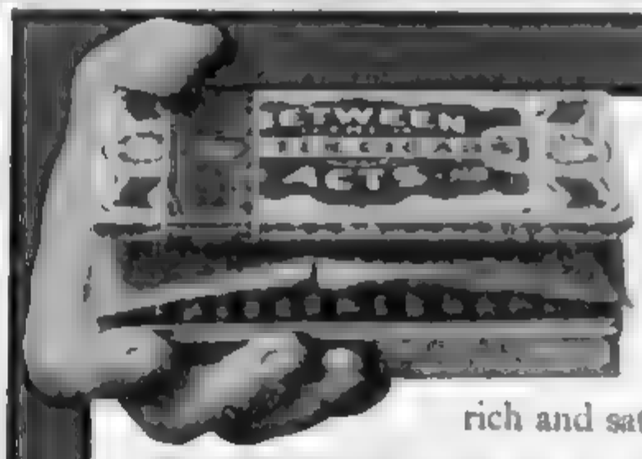
Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It's well worth writing for.*

Long-sleeve shirts
Short-sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Short-sleeve shirts (no buttons)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle-length drawers
Knee-length drawers
Short-stout drawers
Long-stout drawers

50c., 75c., $1.00. Send your name for the Book and please yourself

Roxford Knitting Co., Dept. K
Philadelphia



Warm Weather Smokes

They make dull days bright and bright days brighter. Good for a long or short smoke—made of fine *whole leaf* tobacco—mild, mellow, rich and satisfying—

BETWEEN *THE* ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

READ THIS SPECIAL OFFER

We want every smoker to know the great advantage of smoking these delightful Little Cigars; to realize the *economy* of the *short smoke*, especially good when your time is limited.

Our offer is a regular 50 cent box of 50 Between the Acts *together with a regular 10 cent pocket size box, all for 50 cents.*

Clip the slip—enclose 50 cents in stamps mail to us *now.*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

Between the Acts Dept. S. Jersey City, N. J.

(Good in the United States only.)

Offer limited to 30 days from date of this magazine.

LIFE ORDERS—SEALED

(Continued from Page 8)

That afternoon I went to the grocery store down the road, and as he begged to go along I took him. We met Grant comin' from school and he turned back with us

The road crossed a hillside, and there some young fellows were coastin' on a bob-sled, for the sleet had been heavy. I saw the sled start from the top, the coasters laughin' and hurryin', then Grim gave a little cry and hid his face in my shawl. Down the road and across the path of the sled came an old woman with a bundle o' sticks on her back. She lived in a cabin near by and was as deaf as a post. She was only a few yards distant, and as there was no steerin'-gear on the sled we could see she was in great danger. But some of the coasters didn't see the tragedy loomin' ahead, and that screech o' warnin' which burst from one terror-strangled throat was almost drowned in laughter. But my heart leaped to that one wild cry; for an instant my eyes were darkened, though I could hear some one runnin' through the sleet

"Grant," I screamed, "come back!" Oh, why hadn't I held to my soldier boy, who always struck boldly into the heat o' danger?

A strange silence fell in that moment—that moment expandin', circlin' into ages; the whistle of the iron runners was the only sound. I saw a man spinning, with his arms out, what seemed an interminable time, where the blast o' that flyin' sleigh had struck him; then he dropped slowly in his tracks beside the old woman.

"Mother! Mother!" sobbed some one clingin' to me. "Grant!" I cried almost fiercely; he was safe, after all. Then my arm stiffened around his shoulders, for my brain was clearin' and down the hill I saw a pathetic little form motionless on the ground.

There lay Grim, whose rush had thrown the old woman aside. Somehow, in the realization of what he'd done I remembered Andy in battle.

But Grim had never heard the story.

Durin' the next two or three years I stood by indifferently and watched our lives spin themselves out. Little Grim seemed only a blithe and friendly spirit who had wandered a little way from Heaven toward us, and then turned back; and gradually I persuaded myself that, disarmed by his meekness of spirit, he could never have met the rude brawlers of life and conquered them. He was like Andy, and would have finished a sorrowful figure—a defeated man.

Yet sometimes this came to me in flashes—that Grim on rare occasions had a high, bold way with him; he had saved the old woman's life, too. And his father had once worn pistols and a saber and kept them all busy.

The expense of poor little Grim's burial and of sickness since then had increased our difficulties. Grant was a young man now and, as the savin' hope of our old age, had to be well dressed to attend school and later while studyin' law in an office.

I was proud that my son had kept his habit of free speech and action; he was independent of everybody. Andy, with his record of failure, certainly had no right to advise him, and I was the only one he heeded. But we were poor—how poor nobody knew when that last campaign came on.

About this time the old guerrilla called again one evening. He was the man I'd seen whirl and fall by the sleigh, for he'd narrowly escaped death himself in trying to save our boy. I was reflectin' on this when he came in.

"Douglas Adder," I said to him, "the longer I think of that risk you took the more I commend you for it."

He ran his hand through his white hair with a bitter grin. "When my hour strikes," he observed, "I will have several little incidents to explain before I'm admitted to the happy huntin'-grounds. Of late years I've conjured up all the excuses I could think of; but they won't do, ma'am—they ain't to the point. So I've made up my mind to keep mum when I apply there, and take my medicine—y'understand?"

I nodded, though not quite agreeing with him.

"Most of the men I know," he went on, "ain't conditioned to bear witness against me, where perjury wouldn't do any good. And the rest, like Andy, wouldn't do it under torture."

The old fighter always seemed to have a curious respect for my husband, though knowin' how simple and meek-spirited he was

"But if I could have got to little Grim, swapped my old life with its double record for one which would have been of use and comfort to many people, then I'd have squared accounts with this world, and that's the only one worryin' me."

Bailey Cinch had paid his regular visit several nights before and Andy had once more organized the club, which was to meet that evenin'. After a time they drifted in with their chairman.

There was a big political commotion in the district, for this time the old General was havin' the fight of his life and, o' course, that was about the first subject under discussion.

"I believe you gentlemen are all loyal to Mr. Cinch," announced Andy, callin' 'em to order.

"I'll have to be convinced o' that," said Uncle Simmy, settin' down his glass. But a brief recountin' of Mr. Cinch's virtues as a public servant was sufficient to convince a thirsty crew like that. Only the old chief, to my great astonishment, left his liquor untasted.

"What about General Phil?" he asked.

Andy looked troubled. "I don't know," he confessed; "of course, all those present are friends of his, loyal to the core. But there seems to be some strong, secret influence urging against him in this county."

"Perhaps Uncle Simmy will have to be convinced of his own loyalty," suggested Douglas Adder. Uncle Simmy nodded like a stupid oracle, and my favorite guerrilla lost patience.

"Well, I don't," he said, his gray eyes flarin' over the group; "and as for drinkin' Bailey Cinch's health ——" he hurled the glass, liquor and all, into the fireplace.

I either couldn't or wouldn't conceal a smile as I left the room, and Douglas noticed it. "That's it," he declared fiercely; "even the women laugh at us. Now, I won't speak another word—don't you interrupt me, McNew—or I'll lose my temper. Only a bit of counsel to you, Andy—don't get caught in the trap."

With that he glowered at them and stalked out.

I'd built a fire in the sittin'-room and, drawin' up close to the stove, poked at the miserable, stingy blaze while listenin' to the muttered voice o' the people as they argued toward the bottom o' the jug. The old chief's words acted on me like a stimulant, and after reviewin' our affairs briefly I roused once more from the lethargy of years and began ransackin' the family archives. At the bottom of mortgage notes and unpaid bills I found that sealed order o' General Phil's and, when Andy's club had adjourned, took it with me to the kitchen. My husband still wore his look o' trouble when I set the big envelope on end against the clock and right under his eyes.

"Now, there's no use arguin'," I said, facing him, "because I'm not a member o' the club and don't have to be convinced. I know without your explainin' that we must either make hay or eat it—and that pretty soon."

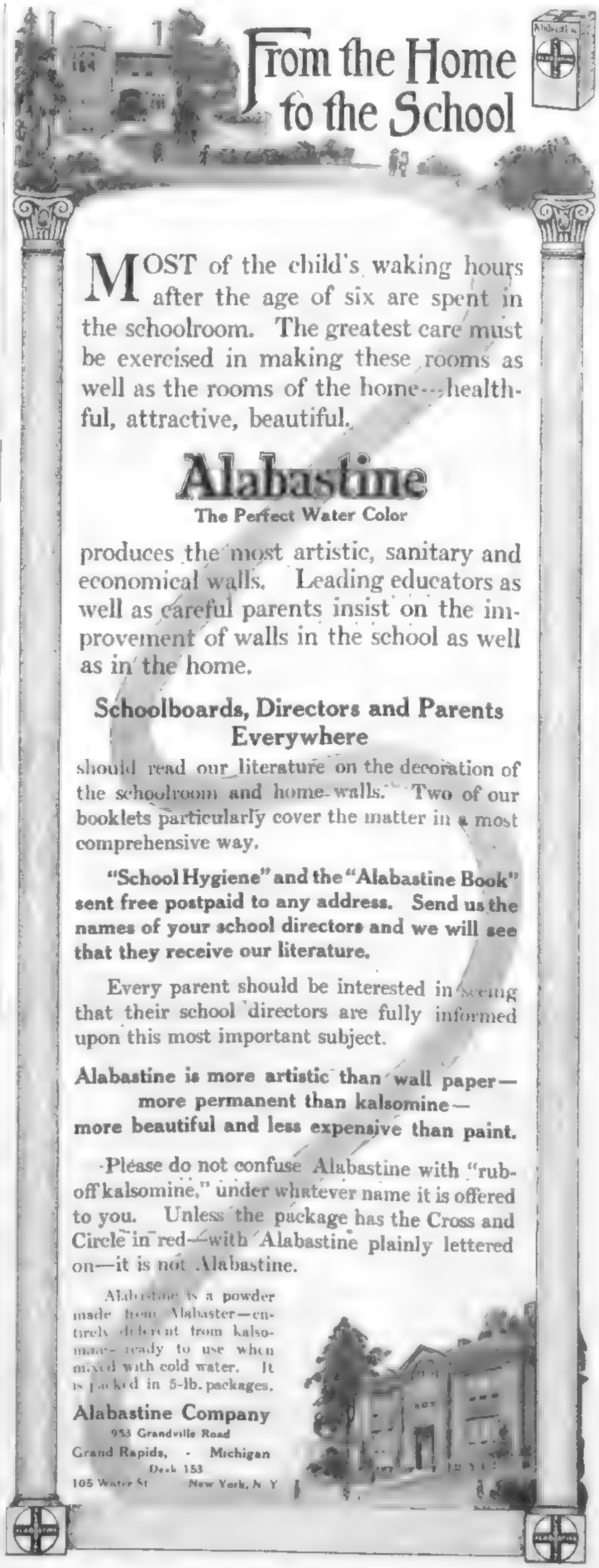
He looked so steadfastly at the sealed orders that, in spite o' my inclination, I felt a rising hope

"That General o' yours is in the middle of a disputed election. He needs friends—needs 'em badly. If he's kept in office he'll think he has enough without you; if he's thrown out he won't care whether he has any or not. Now, there's some kind o' promise in that envelope, or some order, if you want it put that way, which will bring us help if you jump on him with it at this critical time."

Still he gazed at that old envelope. I felt I'd carried my point at last.

"Time and occasion have come," I cried; "read that: 'When in the last ditch.' Why, it's military orders."

Suddenly he turned to me with the brightest look on his face. "Mother," he said in a brisk, cheerful manner, "I'm glad you brought that to light again. Nothin' ever did brace me up like the sight o' those orders. 'When in the last


From the Home to the School
MOST of the child's waking hours after the age of six are spent in the schoolroom. The greatest care must be exercised in making these rooms as well as the rooms of the home---healthful, attractive, beautiful.
Alabastine
The Perfect Water Color
produces the most artistic, sanitary and economical walls. Leading educators as well as careful parents insist on the improvement of walls in the school as well as in the home.
Schoolboards, Directors and Parents Everywhere
should read our literature on the decoration of the schoolroom and home-walls. Two of our booklets particularly cover the matter in a most comprehensive way.
"School Hygiene" and the "Alabastine Book" sent free postpaid to any address. Send us the names of your school directors and we will see that they receive our literature.
Every parent should be interested in seeing that their school directors are fully informed upon this most important subject.
Alabastine is more artistic than wall paper—more permanent than kalsomine—more beautiful and less expensive than paint.
Please do not confuse Alabastine with "rub-off kalsomine," under whatever name it is offered to you. Unless the package has the Cross and Circle in red—with Alabastine plainly lettered on—it is not Alabastine.
Alabastine is a powder made from Alabaster—entirely different from kalsomine—ready to use when mixed with cold water. It is packed in 5-lb. packages.
Alabastine Company
953 Grandville Road
Grand Rapids, - Michigan
Desk 153
105 Water St New York, N. Y.

50c Per Pair *for* Pure Silk Hose

WHY WEAR hose made of cotton lisle or coarse yarns when you can buy genuine silk half-hose at 50c?

Phoenix Pure Silk Hose

are genuine silk—every thread is guaranteed to be the purest cocoon silk—heel, toe, top and body. The heels and toes are reinforced by our exclusive Duo-Weve process, imparting remarkable wearing qualities

Phoenix Silk Half-Hose are seamless. They are the first genuine cocoon silk half-hose to sell at 50c. The purchase of the silk output of several mills enables us to reduce manufacturing cost.

The exquisite, light, soft, lustrous texture of Phoenix Silk Hose is a decided contrast with the hard, coarse, common hose of mixed yarns that sell at the same price.

Phoenix Silk Hose are not mercerized cotton, or silk and cotton mixed, but every pair is guaranteed pure silk throughout.

Ask your dealer first for Phoenix Hose, but, if not easily obtainable, we will fill your order direct and give you an absolute guarantee that every thread of these socks is pure silk, or money refunded.

A trial will convince you of the excellent wearing qualities of Phoenix Silk Hose. You will never go back to common hose when you can get pure silk ones like the Phoenix for 50c a pair.

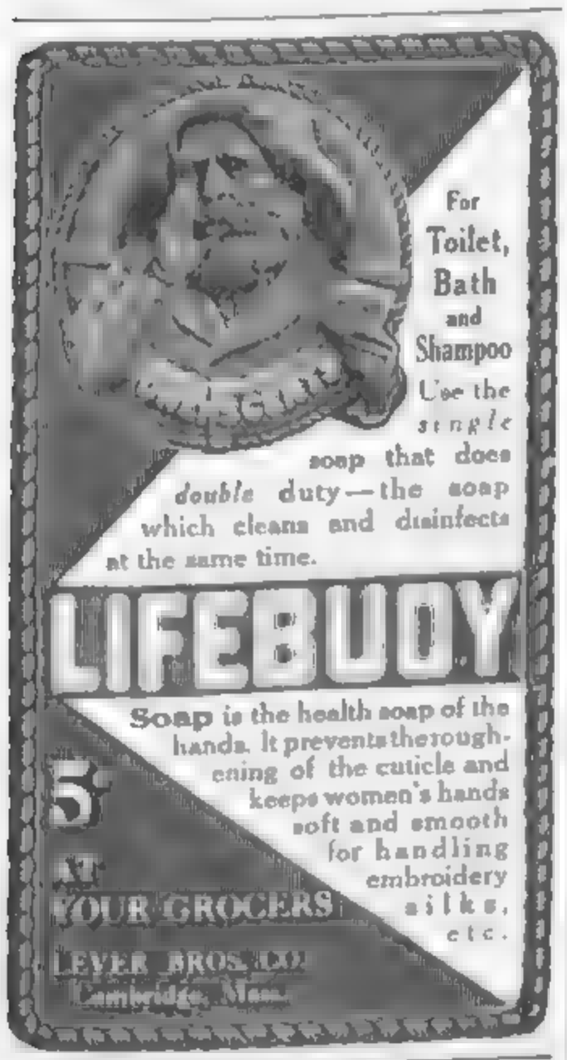
Can be had in the following colors: black, tan, maroon, green, grey, taupe, burgundy, navy and helio. Six pairs, plain or assorted colors, in handsome box, prepaid $3.00, or 50c per pair—sold with a positive guarantee for wear. If not as represented money will be refunded. State size and color wanted.

Phoenix Pure Silk Knitted Neckties to match hose . . 50c each.

All Silk, Pure Silk and Nothing But Silk

Phoenix Knitting Works
248 Broadway Milwaukee, Wis.

You'll want Phoenix Mufflers next Fall


For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo
Use the *single* soap that does *double* duty—the soap which cleans and disinfects at the same time.
LIFEBUOY
Soap is the health soap of the hands. It prevents the roughening of the cuticle and keeps women's hands soft and smooth for handling embroidery silks, etc.
5¢
AT YOUR GROCERS
LEVER BROS. CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

USE N.C. NON CARBONIZING OIL

For Automobiles and Motor Boats. Keeps the Cylinders "Clean as a Whistle." 35c gallon in bbls., 35c in half bbls. Freight paid [illegible]

Rider—Each faucet in package. Key by mail. Shipped to anyone on approval, pay after trial. We know it will be satisfactory

VALLEY OIL CO. Cleveland, Ohio

ditch!'" He laughed aloud. "As if an old soldier o' the Fifty-seventh ever did get into the last ditch."

Why, he hadn't caught the slightest inklin' of my meanin'. My heart sank a moment, then leaped and sent the blood through every bursting vein in fiery anger Only Grant's arrival saved us from a breach that nothing could have closed

"Well, the gang's going to beat the General," cried the boy with that enthusiasm which always marked him. "It will be a hot fight, but we'll tear the old-timers out, root and branch."

Andy's cheerfulness vanished in an instant.

"The old vets will have to make room," went on Grant, laughin'. "I saw 'em all with their heads together today. Though, of course, you'll fall in line with us."

"What do you mean? Who's doin' all this?" asked Andy quickly. His voice trembled.

Grant was too wise to reveal a political secret, and only winked significantly. "You'll see," he said.

My husband looked into our faces—one and then the other. "You're right," he admitted. "The old-timers will have to go They have used us, and now they'll use us up"

With that, which was a great defiance for him, my husband walked upstairs to bed, and Grant, who was tired, soon followed.

"There is a proper man for politics," I thought proudly. "If we will only give him a start he'll throw men aside like sheep."

All that night I heard Andy tossin' in sleeplessness. He rose very early and went away without his breakfast. The primaries for the district convention were to be held the followin' day, but in spite of his excitement Grant stayed for his meal in a sensible manner.

He hadn't been gone an hour when a man drove up in an old, rattlin', buckboard wagon. He knocked at the kitchen door and I let him in. He was a shrunken old fellow, plainly dressed, and he inquired for Andy. I answered that my husband had gone to his office.

"I expected to catch him at home," said the man with an air of disappointment. He was neither bad-looking nor bad-mannered, but he wore a bronze badge on his lapel, and that was enough for me.

"An old comrade, eh?" I remarked.

He nodded. "And you're Captain Andy's wife?"

"Yes; Mrs. Marston," I replied, out o' patience with that "Captain."

"I see Andy once in a while," he said "I've always been so glad to hear how successful he was, and how well you got along. Some of us haven't been so fortunate."

Here was another just like Andy. An old fireside ranger, who had talked war and run away in peace till failure was his only stock in trade.

"So you're glad to hear how successful we've been?" I asked, grimly enough.

"Sit down, comrade," I commanded, as the old fellow grinned in answer. "I don't wish to rouse your envy, but such a tale of success is good for you to hear. Andy has regaled you-all with it at campfires for twenty years—but he hasn't told it all."

Andy had bragged himself into success and fortune; now I wanted to lend a helpin' word and make him famous. But sometimes we build better than we know

The way I opened the door to our experience and showed him through made the comrade open his eyes. For I made it a mansion o' light, gilding and daubing every dismal corner. There wasn't an event that wasn't brilliant, nor a chattel that couldn't hold up its head in a palace.

"And right here," I concluded, "is an order from my husband's old commander which would bring us fortune if we needed it; but we never have, and so it is sealed to this day. A treasure buried at the door of the poorhouse, which we could dig up if we chanced to travel that way."

The old fellow's horse broke its halter, and he ran out to catch it. He didn't return.

Then slowly I sank to the floor of the kitchen, in the very ashes of the hearth. The quicksands of poverty quaked beneath and my ridiculous castles clattered into ruins around me. In desperation I tore open the sealed orders and read them.

And I was still crouched there with them in my hands, stricken with long, long

SECTION OF COAT SHOPS 3 AND 4

Who's Your Tailor?

Perhaps you would like a nice light weight Blue Serge Suit for midsummer wear, and an extra pair of plain or striped Flannel Trousers, a little different from those you see every day.

Made Especially for You

from your preference of a dozen different styles, beautifully hand tailored.

Have our representative show you our fashion plate of designs and samples of Serges. If you don't know him, ask us for his name and address.

$25 to $40

S. Kuh & Co.
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes
Price Building Chicago

Ever Have Tired Feet?

Note that Rubber Cushion!

This is the arch support without rigidity. The cushion under the foot allows the weight gradually to approach the arch support, which gives slightly. The support can be made high or low as necessary. The ideal relief for the weak or flat arch is

Foster's Arch Support and Heel Cushion

With these supports in your shoes, you can stand or walk all day without fatigue or pain. Read this letter.

FOSTER RUBBER CO. WARREN, KENTUCKY

Gentlemen:—I have find enclosed check to cover the above. To say that the 4 pairs are a great comfort would hardly be enough as they have saved me many hours of pain. Yours truly,

Signed W. D. BEVIN

Get FOSTER'S ARCH SUPPORTS (your size)—or send $2 and the size of your shoes and we will send a pair postpaid.

Send for our free folder revealing the secret of foot ease and showing you how to obtain relief. We will even send a pair on approval to your dealer, or returned, if you wish. Write today.

Trad-Air Heel Cushions

Go inside your shoes. Cannot [illegible]. Cannot show [illegible]. Sent Postpaid for 25 cents. State size of Shoe.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
170 B Summer St.
Boston, Mass.

FERRO

The World's Standard Motor-Boat Engine

The engine is the deciding factor in the purchase of a motor-boat. We not only furnish the most reliable two-cycle engines made, but also *tell you where to get the best boats built for every purpose*

Write for free Ferro Book and full information

Whether you intend buying engine alone or complete boat. Gives Ferro advantages in detail, full illustration of all working parts; valuable information for owners or buyers of motor boats

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.
[illegible]
301 Superior Ave., N. W., Cleveland
New York Office, 44 Cortlandt St.
Ferro Motor and Boat Agents in all Principal Cities.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish, or Hot Water Bag Leak?

MENDETS

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, rivet or rivet. Any one can use them. 10 to any surface. Does not [illegible]. Sent for assorted package [illegible]. Complete package assorted sizes 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.

Mendets Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Old Appliance

LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet

Our Appliance

HENRY S. LOTZ, 315 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

thought, when I heard Andy's footsteps at the door that evening.

The room was chilly, the lamp unlighted, but without noticin' he threw wood on the fire and began pacin' from wall to wall.

"What's wrong?" I asked, for his lips were compressed and his form bent as if crushed with trouble.

"Bailey Cinch has declared against the General in favor of Colton, an up-district man."

"What then?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"Oh, for bread and butter! Bailey Cinch feeds us. Mother—my old commander—you don't know how men feel about such things. After four years o' comradeship in war and the frank, genial friendship of twenty years, can such ties be broken on earth—must they?"

His voice sank to a whisper and he covered his face with his hands; I had never seen him break before.

"But it must be done," he continued in a labored voice. "Mother, I'm wrong to bother you about this. You've shared my troubles for half a lifetime, and I'll not bring you another one."

He reached up and took the old saber from the chimney; as one guilty of treason, I knew he would never look on it again.

"Andy!" I said, "Andy!" He stood in his tracks, and a wave of elation bubbled to my very lips. "Andy, is the General in the last ditch?"

"The last ditch," he repeated: "fightin' for his life."

"Fall in!" I said; "I'll take the risk o' bread and butter."

Leaning forward with lips parted he studied me.

"Did I hear you?" he asked hoarsely. "Fall in? His fortune's lost; he's all but a ruined man every way. He can give us nothing. Did I hear you?"

"That's when friends count, Andy. Go in!"

The old shoulders straightened; slowly he drew the blade from its sheath and held it up. Then as on that ancient day when the brilliant young officer tied his horse at our door he threw the weapon clattering into a corner and raised me in his arms.

"Well, God bless you!" he said. "I'll go this minute."

Alert, eager-eyed, with all the enthusiasm of actual war he waved his hand from the door and I heard him whistle as he strode away.

And my faded cheeks were as rosy as on that other battle-eve when Andy had kissed them soundly. I know, for I examined them in the glass.

Grant did not come home at all that night, and Andy's whistle was the last I heard of him. But I know that on leavin' the house he went straight to Uncle Simmy's.

"A good many people look to me for example and leadership," announced this redoubtable statesman, "and I must deliberate careful before I convict myself. Otherwise, the election will be powerfully confused."

McNuisance wished to know what Uncle Simmy had said and then he came out fearlessly on the same platform. Andy's eyes were opened, but he did not question their sincerity. Next he routed Douglas Adder out o' bed.

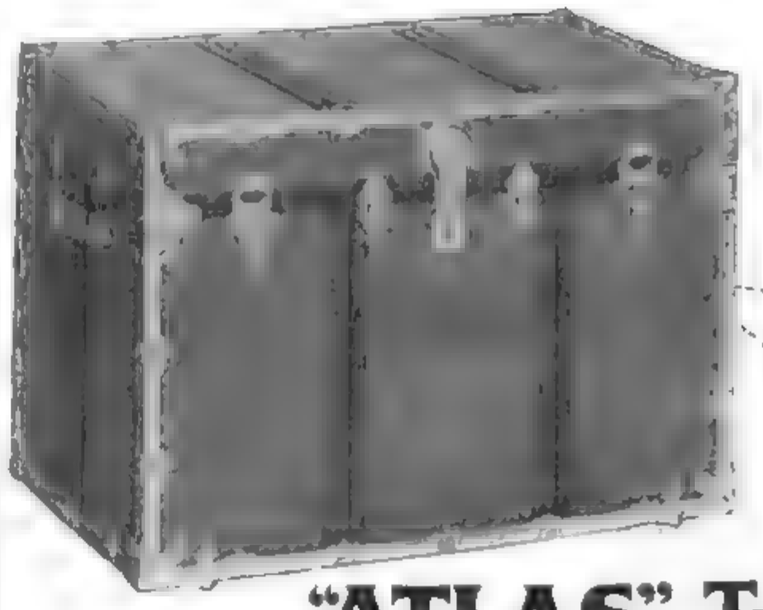
"Is it fight—do you mean it?" queried the old bushwhacker, getting into his clothes.

Andy nodded. "You hurry up," he commanded, stalkin' up and down the floor, impatient to be gone.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the other on hearing the returns from his fellow club-members, "they're trapped instead o' you. The old war-horse has taken the bit at last. Ride 'em down, Andy, ride 'em down! And maybe I won't go along to see the fun."

I know his eyes glared and his wicked old fightin' spirit rose like a rocket as he ran outdoors after Andy. And then began a night campaign that made history in that county.

Douglas Adder had a mule like himself, gray and crafty and a great rascal. Hitched to some obsolete vehicle, this mule entered into the spirit of a foray through the enemy's lines. Many a village street and lonesome country road echoed to his gallopin' hoofs that night, as man after man among the sturdiest citizenship of the county was hallooed out of bed and made to believe that the district and the country itself were in danger from the treasonable conspiracies of Bailey Cinch. Andy seized them, persuaded, commanded them, all



"ATLAS" BINDING is clinched on the inside not riveted outside

A 32-inch "ATLAS" Trunk with "Atlas" Cold-Rolled Steel Binding $12.00

"The Strongest Trunk in the World"

This trunk is different from all others. This ***difference*** is its superiority. The edges and corners—the vulnerable parts—are protected by ***"Atlas" Patented Binding.*** This is of cold-rolled steel clinched on the ***inside*** (see illustration). It can't come off. The trunk stays together. No rivets to "shear" off—no nails to come out. (This is the weak feature of all other metal-bound trunks.)

The "Atlas" is strong though light, neat, handsomely finished. It stands the knocks. No other trunk can give you the service, the genuine trunk value, the real money's worth that the "Atlas" gives.

Don't forget this—The "Atlas" is the only trunk that has the "Atlas" Patented Binding—the binding that makes it a fortress in the baggageman's hands.

How We Make the "ATLAS"—Three strips of light, tough lumber are cemented together—"cross-grain"; backed with heavy fibre on the inside; covered with heavy canvas on the outside, then waterproofed. This construction, in combination with the ***"Atlas" Patented Binding,*** makes it ***"the strongest trunk in the world."*** Trays roomy and light. All metal, including bolts and the Excelsior lock, heavily brass plated.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will gladly send our illustrated catalog giving full information of the various sizes and styles.

Belber Trunk & Bag Co., Columbia Ave., Philadelphia

A Profitable Business

A couple of feet space at a picnic ground, in a bakery, drug-store, candy-store, fair or anywhere a crowd, with nickels, collects, and a

Candy Floss Machine

will mean a 3000 per cent profit for you. Write us for catalog No. 12, before some one else beats you to it.

Ask, too, for our special Catalog O, describing Pop-Corn and Peanut Roasters, and Ice Cream Cone Machines.

Our Pneumatic Paint Sprayer catalog tells of a winner too.

STEVENS MFG. & SUPPLY CO.
1223 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No [illegible]—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no word [illegible]—no "position letters". Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days at home study without your time. For [illegible] write for free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Torrey's Oil-Edge Finishing Strop Dressing

Keeps the razor strop smooth and pliable—gives it that soft "cling ing" surface so desirable. Quickly and easily applied to any strop—either leather or canvas.

In handsome metal box . . 15c

Torrey's Famous Razor Sharpener, No. 2

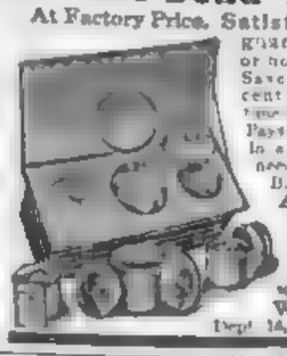
A little rubbed on the strop puts the keenest edge on the [illegible] saves time and temper. Cannot injure razor. One application lasts a long time. Torrey's and razor and strop in handy metal box 15c

Postpaid if not at dealer's. Send for free catalogue of Torrey Razors and Strops.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, Worcester Mass.

Let Me Send You a Rapid FIRELESS COOKER On 30 Days' Trial

At Factory Price. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 50 per cent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Bolls, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also metal [illegible] on Heat Radiators; can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 special recipes today.



WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14, 220 21st St., Detroit, Mich.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and a full ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 on the [illegible] on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture Proof tires, Imported Roller Chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap and inferior bicycles. Also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Ranger furnished by us. You will be astonished at the [illegible] we [illegible] and the [illegible] we will give on the first 1910 sample going in your town. Write at once for our [illegible] offer.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalog and learn our new prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices. DO NOT WAIT but write today for our large catalog and marvelous offers and special terms. It is beautifully illustrated and contains a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. F-55 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Travelight

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Patent Japanese Club Bag

No. 23
Lightas a Feather, Strong as Good Leather
Price $4.00

Travelight Bags are made of the best fibre matting, strongly bound in leather, with strength where strength is needed and no useless weight anywhere. These bags weigh about 2½ lbs. and are rain proof.

Convincing, Honest Evidence

Gentlemen—As a good many buyers are re- [illegible] Sincerely,
J. D. HENDRICKSON 44 S. Front St., Phila.

Travelight Bags can be bought from dealers. If yours does not carry them in stock, send us the price and we will ship to you express prepaid, or, if you prefer, just send for our illustrated folder, containing testimonials from all parts of the United States.

HERMAN LOEB & COMPANY
237 North Lawrence St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Day—A Day of Rest

[illegible]

OLD HICKORY

The Old Hickory Chair Co. Dept. A 6 Martinsville, Ind.

Just add hot water

Write at once

If your dealer cannot supply you send 25c for box of 12 cubes, postpaid. Distributed and guaranteed by
Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St., New York
Made by American Kitchen Products Co.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, [illegible] **$1.00**
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

at once. At last he was breakin' through the line head first, throwing the fear of consequences to the wind. They met him half-way with many a hearty pledge and handshake.

"I'll do for you," said old Judge Darrow, one of the ablest and most respected men we have—"I'll do for you, Andy, what I wouldn't do for the General himself." He mounted his horse at midnight and rode down into a certain community where his word was law—or pay your rent.

So a number of couriers bore the hue and cry to every precinct, and the small politician with his secret organization, who had leaped for the leadership of the district, bid fair to be ground up in his own machine by daybreak.

How many miles they covered in this mad campaign is still a matter of reckoning in the taverns. Then with the first morning light Andy drove into the public square still ably seconded by the exultant old chief, who was now in for anything up to bloodshed. But the mule had seen enough of runnin' for office, and deliberately and carefully kicked the shay to flinders in the courthouse yard.

The first polling-place they visited was a stronghold of the gang, and here Andy came face to face with Grant.

"Here's your ticket," said the boy. "We've been busy all night getting everything fixed."

"Well, it's too bad to spoil your plans,' replied Andy, lookin' around at the crowd. "Are these your friends and confederates?" he asked curiously.

"You know them," replied Grant, his face flushing. The boy must have fallen in with a terrible set o' ruffians, for the guerrilla said afterward that they were too tough even for him.

"Son," said Andy quietly, "you are to support General Phil in the fight today. I depend on you to carry this precinct; be on guard against crooked work."

For a moment amazement stunned the boy. Could this man with the high tone and authoritative manner be his father?

His friends leered contemptuously. Suddenly Grant laughed aloud.

"You must have lost your mind," he said. "Here: take this ticket."

Again Andy looked searchingly around the group—he was of no mind to quarrel with his boy—and his eye fixed on the biggest and toughest of the lot.

"Vamose, comrade," said this man insolently; "we're runnin' this."

Andy walked up directly and struck him heavily in the face. There must have been good will behind the weight of that old arm, for the fellow reeled. Then with a yell of fury he rushed. The old soldier did not stir, neither did he raise his arm, for he would have been a child in that man's grasp. A cry went up:

"You'll kill him!"

But Grant met the assault, and the next moment he and his friend were beating each other to their hearts' content. Finally men dragged them apart.

"I depend on you to watch this poll," said Andy unmoved.

The boy was astonished that so desperate a brawl did not excite his father in the least, and before he could answer Bailey Cinch himself rushed through the crowd.

"You've betrayed——" he was shoutin', for news of the night campaign had begun to come in.

"Stop where you are," said Andy sternly, "and you'll have nothing to regret. My resignation is on your desk. We have no further business together."

Bailey Cinch expected an apology; at this cool defiance his jaw sagged and he gasped for breath as Andy turned on his heel and left the spot.

"Why, I've put the bread into his mouth for twenty years," complained Cinch in bitterness of heart.

Grant walked over to him; his hat was gone, his face was bloody and he was in no conciliatin' mood.

"My father told you to shut up," he said significantly; "and what he says he means."

Cinch departed, and all that day the burly youngster stood guard over those ballot-boxes in honor of his father.

In spite of the anxieties of that day I was not unhappy, but I did miss Andy so!

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" I kept sayin' as hour after hour of the day dragged by and evenin' came on, "Ian't he ever comin'?"

Finally it was pitch-dark, and hearing footsteps on the path I rushed to the door. Grant came in.

The Scientific Foods

Prof. Anderson's Invention

Let nobody think that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were created as mere curiosities.

Nor were they made to be merely delicious. All that porosity—that nut-like crispness—is incidental.

All that makes these foods delightful came as a result of trying to make them digestible.

But the fortunate result is that these most wholesome of foods are also the most enticing.

Starch Granules Exploded by Steam

Wheat and rice kernels are composed of millions of granules, which must be broken up before digestion can act.

Cooking, baking and toasting break up part of the granules. But a large percentage remain unaffected.

Prof. A. P. Anderson conceived the idea of blasting those granules to pieces. And, after long experiment, he invented this process:

The wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are puffed to eight times natural size—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the magnified grain made porous and crisp and digestible.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These foods shot from guns have already come into immense popularity. Four people in five—as proved by lunch room tests—prefer them to any other ready-cooked cereal.

Everyone is delighted when one of these foods appears on the breakfast table. And these whole grains, made wholly digestible, are ideal foods to serve.

If you haven't enjoyed them, don't wait any longer. Order one for tomorrow morning.

Serve With Fruit

Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice adds an agreeable taste to almost any fruit. The grains are nut-like and crisp.

Try one of them once with sliced bananas or berries. You'll be glad that you know about them.

These foods are also ideal for a between-meal dish, because they form so slight a tax on digestion.

Tell your grocer to send you a package of each—both the wheat and the rice. Then judge which you like the better.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

Astonished Her!

HERE'S a beauty recipe: Take a pinch of Pompeian, rub it on your moistened face and well into the pores. A few more moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the cream many shades darker than when applied. You are astonished! You never suspected that so much deadly dirt could stay in your skin despite soap-and-water scrubbing.

A glance in your mirror further astonishes you. The old sallow, "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place of that drawn, tired looking skin is one that has the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "When first I used Pompeian," writes a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath." The pore-dirt that comes out will astonish you.

Beauty comes from *skin health*. Pompeian keeps the pores clean, and thus promotes *skin health*. Resolve to-day to preserve and promote your beauty. Trial jar sent for 6c.

Pompeian

Massage Cream

All dealers, 50c, 75c, $1

Art Panel Offer:

Art Panel Sent Free for Inspection
(See offer)

Our lavender-and-gold 1910 Art Panel is 9 feet high and 7½ inches wide. So great and persistent has been the demand for "Pompeian Beauty" that we have had as many as 75,000 orders in the office at one time, and were forced to order edition after edition. Each copy of "Pompeian Beauty" goes through the press fifteen times to insure that her original beauty may be faithfully reproduced. No advertising on the front of the panel—only the artist's name-plate as you see in the picture. This beautiful lavender-and-gold Art Panel will be sent *free for your inspection* if you will just send us the coupon. If you like the Art Panel then you are to remit us 10 cents. If you don't like it, you are to return it to us. We take all the risk. This is an unusual offer to make to several million people, but we are firmly convinced that 999 out of every 1,000 people are absolutely honest. Just clip the coupon, and if you care for a trial jar of Pompeian, put enclose 6 cents (stamps or coin). I understand, you do not have to enclose any money for the Art Panel, nor do you have to send for trial jar. Clip the coupon now before you forget it. Read coupon carefully before sending it.

Trial Jar sent for 6c in coin or stamps

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
49 Prospect St.
Cleveland
Ohio

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St.,
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send your "Pompeian Beauty" Art Panel. If I like it I agree to send 10c at once. If I don't like it I agree to return it. If you prefer stamps or coin with this coupon you will know I wish a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

LIBRARY SLIP

Esterbrook
Steel Pens
250 Styles

For business, the home, schools—every purpose.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

"Well, Mother, how are you after so long a time?" he asked. "My, oh, but this has been a day of ——"

He broke off as if recollectin' suddenly that his tidings might not prove very pleasing to me.

"Where is your father? Why hasn't he come home? Has anything happened to him?"

Grant was astonished at my vehemence, but he was absorbed in the events of the day and grinned reminiscently.

"No, no," he assured me positively; "nothing has happened to him."

I was rather proud of the emphasis he laid on this word. "Tell on; out with it," I urged. "What happened to somebody else, then?"

"You must have got wind of events," he replied, "so I may as well tell what I know. To begin with, he got me an awful beatin' and put me in a position where I had to break with my friends."

I saw that his face was bruised; but, pshaw, that was nothin'. I remembered that Andy had once ridden miles out of his way to see me, and carryin' a bullet in his shoulder.

"You see, Mother," hesitated the boy, "the old gentleman went out on a wild night-ridin' campaign, turnin' people out o' bed and—in fact, I don't know exactly what he did; used a spell o' some kind. Why, he busted slates, threw the whole machine out o' gear ——"

He laughed gleefully, then an expression of gravity, of gloom, settled on his face.

"Of course," he concluded lamely, "it was rather unexpected of the old gentleman. I wouldn't blame him very much if I were you—perhaps he was seized with a sort of fit; you've surely heard of soldiers seeing red—I'll show it to you in a book."

"And he sent you ahead to make his peace with me," I said with fear in my heart that it was so.

"Nothing of the kind," declared Grant indignantly; and my eyes must have brightened, for he added warningly: "You'd best leave Father alone to run his own business. I don't believe he's in any mood to be trifled with." He rubbed his black eye thoughtfully.

"We'll see," I had begun when Andy himself came in. I wished to greet him as usual, but I might as well have tried to stem a river as the emotion that swept me. I put my arms around him and looked into his face; then I kissed him. "Now you have played havoc," I exclaimed.

I don't know whether he thought it remorse, or madness, or despair that affected me so strangely; but, shame to me, I know he didn't suspect it to be true love and honor for his noble self.

"Havoc it is, Mother, I guess," he said quietly; "for I am out o' money, out o' credit and out of office."

"What d'ye think o' this?" I demanded of Grant.

"Oh, I guess I can raise something besides votes, even on a political farm," he said sturdily.

Andy held out his hand, and the boy shook it heartily. Right then the boy acknowledged his leader, and there was staunch fellowship between the two forever after. But they felt that I, the woman, would have the brunt of harder times to bear—the long pull up the endless hill.

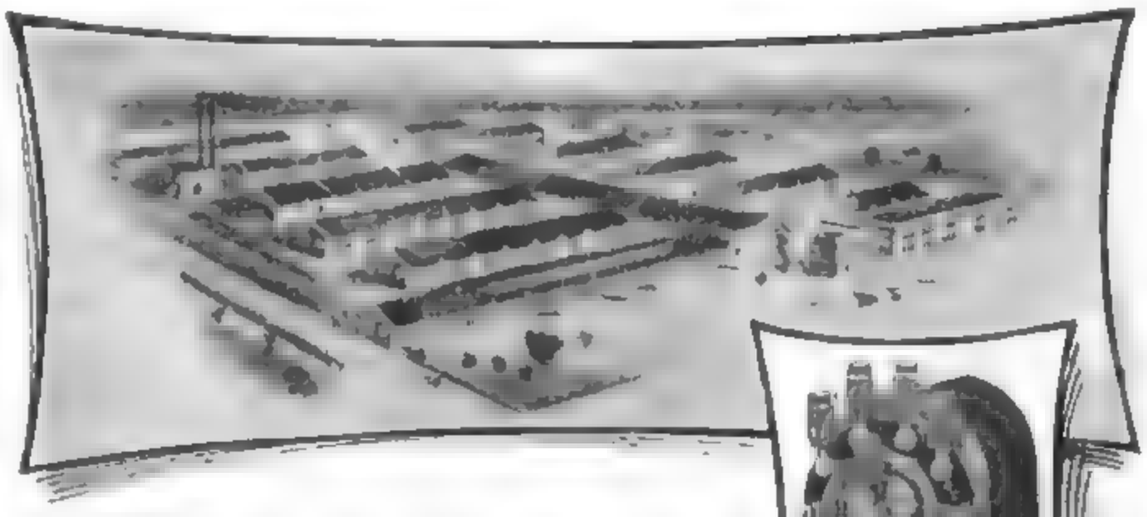
Perhaps, for an instant, Andy saw my future in a ghastly light; perhaps, after hope deferred till the heart was sick, he thought I shouldn't be called on to endure more. He had taken my word repeatedly for my sufferings, and now remorse had me by the hair. But I believe he thought these things and, willin' to make a sacrifice for me which he would never make for himself, he looked at the envelope o' those old orders that I had revealed and put back.

"Oh, I guess the fightin' spirit and touch o' the shoulder will see us through, comrade," I said. "We'll win a creditable victory without help or thought of surrender. Now let's get down to bed rock and plan."

Andy thanked me with his eyes; then we held a council on the best way of makin' ends meet till he and Grant got into business, for we thought no more o' politics. We expected hardship and weariness and disappointment. Andy and I were old and might play out before we'd achieved even comfort. We realized this, though nothing was said of it.

We sat silent a while, after plannin' the best we knew how; then I asked Andy for the full history of the campaign.

"I'll give it to you," he said with that old trill of enthusiasm in his voice. "The



THE largest and best equipped plant in the world devoted exclusively to magneto manufacturing.

During 1909 won over two hundred victories—eighty-five per cent of all contests participated in by Remy-equipped cars.

Every quantity buyer of 1909 adopted the Remy for 1910 as standard equipment. This means satisfaction and good service.

The Remy Electric Company have always made deliveries promptly as specified on all contracts taken. Their facilities to serve the trade are unequalled.

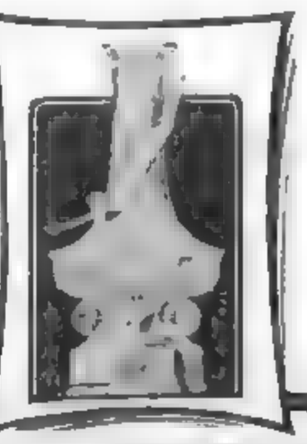
Over 119,000 sold on minimum contracts for 1910; 48,000 already delivered; all old customers retained and many new ones added.

Think of the Remy magnetos used on so many different cars, with a record as above.

The Remy magneto is the best. Its patented construction is imitated, but not equalled.

The Remy Magneto

Best in the World!



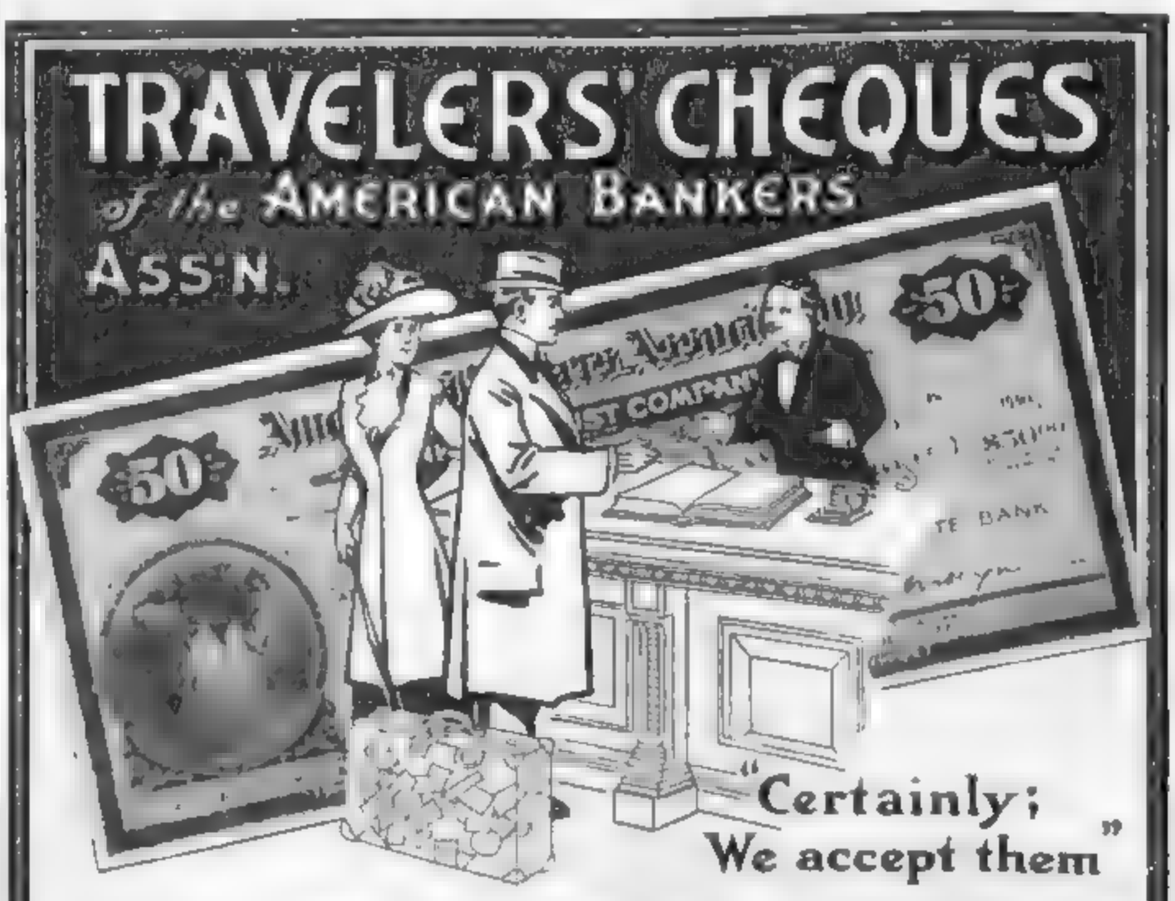
REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. 17, Anderson, Indiana

Branches: 1400-1402 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Automobile Bldg., 64th and Broadway, New York City
471 Woodward Avenue, Detroit
408 East 15th Street, Kansas City
170 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco

Agencies: Auto Equipment Co., 1518 Broadway, Denver
Hollis Electric Co., 9 N. Sixth St., Minneapolis
J. H. McCullough & Sons, 219 N. Broad St., Philadelphia

(30) Cobe Trophy won by the aid of the Remy Magneto

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
of the AMERICAN BANKERS ASS'N.



"Certainly; We accept them"

CAN you justly blame the hotel man who declines to accept your personal check? If you are a stranger, he knows neither your signature nor the state of your bank account; and, besides, he has lost much money in the past by cashing worthless paper.

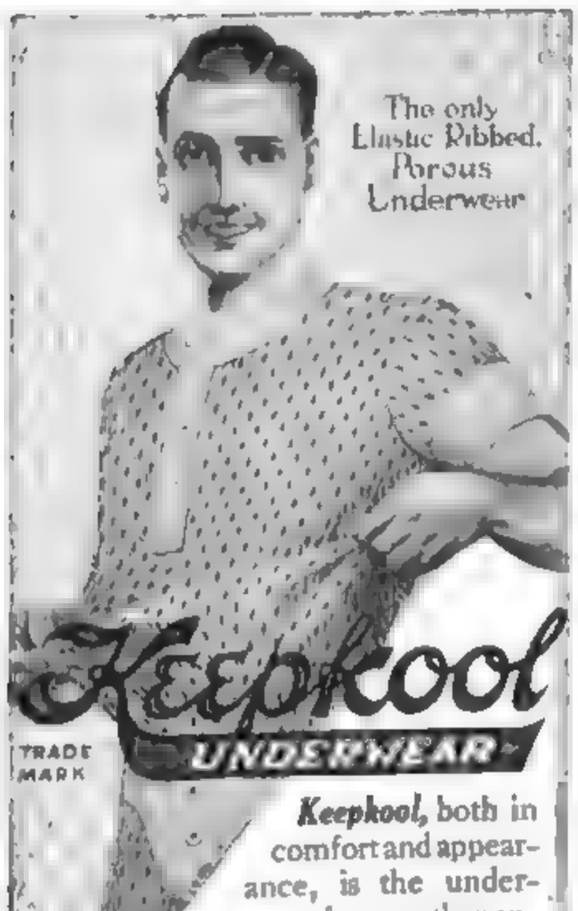
Be fair to the hotel men and all others with whom you deal when away from home, by presenting in payment of your expenses the "A. B. A." Travelers' Cheques, which are *always* and *everywhere good* and are self-identifying.

Banks, Hotels, Railroads, Steamship lines, etc., throughout the world, accept them at face value. Sold by leading banks in $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations.

Equally convenient for *foreign* and *domestic* use.

A booklet fully describing these cheques will be sent on request.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY



Keepkool UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

Keepkool, both in comfort and appearance, is the underwear of a gentleman. The coolness of porous fabric, *plus* the fit and comfort of ribbed texture, is obtainable only in

Keepkool—The only Elastic Ribbed Porous Underwear

Made of the best combed cotton and lisle yarns from our own great spinning plant,—lock-stitched throughout and trimmed with the finest materials.

Ask your dealer for *Keepkool* Underwear.

Made in knee length and ankle length drawers, short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

For MEN 50c { Shirts and Drawers per garment } **For BOYS 25c**

Union Suits for Men, $1.00 — for Boys, 50c

Write for catalog and sample of *Keepkool* fabric

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Department P **Albany, N. Y.**

BARNEY & BERRY

ROLLER SKATES

Girls and Boys

in your family should not be deprived of the pleasure and healthy exercise afforded by a pair of well-made, smooth running Roller Skates. Indoors and out, the sport is just as enjoyable.

Barney & Berry SKATES

are sold by Those who know to be perfect in every go and turn in skating. They are so simple that a child can understand them, and seldom require any repairs. Buy the B. & B. Skates for your young friends. Order from any hardware dealer or sporting goods store.

BARNEY & BERRY
Makers of Ice and Roller Skates
111 Broad St.
Springfield Mass

Write us for illustrated catalog

PHOTOGRAPHERS SAVE 30 PER CENT

Every Photographer, the novice, amateur, professional, can save 30 per cent. on something indispensable. YOU WILL HAVE TO HAVE IT SOONER OR LATER. This valuable tip will be given by us to get you acquainted with the best photographic magazine. Your name and address will bring to you sample copy and the full information.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY

1334 Boston Bldg., Boston, Mass.

voters had only to be reminded o' the General's services to come out for him. And they've held their own in this county."

Such was Andy's full and complete history of his night campaign, his courageous work at the polls, his sacrifice. But I liked it better than the more truthful and complimentary one I heard later.

I don't know what Grant thought of all this; several times he rubbed his ears in an unbelievin' way. But I went to sleep, not very hopeful, though very, very happy.

Only one day intervened between the primaries and the convention, so my men folks were off early to get news from the other counties. A few minutes later Douglas Adder drove up to the house at a lame saunter.

"Consarn him," said Douglas of the mule, in a low, confidential tone; "I found him studyin' a calendar in the barn this mornin', and if he's made out that the time o' campaignin' ain't past yet——" At this point the scoundrelly old mule waved his ears and stared threateningly at Douglas over his shoulder.

"I was just speakin' o' the price o' feed," said Douglas soothingly, and the mule yawned.

"If he suspected I was goin' in to see about the primaries," whispered Douglas, "he'd riddle this buggy as he did the other one."

"How came you to stand by Andy all these years?" I asked suddenly; "for I believe you're the only one o' that remarkable club who really voted as he promised."

"Do you remember, ma'am," he asked, lightin' his pipe and watchin' me curiously —"Do you remember of a young army officer who called to spark you, one day, a while back?"

I nodded, and he laid his hand on his breast.

"Well, I was impolite enough to cut short his call by leadin' several other hard-ridin', screechin', shootin' gentlemen down the street upon him. And he jumped on his horse under fire and laughed pleasantly and shot me through the lung with a big-calibered revolver. It was a lesson in politeness I never forgot, and I could respect Andy thereafter under any circumstances. All he ever did need was good will and confidence and a slap on the shoulder."

He drove away grinnin', for he'd given me a poisoned thrust in those words.

I thought for a long time, lookin' out of the kitchen window, for that is the poor old woman's reviewin' stand. There's no sadder time for reverie than after breakfast, with the silent house in bleak disorder, with the men folks gone to their daily tasks among other men, when you stand alone lookin' through that magnifyin' glass of memory—the kitchen window.

"I am found out by myself," I said at last. I could see my life—a neglected house now hollowed out with ruin and echoin' with complaints. How had I taken a helpmeet's part? I'd used blows in counsel and my tongue in fightin'. I had accused Andy of timidity after employin' all my strategy to subdue him, and had been a deserter from the first battle he had to win—the battle o' bread and butter.

"Why, I never did let him get any further than that," I cried aloud; "and without help or encouragement he was doin' the very best he could during these twenty years."

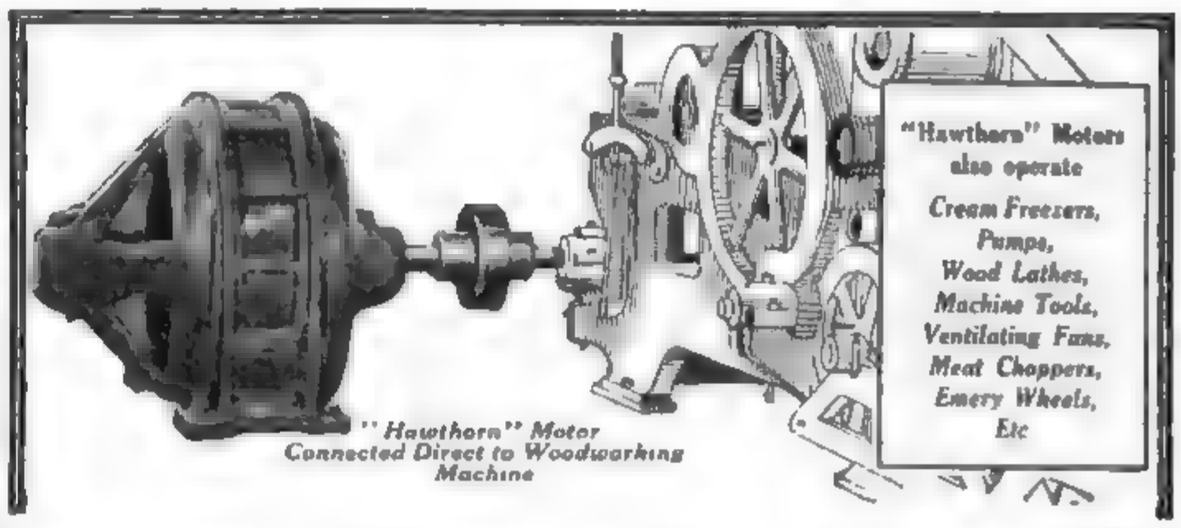
Through that magic window I could see Andy totterin' even under that bubble world o' hope which, like old Atlas, he'd raised to his shoulders. I could see little Grim, sittin' with his chin in his hands, starin' at the saber and waitin' for his father's story. There was Grant, springin' from an unruly boy into a man who would brook no command, even from his father.

"Oh, wouldn't he brook it?" I said through my teeth. "Well, I reckon Andy has taught him the difference between a brawler and a fighter."

Well, the boy hadn't been to blame, and now they'd come together as men will; but I knew that I could never be one with them.

"You did the right thing once and stood by your husband," I told myself; "once! You don't gain any credit for that; there's no use tryin' to deceive yourself. Look at his young years all laid waste. Now old age is on him and on you, too, and in return for his forgiveness and cheerful devotion you offer him—the encouragement of a soul despairin' of itself."

And bitterly, in the frost o' the kitchen window-pane, I signed my name to this



"Hawthorn" Motor Connected Direct to Woodworking Machine

Power Where You Need It

with

Hawthorn

TRADE MARK

Motors

IF you have machines that require power, use "Hawthorn" Motors and put the power where it is needed—right at the machine. Do away with power-wasting belts and shafting and give your machines more head room, your workmen better light and a more flexible power.

Do this and note the better quality of the work—the increased output—the decreased power cost that will surely follow. You can depend on "Hawthorn" Motors. They are of that high quality common to all Western Electric products. They are as near troubleproof as is possible to make them.

Write our nearest house for a copy of Motor Booklet No. 8249. Tell them of your power needs. They will make some valuable suggestions.

"SAVE TIME AND PREMIUM" WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY "TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

Western Electric Company

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Montreal — Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Winnipeg — *Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.* — Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha, Antwerp, London, Berlin, Paris — San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Johannesburg, Sydney, Tokyo

Why fine business stationery costs less when produced on Construction Bond

THE picture shows the reason. Construction Bond is sold and delivered *direct* to printers and lithographers *only in case lots of 500 lbs. or more.* Other fine bond papers are sold *thru jobbers* in *any* quantity; the jobber frequently sells and delivers 500 lbs. in 20 lb. packages to as many as *25 different* printers. Look at the picture. Consider the *extra* labor and expense in handling paper this way, and also the jobber's profit.

They add nothing to *quality.* Yet these expenses and profits are *necessarily added* to the *price* you pay for finished stationery—unless you *order* it on Construction Bond. Then you will secure *impressive* stationery—on a paper possessing unusual strength, bone and character—at a price that makes it *usable* in *quantities.* Yes, with envelopes to match, too.

CONSTRUCTION *Best at the Price* BOND

Write us on your *business* letterhead for our handsome *free* portfolio of 25 Specimen Letterheads on Construction Bond, and names of printers and lithographers in your vicinity who can supply it.

W. E. Wroe & Co., 316 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, also stamped stationery at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

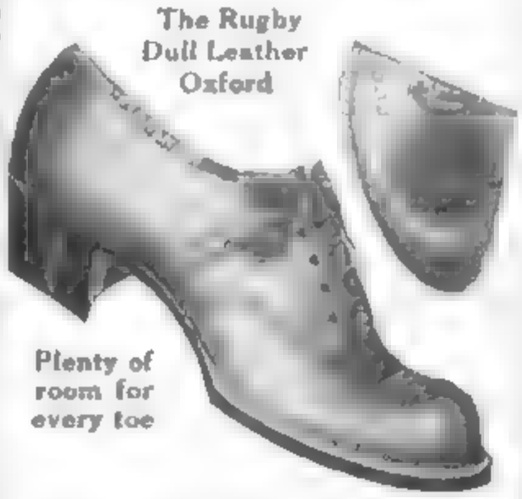
PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent—list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

The Florsheim SHOE

Style A 1629

The Rugby
Dull Leather
Oxford



Plenty of room for every toe

In Addition to every essential of a good shoe, the Florsheim Low Shoe has "Natural Shape" lasts which assure comfort without breaking in, and "Hygienic" heels and insteps which prevent chafing and blisters.

Write for booklet, "The Shoe-man" showing styles that are different

Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe or send us $5.25 to cover cost of shoe and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

confession scrawled across the page of judgment:

"Josephine Marston; hypocrite; too late."

Thus I hoarded together my treasure-trove of misery and counted it over the livelong day

That night the men brought in news from the outside district. General Phil had carried his own county and, through Andy's efforts, had won a slight majority in the delegations from our county. But Bailey Cinch's organization had done its work in the others and chances for nomination were against the General.

The men were tired and, wishing to be in fettle for the convention next day, went to bed early. Weary of my own thoughts, I soon followed them upstairs, though sleep was out of the question.

After they'd gone out the next mornin' Douglas Adder drove up again.

"The convention meets at ten o'clock," he said; "and to prevent actual fightin' between the factions they'll rush the nomination. I thought maybe you'd like to see the fun—on account of Andy's interest, you know."

"I'll go," I told him with sudden resolution, though I hadn't been to a public meetin' for years and years.

After puttin' on that old black silk and returnin' to the kitchen I stood a second to stare at my escort.

"I'm glad you've decided to come out of your shell," he said, rubbin' his hands with satisfaction. "What makes you look at me in that fashion? I'm reconstructed."

"You certainly have a low, crafty way with you at times," I answered

"Do you know, it's always the case when I have to deceive that consarn old mule?" he says, bold as brass.

He informed me, drivin' into town, that we must be very careful with that animal; "because whenever he sees Uncle Simmy goin' as delegate into a convention," whispered Douglas, "he brays about his rights and wants to go in, too."

"Why can't you talk straight? You mean that Uncle Simmy is goin' to be stubborn?" I asked.

"He's the only man who can rouse the envy o' my mule," replied Douglas sadly.

He seated me in the gallery of the courthouse and went away. The floor beneath was full o' men buttonholin' and lyin' to one another in great confidence while they pulled at vicious-looking cigars. Andy was standin' quietly in a corner which Uncle Simmy and McNuisance avoided as a pestilent spot as they strutted about importantly. Once, indeed, the former nodded in a patronizin' way and started toward the corner, but something he saw in my husband's level eye caused him to forget it.

That nod of patronage told me that the Cinch faction had the upper hand, and along with my sense o' defeat and sympathy for Andy I felt a spirit o' hatred take possession of me.

"Those two traitors!" I muttered to Douglas, who had now come back. "If they ever come to another meetin' at my house I'll scald 'em."

He nodded seriously and went on to prove that women should not be encouraged to influence politics. "The men are already in hot water enough," he concluded, and I began to hate him, too.

"Oh, Andy, Andy," I thought, lookin' down at him, "if I could only help you! Where is a true, sympathetic friend among men!"

Bailey Cinch came into the courtroom with an upstate delegation and a brass band. The chairman took his seat and regular organization was effected in a few minutes, while the band played and everybody in the convention was cheered except my poor old man.

"Tell him to come up here," I ordered Douglas indignantly. "He's the only man in the lot, and they're all envious of him"

"With Uncle Simmy and my mule in politics, and the women lendin' a helpin' hand——" he began, and almost in tears I turned my back on him

A man rose and in a few words put General Phil in nomination. There was a crash from the band—Bailey Cinch felt he could afford to be generous to a beaten man—but the moment was too intense for much cheerin'.

Then the upstate candidate, Colton, was placed before the convention.

"Why didn't that numskull make a better speech for General Phil?" I demanded;

"Barker" Brand Collars

The Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole makes it possible to button a high fold collar without mussing, fussing, tugging and pulling. The shank of the collar button fits around the hole at the extreme end and *stays* there. It cannot slip back or loosen the collar. It is an exclusive Barker feature.

Ask your dealer to show you

THE CLINTON

¼ and ¾ Sizes

the newest spring style with the Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole.

A high fold collar—that looks and feels well and fits perfectly.

Barker Brand Collars wear longer because they are linen.

For your protection all Barker Brand Collars bear this trade mark. Always look for it. It insures collar style—and satisfaction—perfect wearing and laundering qualities, long wear and perfect fit. Your dealer can supply you. Many styles to select from in ¼ and ¾ sizes—all 2 for 25c.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered post paid to you.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you! It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class. It stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

BROOKS FURNITURE
GUARANTEED

SAVE $1.00 A MINUTE

You do not pay freight charges
You do not pay manufacturing charges
You do not pay dealer's profit
You do not pay for waste
You pay factory cost

Catalog 10 Free

BROOKS MFG. CO.
306 Ely Street Saginaw, Mich. U. S. A.

An instance of Smith Premier simplicity—a carriage that is gear-driven, like this

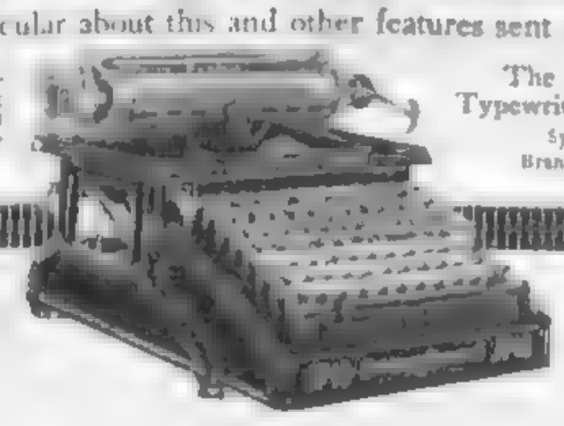
—not pulled along by bands or straps that bend, lock or break; nothing to detach in changing from one carriage to another.

This is one of the 28 advantages offered by the easy action, light running MODEL 10

Smith Premier

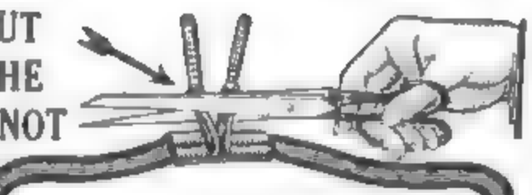
Circular about this and other features sent free

We manufacture ten different models of billing machines to take care of all the known up-to-date business systems.



The Smith-Premier Typewriter Company, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere

CUT THE KNOT



HAVE YOU?

Cut the Knot that binds your feet —Thousands of readers of THE POST have thrown away their old fashioned Shoe Laces with the KNOTS and BOWS and now wear

THE

Schelling Endless *Elastic* Shoe Lace

They look neat and add to the appearance of your shoes—they GIVE with every step you take, and encourage a graceful easy swing—they make walking easy.

Simple to adjust and will outwear the ordinary kind,—Can be laced and unlaced in a flash. No broken strings or knots to try your patience. Made in Black and Tan.

PRICE 15 CENTS PER PAIR

YOUR DEALER will supply you—if not, write to us, sending his name and 15 cents for sample pair with complete instructions. State color desired

Booklet free upon request.

Schelling Endless Shoe Lace Co.
Suite 34, 70 Fifth Ave., New York, U. S. A.

CANADIAN AGENTS
R. Duverger & Co., 61 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal, Canada

Special terms to representative dealers.

You can make your summer one round of pleasure

by canoeing in an

"Old Town Canoe"

Whether you go in the mountains or camp out or cruise your summer will not be complete without an "Old Town Canoe."

"Old Town Canoes" embody every essential requisite in good canoe construction.

If you don't enthuse over the idea of canoeing it is because you are not familiar with its many pleasures. Write for our booklet and learn more about this ideal American sport, as safe and as enjoyable as gondoliering in Venice.

Send your request on a postal and our instructive and picture-full catalog, showing the Indian origin of canoes and the history and manufacture of "Old Town Canoes" will be sent immediately.

Agents in all cities *Prompt deliveries*

2,000 canoes on hand to choose from.
Also canvas covered boats and yacht tenders.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
456 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

A Talk to the Inventor

The above entitled Book is an honest explanation of how the inventor may guard against obtaining worthless Patents, and is written with a sincere desire to put the inventor-reader in a position to determine when he should not file an application for a patent. The Book will be of value to you, no matter who your attorney is; and while I want your business, I will still be glad to send you the Book if you do not expect to employ me. Write for it without cost.

Announcement: On March 21st, 1910, I withdrew from the firm of Woodward & Chandlee, in which I was co-partner.

H. L. WOODWARD, Registered Attorney
702 Ninth St., Washington, D. C., Opposite U. S. Patent Office

LAME PEOPLE

All persons afflicted with a shortened or weak limb should write at once for our booklet "A." The Pittsburg Orthopedic Company, the largest manufacturers of deformity appliances in the world. 635 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

"after all he's done for his country, too. Why, the Colton delegate——"

Douglas didn't answer; he was leanin' far over the gallery rail, his features twitchin' with excitement.

The cheers for Colton had hardly died away when a man strode down the aisle of the convention.

A dead, almost a painful, silence fell over the crowd as this man held up his hand. Why, he was the shrunken old fellow, the comrade who had come out to congratulate Andy and me on gettin' along so successfully! For some reason I felt my face flush hotly as I remembered his reception and the bitter tone of my biographies.

"Poor old comrade," I said, "that mob o' wretches won't listen; they'll rejoice to humiliate him."

The chairman had risen and bowed respectfully.

"General Philip Carey has the attention of the house," he said.

General Philip Carey! How time had brought him low in body and fortune. And I myself had insulted him in the hour of adversity, in my own house, when he'd always been so true a friend to Andy. I could have hidden my head for very shame of it.

Suddenly I became aware of the clear, vibrant voice dominatin' the convention A tone of authority, of the conscious power of brain and heart, which holds all men listeners.

"In hearty accord with your decision," he was concluding, "I withdraw as candidate for Congress."

A cry of mingled protest and applause burst from the delegations. I glanced at Andy. He stood with folded arms, lost in contemplation of his friend's dismantling fortunes and all heedless that he himself had ventured to a stricken field impoverished of munitions—with no followers but a helpless woman and a boy.

Among the hundred men starting to their feet the eye of the chairman sought one alone. Rapping with his gavel and crying sharply, "Mr. Cinch has the floor," he stilled the tumult as the politician's glance fitted hawklike over the convention.

"I move," he said cautiously, "that the nominations be declared closed."

Taken by surprise, the delegates responded with only a feeble murmur of dissent; rather a plea for time to order their wits than an open protest—and the chairman raised his voice to present the motion.

Again that low, dominating tone, and the little old General had recovered a moment's ascendency.

"All personal interests must be ground under heel." He stared the whole convention in the face; he spoke to it as a single man.

I saw Bailey Cinch whisper to a man, who sprang to his feet, declaring: "You are not a member of this convention."

Only the backwoodsman of politics, crafty and suspicious, guessed which way the scent lay. But though the General was a beaten man politically, respect for his character and achievements rose generously among his enemies at that particular moment.

"Speak on," went up the cry, and the chairman bowed before a persistent demonstration.

The veteran statesman resumed as though there had been no interruption:

"The fight you and I have led in Congress for the protection of our public lands, our minerals and forests, is still on; the task is uncompleted. Shall the citizenship of hundreds of thousands of men, the life of this district in Congress for twenty years, be wasted?"

"No!" roared the convention, for we were vitally concerned in this matter of the public lands.

"No," he repeated earnestly; "this district must live on; let the dead vote for their dead. More important than to pour out blood for your country is to pour blood into the nation."

Men were hushed, interested, sniffing his suggestion. Sometimes I believe the word blood excites them like the deed.

Here we not only represent, but we are, collectively, patriotism, labor and good will. Many men make one good citizen. So we must go to Congress in a body—unless," he went on rapidly, with a nod in response to their good-natured grin—"unless a man be found through whom courses the life-stream of us all. We would

RALSTON WEEKLY CATALOG

The Ralston Shoe measures up to every possible requirement, because it is a practical shoe—comfortable, serviceable, stylish.

You can demonstrate this fact, beyond all question, by trying one pair of Ralston Shoes. After that, you will accept no other shoe. We know this must be so by experience and the growth of our factory.

Style No. 150 Russia Calf Blucher New "Hippo" Last

$4

Send for Ralston Book AUTHORITY STYLES Spring and Summer, FREE

Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.

Sold in over 3,000 towns—Ask your dealer.

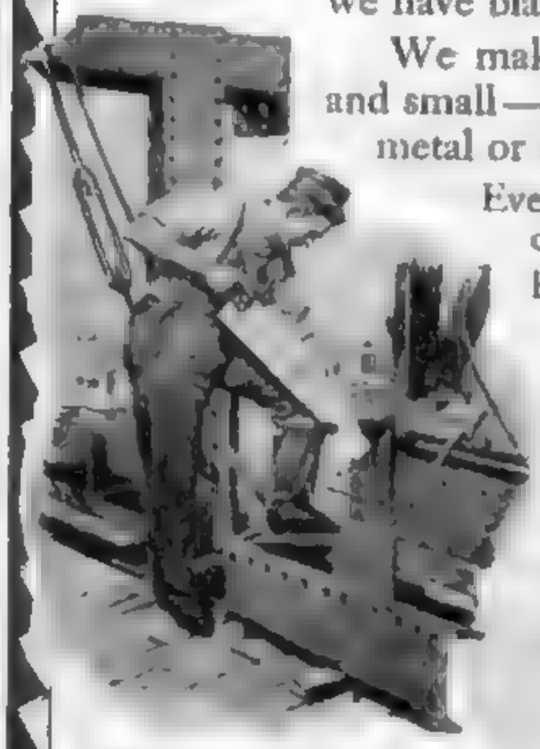
Dealers—Shoes illustrated in this Weekly Catalog series are carried in stock by us. See our offer in "The Shoeman."

Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

DISSTON wood-cutting and Disston metal-cutting saws, Disston files and tools have played a big part in building achievements of the last half century.

In creation of new implements and improvements of original types, we have progressed with the architects and engineers whose genius has placed skyscrapers where earlier generations built two-story shops—often we have blazed the way.

We make every kind of saw—great and small—that is used in cutting wood, metal or stone.



Disston Saw Tempered for Cutting Metal

Every Disston saw, file and tool is made of Disston high-grade crucible steel.

Progressive methods and superiority of product have maintained Disston leadership in one of the world's great industries for over 70 years.

You want the best—use the Disston saws, files and tools.

If you are unable to obtain the Disston Brand, write us and we will see that you are properly supplied.

Henry Disston & Sons
Incorporated
Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel and File Works
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.

not deputize such a man; we would deliberate *in* him—act in him!

"But such a man is invaluable to us at home; he commands honor among neighbors; he is a personal friend of soothing wisdom, and an honest servant, knowing all affairs. We would rather share his virtues among us privately than unite them for the public. Has such a man raised his voice? Has he disputed injustice, men of this county—Bailey Cinch?"

A thrill of excitement ran through the convention.

"Why, once I commanded a soldier," said the General, "a reckless rider and the most desperate fighter I ever knew; but he could face no man who was unarmed. I had a kind of contempt and so much pity for him that I gave him orders for peace. He thanked me for them; they would be a comfort to him, a resource in money or influence when he lost the battle of peace; when driven out of the last ditch they should be opened—such was my command.

"Have I neglected that man—have you driven him hard—have distress and poverty and death dogged his every footstep?

"Surely not; for, gentlemen, those orders, affording comfort and resource, were never opened. He had promised to obey the command of his old General.

"Here they are." He held up an envelope; he tore it open.

"'You are commanded to advance from the last ditch and attack the enemy in front. Remember Shiloh, and do not wait for the touch of the shoulder,'" he read.

"Such was the stern and contemptuous advice I gave; these were the words of import; the deed to fortune. I gave them on impulse and had forgotten them.

"Many times afterward this man told me how happy had been his life, how well he got along, and a short time since I went to his house, for I had lost wealth and power and was seeking help. What I learned there made me tremble for myself. And the struggle this coward of peace had made against you and me sent his old commander back into the fight but not for himself ——"

Impassioned, rising above his great natural powers of feeling and oratory, he thrilled the last words with a tearful eye and a commanding arm.

"This man has done for me what he would not do for himself; he has denied defeat, though captive and bound these twenty years! Who else will carry on our fight in Congress—to the last ditch and, without opening his orders, advance in the face of the enemy ——

"Andy Marston! Stand out from the shadow of Bailey Cinch!"

The tide of battle rose, swayed, turned. Andy Marston was nominated for Congress.

As he made his way through the eager, cheerin' crowd he met Bailey Cinch and, for a moment, I feared would shake his outstretched hand

"Not now," said my husband quietly, and in that moment the boss o' the county went down to stay.

But he did shake hands good-naturedly with Uncle Simmy and McNuisance, the only men in their delegation who had not thrown down the boss and voted honestly.

"Andy may do as he likes," I told Douglas, as, slippin' outdoors unnoticed, we drove homeward, "but those two traitors to their country had better stay out o' scratchin' range o' me."

"Spare 'em for my sake," he urged and, I believe, seriously; "because there's nothing so humorous to a past grand scoundrel as watchin' the slippery descent of his successors. They're only impudent blind men."

"Didn't Bailey Cinch have Andy form this club every campaign just to keep him from discoverin' his own influence in other directions?" I asked, struck by the idea.

He nodded. "I knew Andy would feel the touch o' the shoulder some day and burst their lines," he said, pullin' up at the gate.

"Andy was only a man in the dark, a stranger to me until I opened and read those orders," I confessed

"Ha!" cried the old fellow in exultation. "I said so. I knew the spark whence this wildfire started."

"There was no need for you to steal those orders this morning," I reproved; "I'd have let you give 'em to the General anyhow."

"But you must understand, ma'am, that I hadn't had a good, temptin' opportunity to steal something I didn't need since wartime ——"

"It's all right, Douglas," I interrupted, remembern' his peculiar belief; "you are a great rascal, but I won't be in a position to testify against you."

He drove away with a soft twinkle in his tiger eyes, and after some hesitancy at the threshold I went into the house.

I placed sticks on the fire, which flared dismally, and a red sparkle ran up and down the saber. I found myself drawin' up the chair which little Grim had mended with tacks and twine when he started in to repair our fortunes. Then I retreated slowly from the hearth, with its ghostly imaginings, and out-of-doors.

Past the window I walked, up and down the path; the leafbare trees brushed across the disk of the peeping moon and its beam kindled in a little pool of icy water. This moon-vane seemed to whirl ever toward me, pointing.

"It is a sign," I thought. "Andy walks now in the high noon of life, with peace and comfort and honor. But this thin, steely light shall be my day—this gray, tracking shadow my yesterdays; this silence will cloak me round, howling ever with the still voices of a thousand regrets."

I came on my husband at the gate, and together we walked up and down the path to the house.

"I was there," I told him, "and saw it all. God bless you, Andy; they did honor to themselves."

He was embarrassed that I should have heard so much praise of him. "You sent me in," was all he said; "your shoulder touched mine."

I winced a little, but I did not have strength to tell that I had known the orders.

Now I felt that I'd taken up alone the burden I had made him bear. I had strayed far away across the no-man's land; now I must make my way back to him through many deserts and gloomy passes—alone—alone—no one could be my comrade, no one could help me; for you cannot make a journey by wish or repentance.

He knew my thoughts strangely, for his arm became iron again and held me close to his side. He gave me his look, his shoulder and his strangely vocal thoughts for comfort, though not a word had been spoken.

We paused to gaze through the kitchen window; the firelight burst through the smoke like gun-flashes, as little Grim had said; the crimson sparkle hung upon the saber, and the little boy seemed sittin' there with his chin in his hands, listenin' for the story that would prove his father a mighty warrior.

How I missed him then, sobbin' to myself; and Andy looked at me with his pleadin' brown eyes and was transfigured. For at once my husband and my boy stood by me in my desert places. I clung to him as in the far-off schooldays, with a timid worship and my heart striking into the drumbeat that meant to do or die for him

We peered again through the magic window, long, silently. In those moments we told together the story of war and the glory of its armies. And without wonder we saw Grim listenin', then Andy smiled gently and I was glad, for we felt that our lost little soldier had heard, and come to know his father surely, at last.

The Howard Watch

When you hear someone criticise the railroads, just remind him that our American roads are the best and safest in the world. They employ the most intelligent men and have them use the finest watch—the HOWARD.

What do you think, for instance, of a road that, over a period of ten years, carried nearly two hundred million passengers without a single one killed as the result of a train accident; and, that during the three worst months of last winter, had a *punctuality* record of 94 1/10% for its inbound train service?

That road—the Lackawanna—is one of the 180 railroads that officially adopted the HOWARD Watch for their time-inspection service.

Lives depend on the accuracy of trainmen's watches, and the best is not too good for the American railroad man.

A HOWARD is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

Just keep on wearing the STYLE of SUMMER UNDERWEAR that suits you best, the FABRIC that pleases you most.

But remember this: without one penny of added cost, you can buy underwear that is

GUARANTEED

if you insist upon that which bears the REIS LABEL.

A perfect FIT in every summer fabric and style. Shirts, Drawers, Union Suits; Shirts with regular or short sleeves, Coat Shirts, Athletic (sleeveless) Shirts, Regular, Stout or Knee Drawers.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and your address for a copy of THE MOST COMPLETE MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR BOOKLET ever printed.

ROBERT REIS & CO. **Dept. S** **560-562 Broadway, New York**

Eastwood Sandal

Children's
Sizes 4 to 8
$1.00

An Ideal "Play Shoe"

All the fun of **"going barefoot"** without the scratches and bruises.

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The **Eastwood** Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just clean, smooth, oak-tanned leather next to the feet.

MADE OVER THE FAMOUS EASTWOOD LAST

FOR SALE AT YOUR DEALERS

or shipped to any address in the U. S., upon receipt of price as follows. Children's sizes 4 to 8, $1.00 per pair; 9 to 12, $1.25, 12 to 2 $1.50. Larger sizes made for women and boys, 2 to 5, $2.00. Men's 6 to 10, $2.50.

Our illustrated catalogue of latest styles in shoes and stockings for men, women and children on request.

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 116 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

Safe Investments

Municipal and **Corporation Bonds earning 4 to 6 per cent** interest are safe investments.

If you have only a moderate amount of money to invest you should choose your investment as your banker does, for **safety first**; then the best obtainable income.

The man whose investment represents all or most of his available capital, should make safe investments, and never risk his principal.

Write for This Book

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," written by one of the best authorities on investments in this country. It is full of information of the greatest value to every one who wants to invest money SAFELY.

OTIS & HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
200 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The PULLMAN Automatic Safety Razor STROPPER

gives an edge as true and keen as when it was new to any safety razor blade.

You can't use it the wrong way.

Hold the stropper against the strop and strop.

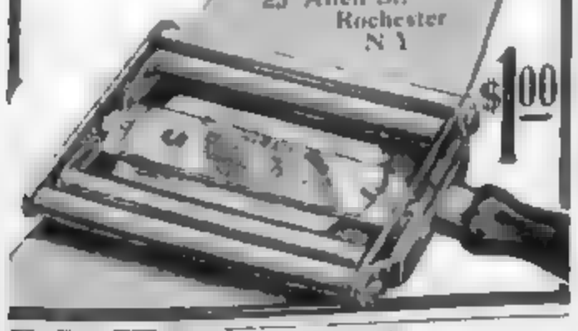
Make a diagonal stroke or a straight one, you can't hurt the blade or the strop. It is the Pullman can't let you.

Any thin blade dull, wedge or dull edge strops all edges without to do strop from blade to strop.

Most dealers can supply you. If your can't, send us $1.00, stating what razor you use, and give us the name of your dealer.

Try it 10 days. Your money back if you want it, without argument.

Pullman Mfg. Company
23 Allen St.
Rochester
N Y



$1.00

Breeders of Pure Shetland Ponies

SUNNYSIDE
SHETLAND PONY FARM

Beautiful and intelligent little pets for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to

MILNE BROS
623 Eighth Street, Monmouth, Ill.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay. Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON D. C.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 20 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4014, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

HOT WEATHER COMFORT

YOU don't need to be uncomfortable this summer.

A Westinghouse fan will bring cool spring-like breezes into your house no matter how hot the summer may be.

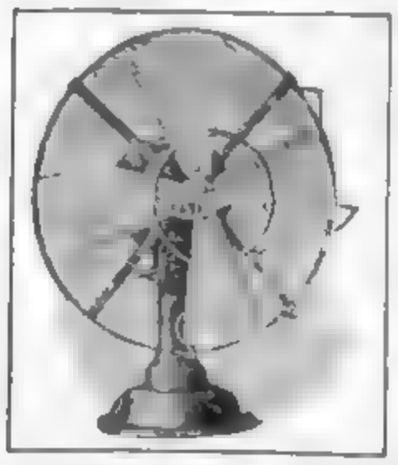
These fans like all Westinghouse products combine in the highest possible degree, efficiency and economy of operation; hence the cost of owning and using a Westinghouse fan adds but a few cents to the monthly lighting bill.

The only thing you need to be particular about in buying electrical appliances of any kind, is that the name "Westinghouse" is on them.

WESTINGHOUSE

FEATHERWEIGHT FAN

This is a neat little fan made especially for home use; artistic in design and finish. It weighs only 4½ lbs., but is sufficient in capacity to produce a delightful, refreshing breeze in the hottest room in the house on the hottest day in summer. Its extreme light weight permits it to be carried from room to room. It is noiseless in operation, hence an ideal fan for the sleeping apartment or sick chamber. Costs less than ¼ cent an hour to operate. It is Westinghouse quality throughout and will last many seasons.



Westinghouse Electric Fans of all types for all purposes are sold by leading supply dealers and lighting Companies. If your dealer cannot supply you with the 8 inch Residence Fan send to us. Use coupon—the price, including 8 feet of silk cord and swivel attachment plug, delivered to your home, anywhere in the United States, is **$10.00.**

Write for a booklet describing all types of Westinghouse Fans. Ask for number 4100 if you use alternating current; number 4101 if direct current.

(CUT THIS OUT)

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Please deliver to my address, C. O. D., all charges prepaid,

One { Alternating / Direct } Current, 8-inch Featherweight Fan. Price, $10.00.

The Voltage marked on the Electric Lamps I use is _____

Name _____

Address _____

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PA.
OFFICES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

If you really want to know some delightful new summer desserts—*send for the book.* It tells about Charlottes, Custards and Creams made with

Kingsford's Corn Starch

to blend with sweet and acid fruits and berries. Also fruit tarts and berry pies—excellent rules for strawberry short-cake and dainty cakes for summer evening tea.

The best cooks in the land have contributed their pet recipes.

The book is free. Send your name on a postcard for Cook Book "R"—"What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch"—168 of the best recipes you ever tried.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH CO.
Successors

Bennett Portable $18
TYPEWRITER

Guaranteed One Year

SOLD ON APPROVAL

THIS wonderful new typewriter, at one-sixth the cost, with one-tenth the number of parts, does the same work as expensive machines with quickness, neatness and ease.

The **Bennett** is a portable visible-writing, ink-ribbon typewriter; standard keyboard; light, simple, speedy, compact, strong. In neat case, size only 2x5x11 inches, weight only 4½ pounds. Made from best materials by experts.

Send Name and Address

for free illustrated catalog and sample of writing.

Don't pay more than $18 for a typewriter until you know the **Bennett.** Don't pay less than $100 unless you buy a **Bennett.**

Agents wanted for a few unfilled territories.

M. E. Bennett Typewriter Company,
366 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

Write for New Style Book showing all the Latest Shapes
The Best Furnishers almost everywhere sell Corliss Coon Collars. If not willingly supplied, send us 25c for any two collars you would like to try
Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N. Y.

Wear "Litholin," Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs and Save

Wiped with damp cloth they are as fresh as when new. Unlike rubber goods they are made in the latest styles, are "up to date" and "chic." Look well, wear well and have a "slip easy" space for the tie

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

If not in stock at your shirt store, send us style, size, number wanted with remittance and we will send to any address, postpaid. Catalog free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO.
7 Waverly Place, NEW YORK

PLEASE SEND US THE NAME OF YOUR DEALER AND ONE DOLLAR and we will send you postpaid

Six Triple-Service Ties

Here are the colors: Tan, Lavender, Red, Gray, Dark Green, Light Green, Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Wine, Purple, Black. Each tie is a well-finished, square-end finish, in one piece, and full proportions. **Four-in-Hands**, 45 inches long, 4½ wide. **Bow ties**, 9 inches long, 4½ wide.

These ties are so "natty" in appearance as the best fifty cent tie you can buy anywhere, and will **OUTWEAR ANY THREE FIFTY-CENT TIES.** That's the **Triple Service.** That's part of our guarantee.

Triple Service Ties are made of **"Egypto" Silk Stripe Poplin,** a fine, firm, pure washable fabric with a beautiful clothy finish, much superior to any all-silk goods. It is warranted not to wear linty, and in brilliancy of finish is not excelled. It is the ideal neckwear fabric.

Your money back by return mail
if you are not thoroughly satisfied

INDIANAPOLIS NECKWEAR CO., 700 Sake' Building, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dealers—We want an exclusive agent in every town.

AGENTS Are Coining MONEY Selling this Combination

WASHINGTON HATCHET
Every tool needed on horseback. Forged steel. Guaranteed. Durable. Low priced. Big profits to agents. Sample free. Write us.
THOMAS MFG CO., 2345 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

THE BUSINESS OF FARMING

(Concluded from Page 12)

The foundation of Mr. Cook's herd of thoroughbred Herefords was laid by his father, in 1883, in an importation of more than three hundred head of the choicest stock to be found in England. In regard to this feature of his farming enterprise, Mr. Cook says:

"I find that my Hereford herd, based on actual sales, has made increase at the rate of twenty thousand dollars per annum. The main part of its growth is made on grass." Other than this the principal ration is crushed corn-and-cob. It is his experience that animals thus fed will not overeat and become overheated and stalled. When it comes to the fattening process his steers are, in the fall, pastured on stalks and are fed cornmeal. They are given plenty of hay and straw, alternated with roughness. He holds that it is simply good common-sense to give his cattle as much variety as possible in their diet. By top-dressing his pastures in the fall Mr. Cook is able, according to his estimate, to realize twice the grass crop which he would otherwise get without this special fertilizing. His pastures have carried, in cattle, as high as an animal and a half to the acre, these animals going into fall grass as high as their knees. If his steers in pasture, with a corn ration of one-fourth to one-third of a bushel a day, do not put on an average of three pounds a day to the animal he is disappointed.

Because Mr. Cook believes in the policy of being his own seed-corn expert he has been drawn into furnishing seed for others. This he has found to be a very profitable side-line, as it entails little additional work and expense. He uses about four hundred bushels of seed-corn a year in his own fields, and is, perhaps, his own best customer—although he sells hundreds and, perhaps, thousands of bushels to other corn-growers in the Middle West, at an average price close to five dollars a bushel. At the present time, according to the foremen of his seedhouse, he is at least two thousand bushels short of the demand—which may be fairly taken as an indication that there is good money in raising seed-corn with a high reputation for germinating power and large yield.

On the Right Side of the Ledger

In the fall, before the first frost, when the cornstalks show signs of turning, men are sent into the center of the field to pick the most perfect ears showing especially early maturity. The corn is then hauled to the seedhouse and re-sorted by experts, the ears being placed in racks so that each ear may be identified by its number. Then, in the spring, four kernels are taken from each ear and placed in the germinating boxes for test. According to Mr. Cook's statement these tests show that his seed-corn is now running "ninety-eight to ninety and one-half strong."

"How," asked Mr. Cook, "can farmers expect to get a good stand of corn when the seed which they plant is so poor that ten per cent of it does not grow at all and there is forty per cent weakness in that which does grow? I am firmly convinced that the corn planted by the average farmer will not, by actual test, demonstrate a higher ratio of prepotency than this. Not more than five per cent of the farmers in this country test their seed-corn before planting it, and the result is an annual loss of millions of dollars to the agriculture of this country.

"I find," he says, "that my farms have paid me, for a term of ten years, just about twelve and seven-twelfths per cent interest on a valuation of one hundred and thirty-five dollars per acre over the entire tract of seven thousand six hundred and thirty acres. My hogs have made an average of thirty-six thousand dollars a year, ranging in numbers from twenty-five hundred to five thousand. My Herefords and my hogs have made practically all their growth on grass, other than the feed derived by the swine from following the cattle, and my increase in Herefords has averaged twenty thousand dollars a year, these figures being taken from actual sales."

On this showing farming conducted on an industrial scale and on business principles certainly comes out on the right side of the ledger!

SENT FREE A Postal Brings this Sample Can of

Sapolin White Enamel and a BRUSH

This is a sample of only one of many different kinds of Sapolin Enamels each made for a special purpose.

Sapolin Enamels fill a need met by no other preparations for home decorating. They are more than mere paints, and produce results paints cannot equal.

They give a hard, lustrous, washable, china-like surface much more durable than paint.

SAP-O-LIN
Special Purpose **ENAMELS**

A Sapolin Enamel for Every Purpose

- Gold Enamel
- Bathtub Enamel
- Porcelain Enamel (all Colors)
- Aluminum Enamel
- Brilliant Black Iron Enamel
- Dull Black Iron Enamel
- Stove Pipe Enamel
- Wire Screen Enamel
- Porch Furniture Enamel
- Radiator Gold
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

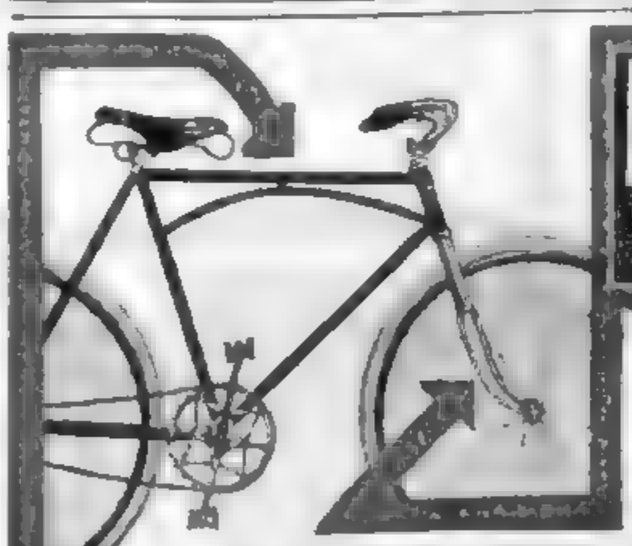
are the homemaker's aid to brightness. Anyone can apply them. Once on they are on to stay and may be kept fresh by washing. Water has no effect on them.

They come in all colors. Anyone with ordinary ability can cover the marks of age and use with Sapolin Enamels and make many household objects beautiful which formerly were unsightly.

Sapolin Enamels are economical to use and are sold in 15c, 25c, and larger sizes wherever paint is sold.

Send a postal for the Free Sample and Brush

GERSTENDORFER BROS. **228 East 43d St., New York**



IVER JOHNSON
TRUSS BRIDGE
BICYCLE

Bicycling Brings A New Delight, a New Exhilaration

with the new spring fork and the truss frame of the Iver Johnson Bicycle. They are exclusive features not duplicated or approached by any other bicycle

The roughness of the country road or the poorly paved street is scarcely felt by the rider of an Iver Johnson, because the vibration of the front wheel, which gets all the road shocks is not carried up to the handle bars. It is absorbed by the spring fork. The rigid frame of the Iver Johnson Bicycle keeps all parts in perfect alignment. The bearings can never bind or bear unevenly, so that the running of an Iver Johnson is always light no matter how rough the road. The rigidity of the Iver Johnson makes it the strongest and longest lived bicycle made as well as the easiest riding.

WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE which fully describes all the models with prices and options.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
Manufacturers of the Iver Johnson Revolvers (Hammer or Hammerless) and Single-Barrel Shotguns.

SPECIAL SCARF PINS $1.00

These handsome up-to-date pins are illustrated by our special Imported Enamel Process. Each pin is set with a brilliant Diamond, as only showing shown. **Only $1.00 each,** postpaid. Extra quality gold filled ornaments, including **25c pin guard. Pin guard alone 50c** (state whether for scarf or hat). Free Illustrated Jewelry catalog.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded
KLJAY COMPANY, Jewelers Bldg., Boston, Mass

Souvenirs of Beautiful Hawaii

Elegantly colored post cards of this enchanting tropic land—land of palms, street scenes, rare birds, strange fishes, native sports and customs. 300 subjects. 5 all different 15c, postpaid; 10 for 25c, postpaid. Cards stamped, stamped and mailed from here to your friends' addresses 5 for 25c. Send list with your first order. Send today. Surprise your friends with something new.
Alohia Souvenir Co., 1213 Matlock Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii Terr.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (Kangaroo), Jamaica (waterfalls) etc. **16c.** 1000 different Japanese etc. **5c.** Big list, coupons, etc., Free! We Buy Stamps. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

"Porosknit"

Summer Underwear

FOR MEN FOR BOYS

This Label on Every Garment

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It guarantees Summer Comfort

A union suit which fits without bunching at the waist, or pulling open between the buttons, is a comfort to the wearer.

"Porosknit" Union Suits are that and *more*—they are elastic, yield to every movement, fit everywhere and bind nowhere. The open texture lets your body breathe and evaporates the hot perspiration. "Porosknit" two-piece suits do the same. Either gives cool comfort. Try "Porosknit" once.

For Men $1.00 Any Style Union Suits For Boys 50c

Buy from your nearest dealer. Send to us for new and handsomely illustrated underwear Booklet—Free.

For Men 50c. Shirts and Drawers Made in Every Style Garment **For Boys 25c.**

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

UNITED STATES NAVY

An admirable training school is the United States Navy. Gives you travel and association with the finest young men in the world. This develops your mind faster than books. Gives you chance to learn a trade, and a start in which to study. Does more than books. Gives you chance to learn a trade, and a start in which to study. Does more than books. Gives you chance to learn a trade, and a start in which to study. Does more

What I Did WITH A GUN

$100, First Prize
$50, Second Prize $25, Third Prize

25 Prizes of $5 each for the best true story from a man or boy who uses any kind of a gun

Hundreds of thousands of Harrington & Richardson single or double-barrel shotguns are being used all over America. We want to know what has been done with our guns and also what has been done with other guns. Therefore this offer.

Write on one side of the paper only. Not over 500 words. Send in your story as soon as possible. No story received after August 15. Prizes will be awarded on or about September 1

Any one who shoots can compete for these prizes. You can have either cash or select firearms to the value of the prize from our catalog. We want those who hunt to know about our excellent medium-price guns.

We make the best single-barrel, 12 to 28-gauge, standard-weight shotgun at $5 50 on the market. If you are not familiar with our guns, send at once for our catalog. Perhaps you can get a gun free. Write at once for our catalog and send in your story.

Address 309 Prize Dept.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

Firearms Manufacturers
WORCESTER, MASS.

FIELDERS' GLOVES

used by leading professional, college and independent players bear the trade mark

Reach

Patented features, including diverted seam, make these gloves the best produced.

The Reach trade mark on balls, bats, masks, gloves, etc., guarantees them perfect. Write for the Reach Baseball Catalogue.

Reach Baseball Guide now ready. Ten cents at dealers, or by mail.

The A. J. Reach Co.
1785 Tulip St., Philadelphia.

In Hot Weather

Be Cool—Be Comfortable

Take off your vest or coat and vest and your suspenders will not be seen if you wear

Crown Make

"COATLESS" SUSPENDERS

Under the overshirt—
Over the undershirt—

Always Invisible—Easy to put on and take off

50 Cents a Pair

At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Crown Suspender Co., Dept. G, 836 B'way, N. Y.

The genuine are stamped "Coatless." (Pat. 7-4-05.)

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 4)

Hypothesis I. Was the shooting done by some unknown enemy on the street? This theory is conclusively refuted by the direct testimony of the witness who heard the shots fired and saw the flashes proceeding from the interior of the buggy itself. This witness being reliable, disinterested and accurate, it necessarily follows that the wounds were inflicted by a weapon fired by some person or persons within the buggy itself. And this brings us to:

Hypothesis II. Here we quote the exact language of Chief Justice Agnew, upon the theory that a quarrel must have arisen between the two men in the buggy, and that, in and about the same time, they fired upon each other:

"This raises an inquiry into the probability of such a quarrel under the circumstances. The testimony of the witness on the pavement, close by, as to how the shots were fired, would contradict the possibility of a quarrel. The relative position of the parties makes it still more improbable. Lanahan sat on the right side and Reilly on the left—this fact is beyond dispute, made certain from the direction which the ball was shown to have taken, namely, from right to left. This makes it clear that they were sitting side by side when the shot was fired, and not facing each other. If facing, Lanahan's right hand would have been opposite Reilly's left side, and the ball would have taken a contrary direction."

A Plot for Sherlock Holmes

This brings us to the third and final theory:

Hypothesis III. That one of the men in the buggy shot the other. And, upon this hypothesis, the Chief Justice said in his opinion:

"The absence of noise or quarrel and the direction of the ball through Reilly show plainly that Lanahan held the pistol in the dark, with his right hand, the bend of his elbow giving it a direction slightly upward and inward, and near to the fore part of Reilly's right arm, thus causing the ball to take the precise direction it did. The course of the ball which wounded Lanahan confirms this decision with great force. (The direction of this ball was also from right to left.) This wound could not have been made from a pistol in the hand of Reilly. To make it he must have reached around Lanahan with his right. But the first shot from Lanahan's pistol having been fired when sitting together, and passing through Reilly from right to left, the second shot was naturally turned into Lanahan's own body precisely in the direction the ball took by a movement of Reilly, either in the convulsion of death, by striking Lanahan's pistol with his arm, or by a momentary attempt before death to grasp the pistol, the shots being in close succession and negativing the idea of a return shot by Reilly.

"*Ergo:* Lanahan evidently shot Reilly intentionally."

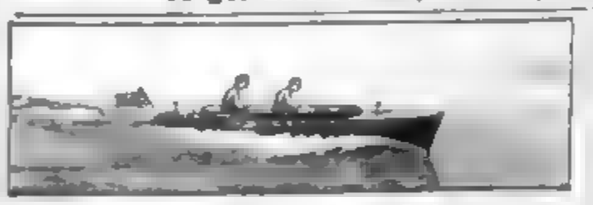
Leaving out the hypodermic of opium, the little mystifying indirections, and the embellishments of the story writer, is not this solution of the sort one would have expected Mr. Sherlock Holmes to present? Does it not proceed in an inevitable and convincing sequence to exclude, one after the other, every hypothesis except that one which must inevitably be the truth? Lanahan was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree.

This case strikingly illustrates the fact that there is always some incident which the criminal agent never can foresee. How could Lanahan, when he determined upon this homicide, foresee that at a certain moment on the Newton bridge a barouche and his buggy would so exactly meet that the front wheel of the buggy would lock into the hind wheel of the barouche? But for this unusual incident he might have passed on to safety. We cannot intelligently comment on such a triviality. We do not know how inevitable such incidents are. It may be that they follow as a resultant of criminal acts, and consequently no human ingenuity can evade them.

The second case, which so strongly resembles Emile Gaboriau's celebrated The Widow Lerouge, also in its solution presents features strikingly like those which may

New Victor Records by Journet
This sterling artist, noted for his magnificent voice, came all the way from Paris expressly to make this new series of records for the Victor
And be sure to hear the
Victrola
Victor

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



My own "Little Skipper" —like a thoroughbred

horse, always ready and willing to go. Little Skipper Engines run on kerosene, gasoline or alcohol. They are so simple and self-adjusting that their up-keep is almost nothing. Easy to install in canoes or launches. Built in many sizes 2 h. p. up. Sold on liberal guarantee. Suppose you write us. Tear this ad. out.

Monarch Tool & Mfg. Co., 119 Opera Pl., Cincinnati, O.

5 H. P. two-cylinder GREEN Lot $[illegible]00, 4 H. P. BLUE BIRD $300.00, 2½ H. P. GEER MODEL 4 $150.00. Used motorcycles $40.00.

We have the largest line of new and second hand motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Send for catalog

GEER R. GEER CO., 860 Hickory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TO AGENTS

Sample of our [illegible] Gold and Silver Letters for [illegible] Store Fronts [illegible] A Gold Mine for Agents

Chief Agent [illegible] agents $[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Every pleasant [illegible] Here is your chance to make big money. Write today for full particulars and free sample to agents.

Metallic Sign Company, 433 E. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

CORTINA-PHONE

ENGLISH — GERMAN — ITALIAN — SPANISH — FRENCH

or any other language can be learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method. As satisfactory as a teacher and at a fraction of the cost. You will find it a pleasure instead of work

Write for booklet today
Cortina Academy of Languages
[illegible]
210 Cortina Bldg
44 W. 34th St., N. Y.

CORTINAPHONE

SILK GARTER GUARD HOSE

Would you wear real silk stockings this summer? Ladies of moderate [illegible] with lisle tops and toes and tops of indestructible lisle at [illegible]

Women's, 3 pairs $3, in black, tan, white.

Mailed postpaid. State size, color and receiving address. Also Men's, 3 pairs $[illegible] [illegible] guarantee hose [illegible]

Garter Guard Silk Hose Co., 166 W. 125th Street, New York

Get Your Mexican PARROT

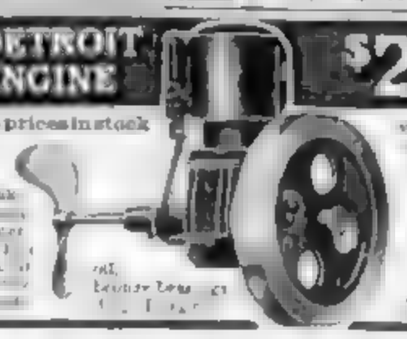
Direct from the Collector and save [illegible] Mexican Red Head $2.50. [illegible] of Birds $3 for Mexican Double Yellow Head—write for illustrated color pamphlet. Birds shipped [illegible] privilege of examination. Wholesale business established Victoria, Mex., 1888.

GEO. GLEASON, Box 284, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

STAMPS

All for 10c. 50 Cuban Rev., 1 Album, 1 set 3 Honduras, 1 set 3 Nicaragua, 1 set 3 Salvador, 1 perforation gauge. Large lists free. We pay cash for old stamps. **QUAKER STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio**

2 H. P. DETROIT ENGINE



$29.50 Engine only, without Electrical or Boat Equipment

Other sizes at proportionate prices in stock ready to ship. Single cylinder engines, 2 to 8 h. p.; double cylinder [illegible] Engines start without [illegible] Demonstrating Agents wanted in every boating community [illegible] Sent on 30 days trial [illegible]

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
1304 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Lightens Woman's Work

"Cleaning out the sink" is a job every woman hates. But with **Mrs. Vrooman's Sink Strainer** this unpleasant task is reduced to a mere matter of

Simply hang the strainer on the side of the sink and it is ready for use, yet out of the way.

Throw everything into it. When the water drains out, the greasy scraps left in the bottom are emptied straight into the garbage pail. There is no litter in the sink, and the necessity of touching the refuse with the hands is entirely avoided.

Mrs. Vrooman's Sink Strainer Saves Plumbers' Bills

by keeping the drain pipes from clogging It is an inexpensive, sanitary, convenient kitchen utensil which every housewife needs. The sink is kept sweet and clean with half the work, and the strainer

Pays for Itself

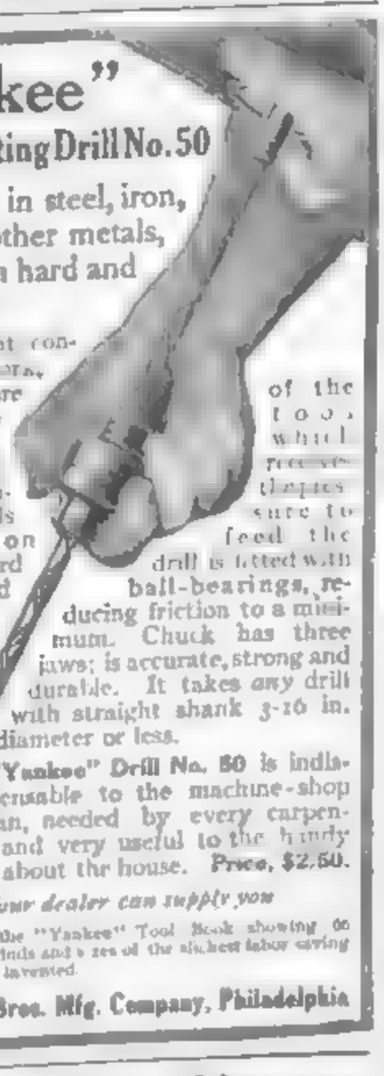
in just this one saving of time and trouble alone. Strong and durable. Two sizes and three finishes. Obtainable of your dealer.

Ask him to show you also the **Androck Toaster**, the **Ideal Carpet Beater**, and the other inexpensive, handy Andrews Specialties for lightening household work. If he hasn't them, please send us his name and we will help you obtain them

Andrews Wire and Iron Works
1836 Factory Street, Rockford, Ill.

"Yankee" Reciprocating Drill No. 50

for drilling in steel, iron, brass and other metals, as well as in hard and soft woods



Light weight con- of the and with more tools which than ample receptacles strength, it is sure to continuously on feed the both the forward drill is fitted with and backward ball-bearings, reducing friction to a minimum. Chuck has three jaws; is accurate, strong and durable. It takes *any* drill with straight shank 3-16 in. diameter or less.

"Yankee" Drill No. 50 is indispensable to the machine-shop man, needed by every carpenter and very useful to the handy man about the house. **Price, $2.50.**

Your dealer can supply you

Write for the "Yankee" Tool Book showing 60 different kinds and sizes of the slickest labor saving tools ever invented.

North Bros. Mfg. Company, Philadelphia

Reliable Cut Glass

If you purchase Cut Glass that has had for over twenty-five years a reputation for its exquisite designs and beautiful limpid colors you would feel that your investment was a safe one. The name

Clark

on Cut Glass guarantees the ... Among the extensive "Clark" designs the new Rose pattern is of exceptional beauty

If not at your dealer's send for booklet

T. B. CLARK & CO., Inc.,
Honesdale, Pa.

"Bonnie Boy" and a Beautiful Cart

... of Children's ...
Tony Pony Line ...

... Catalog "B," showing cuts and ...
The Michigan Buggy Co., 176 Office Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

be said to be characteristic of that writer. The woman who had so completely disappeared was living alone. An inquiry by the police brought forward the statement from a man in the village that he had bought a few cattle from this woman, paid her a small sum of money, and that she had said to him that she was going on a journey. The fact that there seemed to have been no preparation for the journey cast a certain suspicion on this statement. Nevertheless, it might have been accepted as the truth, and further inquiry abandoned, but for a certain sinister incident. As Gaboriau would have had it, an unforeseen event arose. A barn containing some sheep, and standing on the country road between the village and this woman's house, had burned. It was afterward remembered that it had burned about the time that the woman disappeared, but no connection between the two events had been thought of, nor would any have been thought of had not some children found a bunch of keys in the ashes of the barn. These keys were subject to immediate comment. How came they to be in the barn? To whom did they belong? In the discussion which any small event is apt to produce in country districts some one remembered the woman who had disappeared. They went with the keys to the house. They found that every one of them fitted into the locks of certain articles; one was the key to the door, another the key to a little bureau, the third the key to the clock. Immediately an examination was made of the burned barn. Nothing was found but what appeared to be the burned bodies of the sheep. It happened, however, that the country doctor came also with the others, and he discovered among the burned bodies of the sheep that of a woman. Suspicion now naturally turned to the only man who came forward with any knowledge of the woman after her disappearance, and from these things it was presently demonstrated that he was guilty of her murder.

It was a trivial thing that destroyed him If he had remembered to remove the keys before he cast his victim into the burning barn, his crime, in all probability, would never have been detected.

It is certain Emile Gaboriau never heard of this case, and yet if one were to present the story of it to a Parisian publisher he would be taken for a mere echo of the famous author of The Widow Lerouge.

In the third of these cases, which so strongly reminds us of the methods of Edgar Allan Poe, there is also the example of a tiny oversight in the criminal agent, finally encompassing his ruin.

The Finger of Crime

The greatest and most potent truth in the consideration of all criminal cases is that there is always some little event, unforeseen by the criminal, that works his undoing. This seems always to be the case, no matter how great the ingenuity of the criminal. It would seem that no matter how painstakingly one may try, he either cannot outwit a Providence whose design is ultimate justice, or he cannot sufficiently foresee the multiple ramification of events so as to secure him immunity from discovery. So universally persistent is this fact that the greatest jurists have unhesitatingly expressed themselves upon it.

With unerring genius Poe and the other writers of the mystery story have seized upon this great fact. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Cutaiar strikingly presents it.

The body of the woman, found after fifteen years, buried under the floor, could not have been positively identified except for the gold ring which Cutaiar neglected to take off the finger of his victim, after he had stripped her of all other valuables, either because he could not get it off easily or because he reasoned that a plain gold ring could not in itself be identified. It was like thousands of other rings. But in this he made a fatal mistake. The inside of the ring contained this legend, "J. L. to J. L." When it was found with the bones of the woman, it contained thus concealed within it its own complete identification.

Poe would have seen here again the cunning of Destiny—the tiny, trivial thing so artfully concealed, by which Destiny intended finally to destroy this man, after subjecting him to almost every variety of mental torture of which it is possible for the human mind to conceive.

It is now proper to point out that these puzzles, which the machinery of the law

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 1

A Growing City is the Safest Place on Earth for Investments

SINCE 1900 Des Moines has grown from a population of 62,139 to one of 100,000.

It is not an enthusiastic estimate to say that in 1915 it will be a city of 200,000. After that, what?

DES MOINES is the strategic commercial and industrial point of the middle west and Mississippi Valley.

In the heart of Iowa, the richest state in the union, with ten million people within a radius of 350 miles, and by its ... railway facilities thoroughly dominating ... territory, the growth of Des Moines ... as natural as the success of the business ... who chooses it as his base of operations.

* * *

WHETHER you want to move your business to a new place, or to establish a branch, or are ready to go into business for yourself, you must favor yourself by studying Des Moines—the City of Certainties. Des Moines today is not supplying over one-third of the demand from its natural territory.

Last year Iowa alone raised $621,000,000 in agricultural products—$221,000,000 more than was dug out of all the gold mines in the world.

* * *

THE people of Iowa are the most prosperous in the country—the per capita wealth is $1,828—nearly a half more than the per capita wealth of the whole United States.

All this makes *Des Moines the City of Certainties.*

The wealth of the state grows—the demand upon Des Moines grows—and the city grows. It must keep pace.

A GROWING city is the best place in the world for investments.

The Greater Des Moines Committee is directing this growth. It is not a "boom" organization; has no town lots to sell, no waste land to irrigate, no swamps to drain, no "opportunities of a life time" to offer at ten cents on the dollar. It will cooperate with you in your desire to have a certainty It is here to tell you all about Des Moines, how you will fit Des Moines and how Des Moines will fit you, and it wants you to ask questions

Wealth—a snappy little magazine that ... will be sent ... Write us your plans, tell us what you want—we'll get together

... the Certainty Coupon—that's the quickest way to open the discussion

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
DES MOINES, IOWA

Certainty Coupon

GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Send me WEALTH

My business is

Bring the Outdoors—Indoors

Here is the most important message ever addressed to indoor workers—to those who must dwell within walls

Sirocco
TRADE MARK.

ELECTRIC FAN AND AIR PURIFIER

FOR ABSOLUTE VENTILATION THE YEAR 'ROUND

This wonderful machine will bring into your room 5,000 cubic feet of fresh, "live" air every hour—purer than the other, outer air, because filtered

"SIROCCO" is already installed on our newest Dreadnaughts, the North Dakota and Delaware, the Florida and Utah are being equipped. The ventilating equipment in Hudson terminals and tunnels, Pennsylvania Railroad tubes and Manhattan subways, as well as the Singer, City Investing—and in fact, the largest office and public buildings in the world, is furnished by this company.

Understand at the beginning that "SIROCCO" ... it is an air turbine ... the low ... of ...

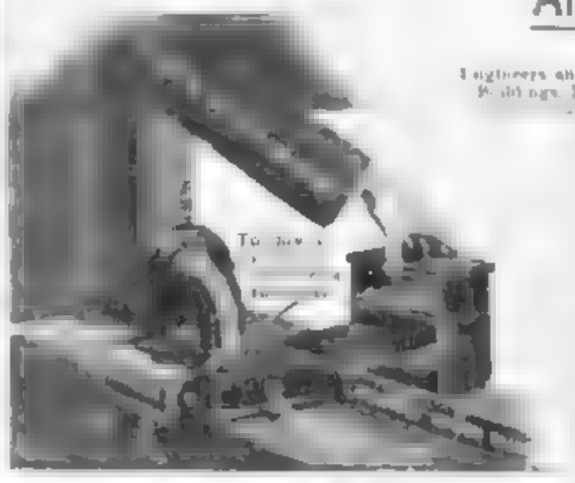
Most remarkable of all, it does **not** make deadly draughts, but diffuses the air in any or all directions at will. In winter the air flow may be deflected through a radiator, absolutely assuring warm "live" air

"SIROCCO" enables you, literally, to live and work outdoors. It is the foe of all respiratory troubles; the builder of vitality, of alert mentality, of physical activity.

"SIROCCO" costs only about a penny a day for its electric current. We furnish it complete with all accessories, including one dozen filter cloths, **delivered anywhere in the United States for $36.**

Send us the coupon below, marked to indicate just what is needed; kindly be particular as to ... information concerning your electric current ... it's important

We want several good representatives: men who can present this big proposition to big men in executive positions.



AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.
U. S. A.

Engineers and Manufacturers of Fan Systems for Heating and Ventilating Public Buildings, Factories and Stores, Mechanical Draft Apparatus for Steam Boilers and Blowers, Self-Oiling Steam Engines.

American Blower Co., Detroit, Mich.
Ship "Sirocco" outfit (check enclosed) ☐
Mail Booklet ☐
Mail Plan for Salesmen ☐
Mark X in square and mail today
Name
Address
(The sender of the coupon should supply ...)
Electric current supplied by
Volts ... Cycles Alternating
Volts Direct Current
Width of Window

AND some stories are like rosemary, "they're for *remembrance*."

Uncle Wash's irresistibly humorous narratives will stick in the back part of your mind and bring many a soulwarming flash of pleasant recollection to ease the day's work. And some stories give you the re-reading impulse; you'll acquire a happy habit of coming back to Uncle Wash to hear "just one more."

Told in the flowing, easy reading Southern dialect—32 masterpieces in all; you'll be glad there are so many—sorry there aren't more.

UNCLE WASH His Stories

By John Trotwood Moore, *author of the "Bishop of Cottontown."*

These stories haven't the "rolltop" flavor, but breathe the idyllic beauty of wooded blue grass hills and are full of fun.

At your booksellers or we will send it postpaid.

Illustrated $1.50

—worth a dozen nights of musical comedy.

JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY, Philadelphia

Enough lamp-chimneys break from "accident" to satisfy me, without having them crack and smash every time the light is turned up.

Macbeth lamp-chimneys *never break from heat.* It takes an "accident" to end their usefulness.

They add to the beauty, comfort and usefulness of the lamp—and they fit.

There is a Macbeth lamp-chimney made for every known burner, and my name is on it.

My book will tell which one to get for your lamp. It is free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

MAKE MONEY WRITING—**SHORT STORIES**—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit" tells how. **The National Press Association, 61 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

has been called on to solve, have not been thus contrasted with the mystery story merely for the purpose of establishing the fact that truth, indeed, surpasses all fiction, but for the more important fact of showing that the method which the mystery writers have adopted of running down the criminal agent, from some trivial incident as a starting-point, has its origin in a great fundamental truth. These gifted writers, with an unerring instinct, have seized upon a universal, persisting fact—namely, that no man can execute a wrong or fabricate a series of events so cleverly that there will not remain something which he has overlooked, something which he has neglected to cover, or some joint that does not fit in with existing facts.

Starkie said:

"Instances of this nature, where apparently slight and unexpected circumstances have led to the detection of offenders, are familiar to all who are concerned in the practical administration of justice. In a case of burglary, the thief had gained admittance to the house by opening a window by means of a penknife, which was broken in the attempt, and part was left in the wooden frame; the broken knife was found in the pocket of the prisoner, and perfectly corresponded with the fragment left. A murder had been committed by shooting the deceased with a pistol, and the prisoner was connected with the transaction by proof that the wadding of the pistol was part of a letter belonging to the prisoner, the remainder of which was found upon his person. In another case of murder, one of the circumstances to prove the prisoner to have been the criminal agent was the correspondence of a patch on one knee of his breeches with impressions made upon the soil close to the place where the murdered body lay. In a case of robbery, it appeared that the prosecutor, when attacked, had in his own defense struck the robber with a key upon the face, and the prisoner bore an impression upon his face which corresponded with the wards of the key. All circumstances of this nature are, as it were, mechanical links or ties which connect the supposed agent with the act which is the subject of inquiry."

This statement is no mere moral dogma, no academic generality. It is the sum of the experiences of innumerable law courts, sitting day after day, in the trial of crimes.

Of all undertakings, the most difficult is to cover a crime at all points, or to fabricate a series of events that will dovetail with the truth. It may well be doubted if any man ever succeeded in doing the one or the other, where his act was subjected to an intelligent investigation.

Over and over again, men with every variety of cunning and every degree of ability have made the experiment, and the thousands of volumes of legal reports are the records of their failures.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Mr. Post's series of papers upon Mysteries of the Law. The second paper will be printed in an early issue.

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 25)

The first heat began with the Triumphant Egghead in the bed for the Dickinson, Mr. Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan on the stop-watch, Mr. Dink Stover as master of ceremonies, and Mr. Turkey Reiter, Mr. Cheyenne Baxter and Mr. Charlie DeSoto as jurors.

The entries were admitted by all to be the pick of the school; but the champions most favored were the Tennessee Shad for the Kennedy, Doc Macnooder for the Dickinson, and the White Mountain Canary for the Woodhull.

A certain delay took place on the third heat owing to Susie Satterly, of the Davis House, refusing to compete unless there was less publicity, and being peremptorily ruled out on a demand for a screen.

"The next on the program," said Stover, as master of ceremonies, "is the champion of the Dickinson, the celebrated old-clothes man, Doctor Macnooder."

Macnooder gracefully acknowledged the applause which invariably attended his public performances and asked leave to make a speech, which was unanimously rejected.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Macnooder, taking off his coat and standing forth in a sudden blaze of rainbow underwear. "I will simply draw attention to this neat

A Special Enamel for Porch Furniture

The beauty of this enamel is that it dries quickly and *stays* dry. Neither rain nor sun, neither dew nor seashore fog, can soften it. The flimsiest white frock can't carry away a trace of it. It dries in cracks and crevices as well as on the surface.

Ask your dealer for *Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel.* Easy to apply. Long wearing. Choice of colors.

Best also for lawn swings, tables and seats.

ACME QUALITY

Paints and Finishes

include a kind for every purpose, indoors or out, city or country.

Tell your dealer what painting and finishing you have in view and he will tell you the Acme Quality kind that will give you perfect results.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained or varnished in any way, there's an Acme Quality kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Guide Book

tells which paint or finish to use, how much is needed and how it should be applied in every case. Handsomely illustrated in color. The most elaborate painting guide book ever published. As useful to professionals as to amateurs. *Write for free copy.*

Your dealer can probably give you color cards for choosing and sell you Acme Quality. If not, write to

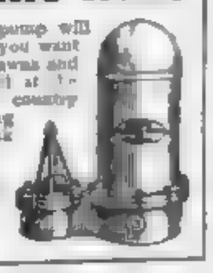
ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,
Dept. Q, Detroit, Michigan

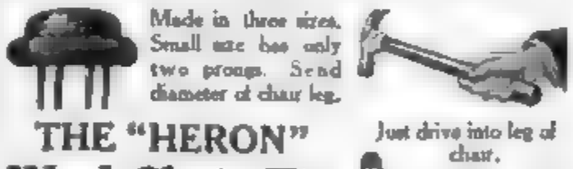
Automatic Water System for Country Homes

Niagara Hydraulic Ram

This wonderful automatic pump will give you plenty of water. All you want for irrigating fields, sprinkling lawns and gardens, for use in the house and at the farm. It is the ideal system for country homes. Write for Catalogue A L, telling you all about this great pump, also ask for guaranteed estimate.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO
140 Nassau St., New York.
Factory Chester, Pa.





Made in three sizes. Small size has only two prongs. Send diameter of chair leg.

Just drive into leg of chair.

THE "HERON" Wool Chair Tip

"Can't Scratch"

For use on chairs wherever there are bare floors. Prevents marring of the floor and is absolutely noiseless. Cannot split chair leg. Will last as long as the chair. On sale at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for free booklet of chair tips and wool casters.

Agents Wanted. Set of four 25c.

HERON MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. A UTICA, N. Y.

I'll Save You $26.50

on my 1910 Split Hickory Auto-Seat Buggy. Or, 25% saving guaranteed on retail price of any vehicle. Made to order. 30 days' road test—2-year guarantee.

Let Me Pay the Postage on Big Free Book to You

Shows 125 styles. Also harness. Beautiful color-views. Prices astonishingly low. Write me now.

H. C. Phelps, Pres.
The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.
Sta. 103, Columbus, O.

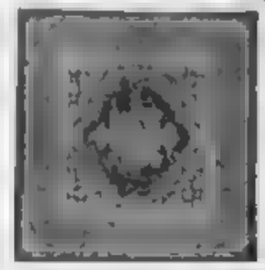
Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

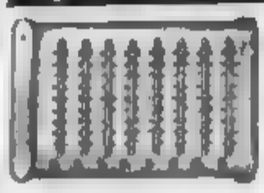
You can buy the well known **Regal Rug**, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. **Our Brussells Rug**, greatest value known, $1.25. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9x12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12 ft., $16. Standard **Axminsters** [illegible] $18.50. [illegible] Lace Curtains, [illegible] per pair up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Mill prices.

Write for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

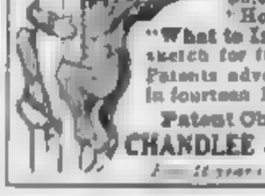
UNITED MILLS MFG. CO
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.



$1 ADDER



A practical Adding Machine, absolutely accurate. Rapid and simple to operate. Total shows in sight. Compact, can be carried in pocket. Money returned if unsatisfactory. Conserve your mental strength and order one today. [illegible] Agents wanted. Commercial Specialties Agency, Room 16, 1046 Dakin St., Chicago.



PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
[illegible] 963 F St. Washington, D. C.

Alpha
SAFE QUICK

ALCOHOL STOVE

"Generates its own gas"

$1.50

$2.00

"ALPHA" Alcohol Iron—"Generates its own gas"

ALCOHOL UTENSIL & MFG. CO.
109 Hamilton St. Newark N. J.

Moth Proof Red Cedar Chest

On 15 Days' Trial Free

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept D Statesville, N. C.

6 PER CENT

Our Certificates yielding interest at the rate of 6% afford the most satisfactory method of investing surplus funds.

Write for booklet "S."

THE FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

Go Fishing, Friend, and get a REAL rest.

THE HORTON MFG CO.
84 Horton Street
Bristol, Conn.

Price $12.00 AT FACTORY

SAVE ROOM

We also make School Church and Opera Seats Lodge Furniture

No 298

E. M. STAFFORD MFG CO., 369 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

little bit of color that I have the honor to present for your inspection. It is the latest thing out in dainty fancies and I stand ready to fill all orders. It is rather springy, but why fall when you can spring? Don't applaud—you'll wake the baby. It is light, it is warm, it gives a sense of exhilaration to the skin. It endears you to your friends, and not even a Lawrenceville suds-lady would bite a hole in it ——"

"If you don't get into bed," said Dink, "I'll rule you out."

Macnooder, thus admonished, hastened to his post, merely remarking on the distinction of his garters and impressionistic socks and the fact that he had incurred great expense to afford his schoolmates an equal opportunity.

"Are you ready?" said Turkey Reiter for the indignant jury.

"One moment."

Macnooder, in bed, glanced carefully at the preparations without, turned on his side and brought his knees up under his chin.

"All ready?"

"Go!"

With a circular kick, something like the flop of a whale's tail, Macnooder drove the covers from him and sprang into the doubled trousers.

A cheer went up from the spectators.

"Gee, what a dive!"

"Faster, Doc!"

"Wash carefully!"

"Behind the ears!"

"Don't forget the buttons!"

"That's the boy!"

"Come on, Doc, come on!"

"Oh, you Dickinson!"

"Hurray!"

"Time—twenty-seven seconds flat," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan. "Best yet. Twenty-seven and four-fifths seconds next on the list, made by the White Mountain Canary and the Gutter Pup."

"Next contestant," said Dink, in singsong, "is the champion of the Rouse, Mr. Peanuts Biddle."

But here a difficulty arose.

"Please, sir," said the candidate, who as a freshman was visibly embarrassed at the ordeal before him—"Please, sir, I don't part my hair."

Every eye went to the pompadour, cropped like a scrubbing-brush, and recognized the truth of this assertion.

"Please, sir, I don't see why I should have to touch a comb."

A protest broke forth from the other candidates.

"Rata!"

"Penalize him!"

"Why part my hair?"

"I always do that with my fingers when I'm skating down the stairs."

"Why wash till afterward?"

"No favoritism!"

The jury retired to deliberate and announced amid cheers that to equalize matters Mr. Peanuts Biddle would be handicapped two-fifths of a second. The candidate took this ruling very much to heart and withdrew.

The Tennessee Shad, closing the list of entries, slouched up to the starting-line amid great excitement to better the record of Doc Macnooder.

He first inspected the washstand, filling the basin higher than customary and exchanging the stiff face towel for a soft bath towel, which would more quickly absorb the moisture.

Doc Macnooder, who followed these preparations with a hostile eye, protested against this last substitution, but was overruled.

The Tennessee Shad then divested himself of his coat and undergarments amid cries of:

"Oh, you ribs!"

"What do they feed you?"

"Oh, you wish-bones!"

"Oh, you shad-bones!"

Macnooder then claimed that the undershirt was manifestly sewed to the coat. The allegation was investigated and disproved, without in the slightest ruffling the composure of the Tennessee Shad, who continued his calculations while making a toothpick dance through his lips. By means of safety pins, he next fastened the back and one wing of his collar to his coat, so that one motion would clothe his upper half.

"I protest," said Doc Macnooder.

"Denied," said Turkey Reiter, as foreman of the jury.

The Tennessee Shad, donning the nightshirt, carefully unloosened the laces of his

ROOF PAINT

Amatite
ROOFING

Amatite
ROOFING
B
READY TO LAY
MINERAL SURFACED
NEEDS NO PAINTING

Buy It—and You'll Never Need Roof Paint!

THE ever recurring question of what you shall put on your building as a roofing can be very satisfactorily solved for a good long period by buying Amatite.

Amatite is the roofing that *needs no painting*—no attention of any kind after it is laid.

Amatite is the roofing that will not leak; that doesn't rot; that is not affected by heat or cold.

It is just the kind of an all-serviceable roofing you need. It gives better protection and service than any other ready roofing, and causes you no expense after it is laid. The money you spend in buying it is its first, last and *only cost*.

Such a roofing is worth investigating because it will stand investigation. First class dealers handle Amatite because the demand warrants it and they can supply you with a sample, or we will mail one to you upon receipt of postal request.

Free Sample

Don't decide hastily on a roofing or take some one's say-so about it. Get your samples and test them—and bear in mind that *Amatite never needs to be painted.*

Don't forget *that* when making your selection. There's no economy in buying a roofing and a paint to keep it waterproof when you can buy—ready to lay—a Coal Tar Pitch waterproof roofing *never needing painting*,—Amatite.

Write to-day for a Sample and Booklet telling all about it.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Kansas City, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, New Orleans, London, Eng.

What is Modified Milk?

Briefly, modified milk is fresh cow's milk brought down to your baby's ability to digest it.

Mellin's Food is the most successful modifier.

Add Mellin's Food to fresh milk and the hard curds will be made light and flocculent like the curds of mother's milk. You may be sure baby will gain in a perfectly natural and healthy way for the milk will be suited to exactly meet his own individual needs.

MELLIN'S FOOD

modification of fresh cow's milk is the best and the surest modified milk that science can offer.

Use the little coupon in the corner and let us send you a Trial Size Bottle. We will also send you a copy of our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

—CUT OUT—

MELLIN'S FOOD CO.
Boston, Mass.

Please send me your book and a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

My baby is —— months old.

My Druggist's Name

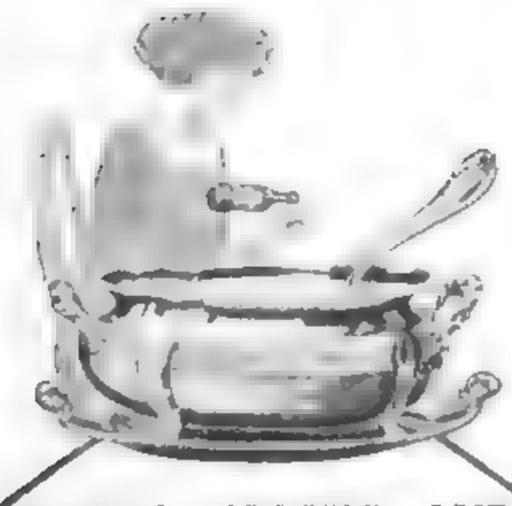
SWEETHEART SWING

Pat. Applied.

FROM FACTORY TO YOU—FREIGHT PAID

It's a comfortable Mission Porch Swing built for two grown persons. Is 44 in. long. Entirely different from any you have ever seen. Something new. Has *reversible back*, and is *very flexible*. Made so scientifically that it will adapt itself to any position of the body, giving *complete restfulness*. Chain and hooks are of galvanized iron. Price only $4.95, complete. Cushions if desired, $1 extra. To introduce, for next 30 days we will *prepay* freight anywhere east of the Mississippi River. Write for catalog—TO-DAY.

FLORIDA CHAIR FACTORY, 409 Main St., Jacksonville, Fla.
AGENTS WANTED



SOUPS, STEWS AND HASHES

are much improved by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

Pens that Write Right

Perfect pointmanship—fine hair lines and full broad lines—the pen that writes right—perfect. The exactly balanced points, even temper, correct form and great elasticity of

Spencerian Steel Pens

make every man's "best hand" a good one. Absolutely right for every kind of writing. A sample card of 12 different kinds sent free for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.

AUTOMOBILIST'S HAND BOOK FREE

Care and Repair of Tires—is the most complete and exhaustive treatise ever published on the subject. It is quoted as authority in American and Foreign Auto Journals

It Tells All About Tires

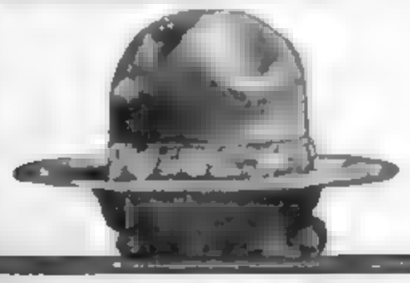
Correct Pressure — Correct Size
Care in Winter — Prevention of Overheating
Care of Rims — Effects of Careless Driving
Emergency Repairs — How to Cut Down Repair Bills
Care of Spare Tires — How to Get 4500 Miles Use

All About SHALER Electric Vulcanizer

It fills up the holes in your tire tube and makes them air-tight and steam-tight. Write us. Get it right now.

Size of cot and voltage of your lighting current

SHALER CO., 1002 4th St., Waupun, Wis.



THE BRONCHO BUSTER HAT

manufactured and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Light tan color, with richly [illegible] $3

State size. Money refunded if not as represented.
Dept. A. HOUSTON HAT CO., Houston, Texas

From Weaver to Wearer at $2.00 the Half Dozen

SHIBBOLETH NECKWEAR

outwears the 50c and 75c tie, for Every thread is Pure Silk. We know because we weave the silks on our own looms.

Our Guarantee Protects You.

Shibboleth Silk Co., 483 Broadway, New York

Send money order, check or 2c stamps

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE G.

low shoes, drew them off and arranged the socks inside of them so as to economize the extra movement.

"The socks aren't his!" said Macnooder "They're big enough for P. Lentz."

"Go ahead," said Turkey Reiter.

The Tennessee Shad then unloosened his belt and the trousers slipped down him as a sailor down a greased pole.

Macnooder once more protested and was squelched.

The Tennessee Shad arranged the voluminous trousers, cast a final glance, placed the toothpick on the table and went under the covers

"All ready?" said Dink

"Wait!" Then with the left hand he clutched the covers, with the right his nightshirt, just back of the neck. "Ready now."

"Go!"

With one motion the Tennessee Shad flung the covers from him, tore off his nightshirt and sprang from the bed like Venus from the waves.

The audience burst into cheers:

"Holy Mike!"
"Greased lightning!"
"Oh, you Shad!"
"Gee, right through the pants!"
"Suffering Moses!"
"Look at him stab the shoes!"
"Right into the coat!"
"Go it, Shad!"
"Out for the record!"
"Gee, what a wash!"
"Come on, boy, come on!"
"Now for the part!"
"Hurray!"
"Hurrah!"
"Hurroo!"

"Time—twenty-six and one-fifth seconds," cried the shrill voice of Dennis de Brian de Boru. "Equalizing the world's unchallenged professional, amateur and scholastic record made by the late Hickey Hicks! The champion's belt is now the Tennessee Shad's to have and to hold. According to the program the champion and Doc Macnooder, second-best score, will now run another heat for the mysterious sealed prize, guaranteed to be worth over three dollars and fifty cents!"

Macnooder, adopting the Shad's theories of preparation, made an extraordinary effort and brought his record down to twenty-six and four-fifths seconds. The Tennessee Shad then, according to the plan agreed upon with Stover, purposely broke a shoe-lace and lost the match.

Dink, in a speech full of malice, awarded the mysterious sealed prize to Doc Macnooder, with a request to open the package at once.

Now, Macnooder, who had been busy thinking the matter over, had sniffed the pollution in the air and, perceiving a wicked twinkle in the eye of Stover, shifted the ground by carrying off the box despite a storm of protests to his room in the Dickinson, where, strategically proving his title to Captain of Industry, he charged ten cents admission to all who clamored to see the clearing up of the mystery.

Having thus provided a substantial consolation against discomfiture and having joined twenty other curiosity-seekers to his own fortunes, he opened the box and beheld the prodigal souvenir set. At the same moment Dink stepped forward and presented him with his own former bill for three dollars and seventy-five cents.

. . . . . .

That night, after Stover had returned much puffed up with the congratulations of his schoolmates on the outwitting of Macnooder, the Tennessee Shad took him to task from an entirely philosophical point of view.

"Baron Münchausen, a word.'

"Lay on."

"You must come down to earth."

"Wherefore?"

"You must occasionally, my boy, just as a matter of safeguarding future ventures, start in and scatter a few truths."

"Pooh!" said Stover, with the memory of cheers "Any fool can tell the truth."

"Yes, but ——"

"It's such a lazy way!"

"Still ——"

"Enervating!"

"But ——"

"Besides, now they expect something more from me."

"True," said the Tennessee Shad; "but don't you see, Dink, if you do tell the truth no one will believe you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

With 12 Blades $1

We ought to charge a great deal more than a dollar for a complete set because there is no better shaver at any price. If you do not think so after a trial permit us to give you your money back.

For years the EVER-READY has proven its absolute superiority over higher priced outfits. Over 2,000,000 EVER-READY Safety Razors in use. The razor is great; the blades are the greatness of the razor. **Twelve** (12) of them in each dollar outfit, together with patented "lather catching" safety frame, ebonoid handle, folding stropper—all attractively cased in lock button box.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each blade separately guaranteed—wrapped in dust-proof, rust-proof, edge-proof package. Beware of exposed blades.

Druggists, Hardware Dealers or General stores will sell or order the EVER-READY for you.

Don't be a victim of substitution. Don't simply ask for a Dollar Safety Razor, but say EVER READY, because there is a heap of difference. Mail orders filled direct—prepaid.

American Safety Razor Co.
Cor. 6th Avenue and 35th Street
New York

International Distributing Co
Montreal, Canada

5% Interest Paid

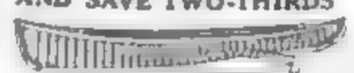
on six months' Certificates of Deposit. The man who deposits at 3% loses two-thirds of his income. Write for information.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Established 1883
BILLINGS, MONTANA

One of the oldest and largest banks in the State

BROOKS BOATS
GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT AND SAVE TWO-THIRDS



We will furnish you with all the parts of a boat, machined, cut to shape, and accurately fitted together prior to shipment, or we will furnish you with instructions and [illegible]

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO.
305 Ship St., Saginaw, Mich., U. S. A.

Buy Direct—Save Money—We Pay Freight

Our monthly installment plan of selling direct saves you all the dealer's profit and his excessive charges for installation and repairs. You can save at least ⅓ the cost of your furnace. We have been building Jahant Furnaces for over thirty years and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Let us tell you why the

JAHANT DOWN DRAFT FURNACE

Is the best Heating System made for residences, schools, hotels, churches, etc. It is the most [illegible] to ½ the cost of fuel because the patented "Down-Draft System" [illegible] of any waste [illegible] any furnace or steam or hot water [illegible]

Only $10 Down and $10 a Month

makes it easy for [illegible] best heating system made [illegible] registers, etc., together with special plans, full directions and all tools for installing. If you can drive a nail you can install a Jahant Furnace without the aid of a mason

Write To-day for Catalog which explains the Jahant Down Draft System and tells why it gives more heat at less cost than any other system of hot air, steam or hot water heating

THE JAHANT HEATING CO., 212 Howard Street, Akron, O

The NEW Way to Buy Real Estate for Profit

We have a Plan for Selling choice Building Lots in the Ten best Towns along a new $100,000,000 Railway, which Eliminates Speculation and Assures Exceptional Profits.

American Financiers Pronounce the Plan the only *New* and *Valuable* Real Estate Thought of this Generation.

We Want you to Know all about this Plan, and of the Location and Description of our Building Lots in these New Towns in the Rich, newly-opened Northwest United States.

A Book of Facts, Containing full Information and Authentic Maps of each of the Ten Young Cities, will be sent FREE. The Book, on Account of the Originality and Popularity of the Plan, has been Copyrighted.

The Investment Opportunity of a Lifetime!

A new Transcontinental Railway, costing $100,000,000 —

Millions of new homes and farms for our fast increasing population —

Thriving new cities springing up in this vast Empire, along the new railway —

A new plan of Investment, by which one choice building lot in each of TEN of these progressive young cities can be secured for but $50 down —

These are briefly the features of the investment opportunity of the age —

The Rich, New Northwest

When the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway opened its line from the Missouri River to the Northwest Pacific Coast, less than one year ago, the richest, undeveloped region in the world was thrown open.

Gold, silver, copper, lead and coal abound throughout Idaho and Montana. The mineral wealth of the new district is beyond computation.

The largest bodies of white pine timber in the world lie tributary to the new railroad, which pierces the very heart of this lumber region.

Farm lands along the new railway rival in productivity the soils of Iowa and Illinois.

Last Fall the United States Government opened up three million acres of fine land along the new railroad, all of which has been taken up by thrifty American farmers. There were twenty applicants for each farm.

A flood of immigration surged upon and overflowed the new country as fast as the railway line was built. Countless thousands have already entered it and established homes. Yet the new line is hardly completed and immigration increases daily.

None but those who have seen this rich, new region can fully appreciate the magnitude of its resources, or the rapid industrial development that is now taking place.

Ten Industrial Centers

The new railroad is 1399 miles long. It joins the old line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at Mobridge, So. Dak., and extends to Seattle and Tacoma.

There are 229 towns on the new line, from which we selected the ten most promising and progressive—six are railroad division points and four are county seats.

Clad in overalls and jumper, riding construction trains, our president was the first passenger over the line to the Pacific Coast. That was May, 1909. He spent two months on the way, investigating conditions.

Before investing a dollar in these towns we knew their possibilities; were convinced that their progress would be certain and fast.

The index of growth is the number of banks, and their resources; the grain elevators, lumber yards, saw mills, mines, branch railways, car shops, freight receipts, surrounding trade territory, etc. These are sure indications of city building.

The towns are rough, like all cities in their early years. Local citizens are *making* money; they haven't reached the stage of *spending* it for artistic appearance. Yet the towns have municipal improvements equal to Eastern cities many times their size and their volume of monthly business is astounding.

Choice Lots Secured

We bought our properties on a wholesale cash-price basis. Our own engineers surveyed and platted these building lots. The price we ask for them is lower than the appraisal of adjoining lots.

Property on Main street in one of these towns, in the vicinity of lots we are selling, has, within the past 30 days, sold for $100 a front foot. ALL of our lots are well located.

The New Plan

By the new plan, *each* investor secures *one* building lot in each of the ten towns.

Moreover, the investor may buy these lots *now* and investigate later. Go out and see the towns on your summer vacation trip or investigate in any other manner.

If dissatisfied, all payments will be refunded, provided we are notified within six months of the date of first payment. This is incorporated in the contract.

A third feature of the Plan insures your life FREE. For, should a purchaser die during the payment period, all further obligations will be cancelled and a warranty deed given his estate for the ten properties he holds, provided as much as $500 has been paid.

Under our ten-town investment Plan, when *one* of these industrial centers again doubles in population, the investor's property in that town alone will be worth more than the *total cost* of his *ten* building lots.

Six of the ten chosen towns have doubled in population in the past twelve months. *All* of them have grown astonishingly. Some will certainly become large cities.

Keep your lot in the town that grows fastest, sell the remaining nine lots, and with the proceeds go into business in the biggest town, where you have held valuable property!

$50 Down Secures Ten Lots

Ten building lots—one lot in each town—may be secured for $50 down. As soon as the first payment has been made you may sell or transfer, if you choose, any number of your building lots.

Our agents in each town—a National or State Bank—will care for your property as willingly and as capably as they handle our business. The balance is payable in monthly installments of $25. The total cost of the ten lots is but $1000, averaging $100 each. There are no taxes or interest to pay, no notes to sign, no building restrictions.

When payments have all been made a *Warranty Deed* and *Abstract of Title* for each building lot will be given you.

Each allotment of ten building lots has the same value. We have grouped them in that way. Two corner lots and one preferred business lot are included in every allotment. By the authentic town maps furnished, purchasers can see the location and size of their lots. *There are no preferred allotments.*

The man who buys now and "forgets" for three years that he has the properties will find that his holdings have ripened into an exceedingly profitable investment.

Copyrighted FREE Book

We wish to send you our Book of Facts which sets forth in type and pictures: (1) The rapid development of the new Northwest. (2) The amazing growth of the ten most promising towns. (3) A full explanation of the ten-town investment proposition we are offering, and all about our company.

We believe that never in the history of this country has so good an investment opportunity been offered.

Population alone creates land values in cities. No other cities are increasing in population so fast as the young cities along this new transcontinental line; no other property has increased so rapidly in value as the property in these towns where, by our plan, building lots can now be bought at a low price.

The Ten Towns

MOBRIDGE, So. Dak.—Has grown faster in first three years than Omaha did in first ten years. Distributing point on Missouri River where wholesale industries are being established. Division on main line; terminal of two branch lines. Car shops, round house, storage depot, 16 miles side track. R. R. Co. spent $2,000,000 here. Center of fertile farming country. Our lots lie in 2 blocks of Main street, 4 blocks from depot, near business center.

McLAUGHLIN, So. Dak.—Center of stock-raising and fine agricultural district. Fastest growing town on main line. Terminal of Cannon Ball River branch railway. Our lots lie next to heart of town, on both sides of Main street, 4 blocks from depot.

McINTOSH, So. Dak.—16,000 farmers took up Indian land here last fall. 10,000 farms are being put under cultivation. County seat and Railway Division point. Railway industries, numerous grain elevators, banks, lumber yards, municipal improvements, etc., indicate town will again double its population in 12 months. Our lots abut on Main street, 4 blocks from depot.

LEMMON, So. Dak.—Named for George H. Lemmon. Less than three years old. Has electric lights, fire department, graded streets; three banks, with resources $800,000; 4 grain elevators, 6 hotels. Freight shipments exceedingly large. Our lots abut on Main street, less than 1 block from depot.

HETTINGER, No. Dak.—County seat. Has 4 banks, 6 lumber yards, 5 grain elevators, substantial brick blocks, many civic improvements. State Experimental Station here. Our lots lie close to railway, 6 blocks from Main street, near new high school, in best section of town.

REEDER, No. Dak.—In the heart of wheat belt. Has 4 grain elevators; 3 banks, one with $100,000 resources; 3 lumber yards; substantial stores, houses, churches, schools; lignite coal and tile clay plentiful. Our lots lie on both sides of Main street, 3½ blocks from depot, between central business section and high school.

ROUNDUP, Mont.—Mining center where R. R. Co. invested $1,000,000 in coal fields. Pay Rolls at Mines, $100,000 per month. Lumbering, cattle raising and agriculture are other important industries. Graded, macadamized streets, electric lights, water works and other municipal improvements of cities 10 times as large. Our lots lie on both sides Main street, adjoining new court house square.

THREE FORKS, Mont.—At the confluence of 3 rivers. A natural trade center. Railway Division Point, with car shops and round houses. Two branch lines projected. A great country for fruit, grains and vegetables. Our lots lie near depot, but 5 blocks from Main street.

DEER LODGE, Mont.—County seat—railway division point. Car shops employ 300 men. Surrounding territory rich in mineral and agricultural resources. Electric lights, water works, sewerage system. Our properties are 4½ blocks from business center, 6 blocks from Court House.

ST. MARIES, Idaho.—At confluence of St. Joe and St. Maries Rivers. Near largest body of white pine timber in the world. Center of growing lumber industries. One of the new saw mills at St. Maries to have a pay roll of $300,000. Branch railway here, as well as transcontinental line. Extensive gold, silver and copper mines in the surrounding mountains. Rich bottom lands produce enormously, grain, fruit and truck. 300,000 acres of fine Indian land close to St. Maries just settled upon. Town has electric lights, water works and other public utilities. Our properties lie within 3 blocks of Main Avenue in the best section of the town.

NOW IS THE TIME

We are selling but a limited number of our lots.

Hence, the advisability of prompt action by those interested in this investment proposition.

In case of oversubscription, applications will be filled in the order received.

We reserve the right to reject applications or to increase the price of our properties at any time.

Reservations may be made by wire or letter—or by coupon No. 1, here attached. Those who wish to do so may make personal application at our offices, 308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Reservation Coupon (No. 1) brings to you our contract of sale for examination, and execution (if satisfactory to you). Also, full information about the properties on sale, and about our Company, with which is associated more than a score of successful business-men of integrity and prominence.

The Inquiry Coupon (No. 2) brings our copyrighted book, free, with full information, but does ***not*** bring contract of sale.

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY

308 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

References:

Merchants' National Bank, Philadelphia, Penna.

Geo. B. Haynes, Immigration Agt., C. M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Dun or Bradstreet

No. 2—Inquiry Coupon

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY
308 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—
You may send me your copyrighted book, free, containing further information regarding your properties, with maps.

Name .....

P. O. Address .....

No. 1—Reservation Coupon

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE COMPANY
308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: Reserve for me temporarily one allotment of ten building lots as offered in your advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and send complete additional descriptions of your properties, with contract, which I will execute, if found satisfactory.

Name .....

P. O. Address .....

Send contract to .....
Give name of Banker or Express Co.

THE GOOD HEAD WAITER

(Concluded from Page 19)

agreeable to the right people and profitable to his employer. It may be pleasant to consider him as a man, and the author begs leave to add as a friend.

The reader's indulgence is asked for a personal note that must inevitably creep in here. I who write have, for many years of wandering about the world, received so much kindness from waiters in the various places that have sheltered and fed me that I should be an ungrateful dog if I did not say a little of the much that I know can be said in their favor. I cannot, for example, forget one Christmas dinner years ago, eaten in solitude in a cheap table d'hôte restaurant in a Chicago basement, which began in desolation and ended gayly because my place, at the suggestion of the Good Head Waiter—who was also the proprietor—was moved to the table where he, his wife and two small squirming children were feasting, and where I, at his expense, had exceptionally bad coffee out of a new patent filter pot, and almonds dipped into a glass of thin, sour red wine—and was happy.

To take another example, I cannot blink at the fact that Domenico always gives me a table, even when the place is crowded, not because I help his restaurant in the very least but because I once knew his father, a pleasant little old man who, in a dilapidated but still splendid palace that was long ago a famous cardinal's, keeps the hotel of a small Italian city, lying with the long range of the Apennines behind and the blue stretches of the Adriatic before. Possibly, sometimes, Fifth Avenue sounds too noisy to Domenico, as it sometimes does to me, and he is grateful, as am I, for anything that even for a moment conjures up the Italian vision.

I made André's acquaintance when, on a crowded night of Horse Show week, he refused a table to a party in which I was—a bad beginning to a story. Fortunately, it ended by the Good Head Waiter's recognition of one man standing at the back of our group as an old friend, who had hired an *appartement meublé*, at Trouville, one summer years ago, when André's well-beloved mother was alive and let lodgings, and André himself, a good-looking young soldier, came home on leave in his dragoon's uniform and made himself polite and agreeable to his mother's guests.

Your Banker and Head Waiter in One

And if I am ever well served by a small bald-headed waiter called Raoul, who has the corner table at the Café de New York, it is because by the merest chance I saw, the week before he committed suicide under such unhappy circumstances, Raoul's young cousin, Pierre, who had gone out into the unknown wild west of Cincinnati to be Good Head Waiter in a new restaurant there, and had said to me: "If you see my cousin Raoul give him my compliments and say I find it a little sad out here." A little sad, indeed, it proved!

These are personal relationships—social triumphs, if you like—which it seems to me one may be proud of. If there are privileges which American birth confers, one of the chief should surely be that of considering any man as good as yourself, whatever his occupation. Service abroad, it is recognized, can be turned into an art, and those preëminent in it are treated as dignified and worthy members of the community. In America least of all—for democracy is not yet admitted to be a failure among us—should we take the line that the Good Head Waiter is merely a machine put there to do our bidding. He is, after all, a human being, and the patron whose eye can catch glimpses of the man behind the waiter's shirt-front will both eat and digest his meal the better for it. It will, incidentally, be a better meal.

The real Domenico, the real Jean Albert, can at best only be guessed at. The diplomat, which every waiter is, masks much from our ruder Anglo-Saxon perceptions. Watch Domenico at this moment. A gentleman who has been lunching with two ladies has surreptitiously discovered that he has come without enough money to pay the bill—the ladies are pretty and the lunch has been good. He murmurs a word in the Good Head Waiter's ear while his companions' attention is distracted by an exceptionally grotesque and fashionable hat at a neighboring table. Domenico bows and wanders away. In perhaps five minutes he returns with a note for the gentleman, which a messenger has just brought, it might appear. And if the gentleman has sufficient dexterity of hand, he can open the note, abstract from it, unobserved, two yellow-backed bills, and settle his score with an easy air—leaving a generous tip, let us hope, for the waiter. When he repays Domenico, the next time he lunches there, the excellent fellow will pocket the money with a deprecatory smile and say: "It really wasn't necessary to trouble yourself, sir." A statement wholly false, but hard to reprehend when politely uttered.

Head waiters have their dignity, too; it would be by no means an easy task really to know them. Fernand, whom you all know by sight, at least, was married last summer when he went back to Angers for his holidays. A patron to whom he announced the news was somewhat embarrassed as to just how one expressed one's genuine and friendly curiosity about a waiter's bride.

"She doesn't come here, I suppose," he said hesitatingly. "I was wondering where I would be able to see her; I should like to."

"You might very likely see her at the opera," suggested Fernand gravely to the astonished listener.

And there was really no pretense or ostentation about this. Fernand is a music lover, probably his bride also. And if they haven't a box in the grand tier, neither has every patron of the restaurant, and Fernand can quite well afford his comfortable place upstairs on the one evening off he has each week.

Saving Twenty-Five Dollars a Day

Before he was married, some one, chatting with him for a moment after a solitary lunch, was curious enough to ask him something about his living expenses, introducing the subject, of course, by a brief word on the comparative cost of living here and in Europe. Fernand confessed to a budget running to ten dollars a day. And this—it being taken into consideration that the head waiter gets all his meals at the restaurant, and need only provide himself lodging and clothes—horrified Fernand's questioner.

He undertook to protest against extravagance and lack of thought of the future. Fernand, always polite, admitted the faults. "But," said he at last, "after all, I spend ten, but I make thirty-five dollars a day!"

On such an income the Good Head Waiter in his hours of ease can well afford to be a gentleman. There was once an amusing episode on a trans-Atlantic liner which may be recounted. Some travelers, who had by no means left social ambition behind them at home in New York, made the acquaintance, toward the end of the voyage, of an agreeable Englishman—Lord Edwin Clerewele, we will call him—and urged him warmly to come, for the last dinner before landing, to a little festivity at their table. He declined, saying that he had lost a bet on the ship's run with the man who ordinarily sat next him in the saloon, a bet that was to be paid that evening with a bottle of champagne. He couldn't very well chuck the man, who was a very decent sort, the manager of one of the big New York restaurants, so he understood. The disappointed hosts now looked with renewed curiosity at the unobtrusive gentleman who had robbed them of Lord Edwin. And soon they went in horror and consternation to their English friend and asserted that some one on the ship had recognized in the so-called manager merely the head waiter of the famous establishment!

To the credit of aristocratic good breeding be it said that Lord Edwin ate his dinner and paid for his bottle of champagne at his accustomed place, exactly as he had planned, and persisted in thinking his friend a very "decent sort." And when you who know your New York learn that it was Phillipe Lebarret himself, straight from the grill room at the Brookland, you will not wonder that he was found agreeable.

Lord Edwin may be envied the opportunity so rarely afforded to any of us untitled persons of knowing any of these great men in incognito.

Acid-Test Papers and Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco Mailed FREE

Teeth decay because the Lactic acid of fermentation in the mouth eats through the enamel. After the enamel is once pierced the bacteria of decay cause the destruction of the tooth, or the dentist must save it by an operation. Here is the simple way to prevent all the trouble and pain. For the daily cleansing of the teeth use

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

which is the one dentifrice which overcomes "acid mouth," and polishes, whitens and cleanses the teeth at the same time. In fact, the cleansing power of Pebeco is remarkable. Its use insures white teeth, sound gums and a clean, healthy mouth. Furthermore, users of Pebeco never have unpleasant breath.

The Acid-Test Papers are sent with the trial tube to demonstrate how Pebeco counteracts tooth destroying acids. Full instructions go with them. Send your name and address.

Pebeco originated in the **Hygienic Laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany,** and is sold everywhere in large 50-cent tubes. Full size tube mailed prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. Only a small quantity is necessary at each brushing of the teeth, so that Pebeco is very economical.

LEHN & FINK
106 William Street, New York

American Gentleman Shoe

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO. LARGEST IN THE WORLD

Solid Comfort should be the first thing you demand of a shoe.
That means a perfect fit.
Next you want durability.
Then you want style. In short you want the American Gentleman Shoe, which combines all of these qualities at a price that makes it absolutely the best shoe for the money.

This American Gentleman Shoe is a gun metal calf oxford, with fancy perforated quarter, perforated wing tip, and invisible eyelets. It is a very low pump oxford, cool, stylish and comfortable, Savoy last. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

Send for a free copy of our new booklet, Footwear Fashions for Spring and Summer.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.—St. Louis—Boston

The MORE than Merely "Guaranteed" Hose

The main idea of Everwear Hose is the *wear*—but wear built upon and around fit, style and comfort. So thoroughly and completely are these qualities carried out that Everwear Hose are the equal in appearance and general elegance to the most expensive kind, and far superior in wearing qualities.

These are features found in the "more than merely guaranteed Everwear," which are seldom found in the merely "guaranteed" brands.

Everwear

TRADE MARK

HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

are made to give you six months' wear without a hole, rip or tear. We guarantee six pairs to wear that long or give new hose free. But remember the strength and durability in Everwear is secured by the fineness of material and the Everwear process of knitting rather than by bulk or thickness.

Read descriptions below.

Please bear in mind that all guaranteed hose *are not Everwear*. Remember the name and look for it on the hose and the box. If your dealer doesn't carry them, do not take a substitute, but write to us, enclose price, state color, size and kind desired. We will send them to you express prepaid. Send for our free booklet, "An Everwear Yarn." Six pairs—one size to a box—solid or assorted colors.

FOR MEN

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple, gun metal.

Egyptian Cotton—$1.50 a box. Extra light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan, light blue and brown.

FOR WOMEN

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Egyptian Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

The close ankle fit gives that neat, stylish appearance so much desired by every woman of taste.

The close heel fit, toe fit, and the fine soft texture assure absolute comfort in the shoe.

FOR CHILDREN

Extra Long Staple Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black and tan.

The knees and feet are especially durable, being extra reinforced by the Exclusive Everwear Process. The leg, or body, is made with twice the number of stitches used in other children's hose. This allows them to stretch freely when needed; yet they are not bunglesome and coarse as is often the case in this class of hose, and fit, comfort and appearance have not been sacrificed for wearing qualities.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

START HOUSEKEEPING RIGHT —

LET DREAMS COME TRUE

It's worry—not work—that tries one's soul, and it's poor bread, a poor table and poor living that adds to the wife's trials and nags the patient husband.

Why not start housekeeping right, you who are far-sighted and learn the wisdom of utilizing at once every possible means for lightening and brightening your housekeeping duties?

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR will make the baking a success. Let's have it a success in your home from the very beginning.

Use—

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

COPYRIGHT 1909 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Washburn-Crosby Co., General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.